

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR

NOVEMBER

THE EROTIC
WORLD OF
SALVADOR DALÍ

BRIAN
SCHWEITZER

THE \$100,000
WATCHDOG

DRUGS IN
HOLLYWOOD

VIDEO GAME
ROCK STARS

*The
Indulgence
Issue*



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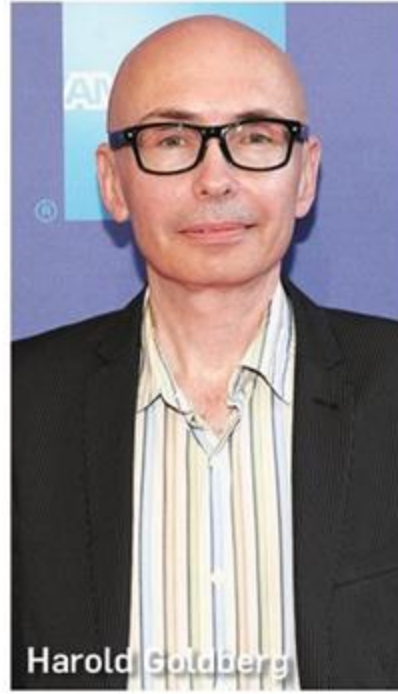
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PLAYBILL

We all have a primal urge that drives us, day by day, to raise our fists and stand up to the things that challenge us. We call it our fighting spirit, and our November issue unearths enough of it to win a world war. We kick off with Neal Gabler's *Hollywood High*, which explores the correlation between celebrities and the addictions they battle with the rehab counselors, lawyers and psychologists who know them best. Photographer **Dan Saelinger** shot its opening art, as well as some slick and stylized pages for *After Hours*. A different kind of mental fight rages online in the immense world of video-game blockbuster *League of Legends*. The surprising part? With 27 million daily players, the game has created a legion of fanatical spectators who track their favorite gamers with *SportsCenter* zeal. **Harold Goldberg** dives into the culture that's changing the face of competition in *Winners, Losers and Legends*. **Brian Schweitzer** is a rancher turned Montana governor who may be looking at an even bigger quest: to give Hillary Clinton a run for her money and become the Democratic candidate for president. He loves guns, is antiwar and is one of the most unconventional politicians ever. He's a dark horse, but as he points out in his *Playboy* Interview, he's "just a guy who knows a thing or two about horses." **Josh Ryan** is just a guy who knows about photographing beautiful women. With Miss November **Gia Marie**, his eye captures a woman who stops us dead in our tracks. When it comes to wooing women in 2014—Playmate or not—internet dating has changed everything. In *Talk*, **Aaron Goldfarb** laments the imminent death of the bar pickup. Actor **David Walton** has fought the whims of network TV, but with *About a Boy*, his seventh role in a decade, he has found a second season (and, finally, stable career footing). In *20Q* he reveals the advice that got him there and why selling Cutco knives and growing up with six siblings both complicated and abetted his journey. Thank **Michael Muller** for photographing Walton's handsome mug to illustrate the interview. For those who struggle with threats from enemies both known and unknown, **Adam Skolnick** goes inside the deadly yet cuddly protection-dog industry in *Attack! Good Boy*, where canines worth fortunes demonstrate loyalty beyond any bodyguard. And in *The Bullet*, **Michael Connelly** spins a story of a rookie Los Angeles police officer paired with a lifer ready to question her every move. How they handle a sensitive, years-old open case will surprise them both. Why are you fighting the urge to tear through these pages? That's a losing battle. Dive in.



Dan Saelinger



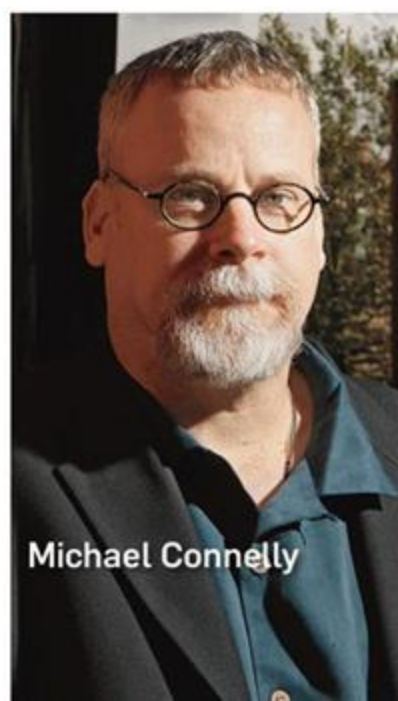
Harold Goldberg



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Aaron Goldfarb



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Josh Ryan and Gia Marie



Michael Muller



Adam Skolnick



David Walton



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PLAYBOY

CONTENT

80

MISS
NOVEMBER
GIA MARIE

FEATURES

- 60 HOLLYWOOD HIGH**
What drives stars into addiction?
NEAL GABLER uncovers answers in darker corners than you'd think.
- 70 ATTACK! GOOD BOY**
Enter the world of the deadliest, best-trained protection dogs on the planet. By **ADAM SKOLNICK**
- 96 PLAYBOY PLAYBOOK**
Want to dress, eat, drink, think, travel and live better than ever? Here's your new life manual.
- 102 WINNERS, LOSERS AND LEGENDS**
Millions scrutinize their gameplay. Victors earn seven figures. Are video-game e-sports America's next NFL? **HAROLD GOLDBERG** dives in.

FICTION

- 92 THE BULLET**
Can Harry Bosch overcome the impossible to solve a 10-year-old homicide? By **MICHAEL CONNELLY**

INTERVIEW

- 55 BRIAN SCHWEITZER**
Could the former Montana governor, who's redefining what it means to be a Democrat, be Hillary's biggest threat? **JEFF GREENFIELD** finds out.

20Q

- 76 DAVID WALTON**
The *About a Boy* star explains the tall guy's plight and teaches how to sell kitchen knives like a pro. By **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**



COVER STORY

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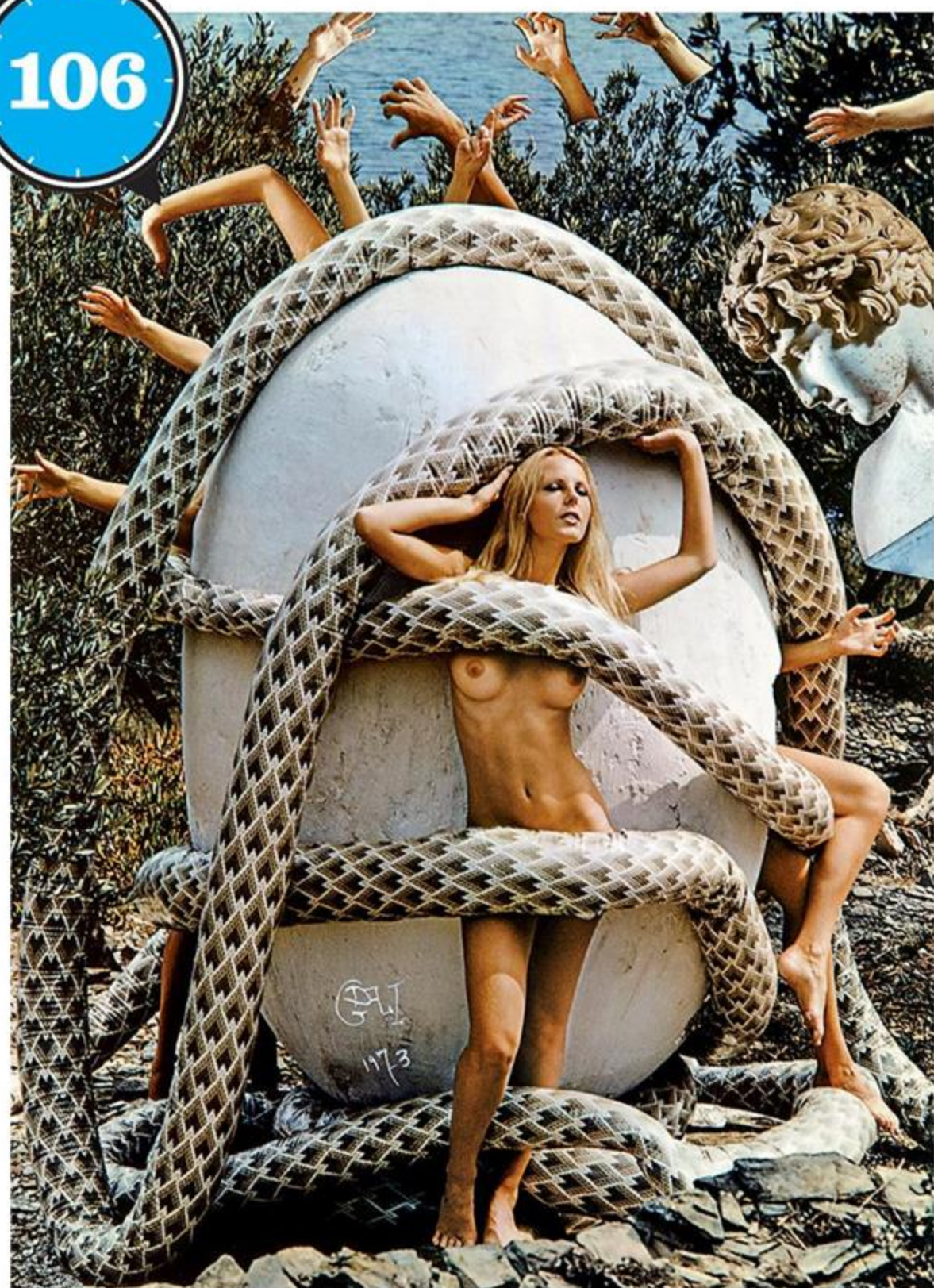


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THE EROTIC WORLD OF SALVADOR DALÍ

PLAYBOY FORUM

- 49 SURRENDERING TO GLOBAL WARMING**
ERIC KLINENBERG unravels what Hurricane Sandy means for coastal America.
- 52 DECODING THE MONEYMEN**
JEREMY REPANICH talks with John Lanchester, who is decoding Wall Street jargon to avoid another 2008.

- 49 READER RESPONSE**
Debating the roots of inequality; mandatory-minimum blues.

FASHION

- 30 BAG MAN**
Murses make us gag. Trade up to holsters for life's essential tools: brews, blades and more.

COLUMNS

- 44 NO COUNTRY FOR TOUGH MEN**
Putin tames bears while Boehner sobs daily. **JOEL STEIN** misses the era of manly U.S. politicians.
- 45 THE ART OF WAR**
HILARY WINSTON prefers a man who knows what he wants—and will fight her tooth and nail to get it.

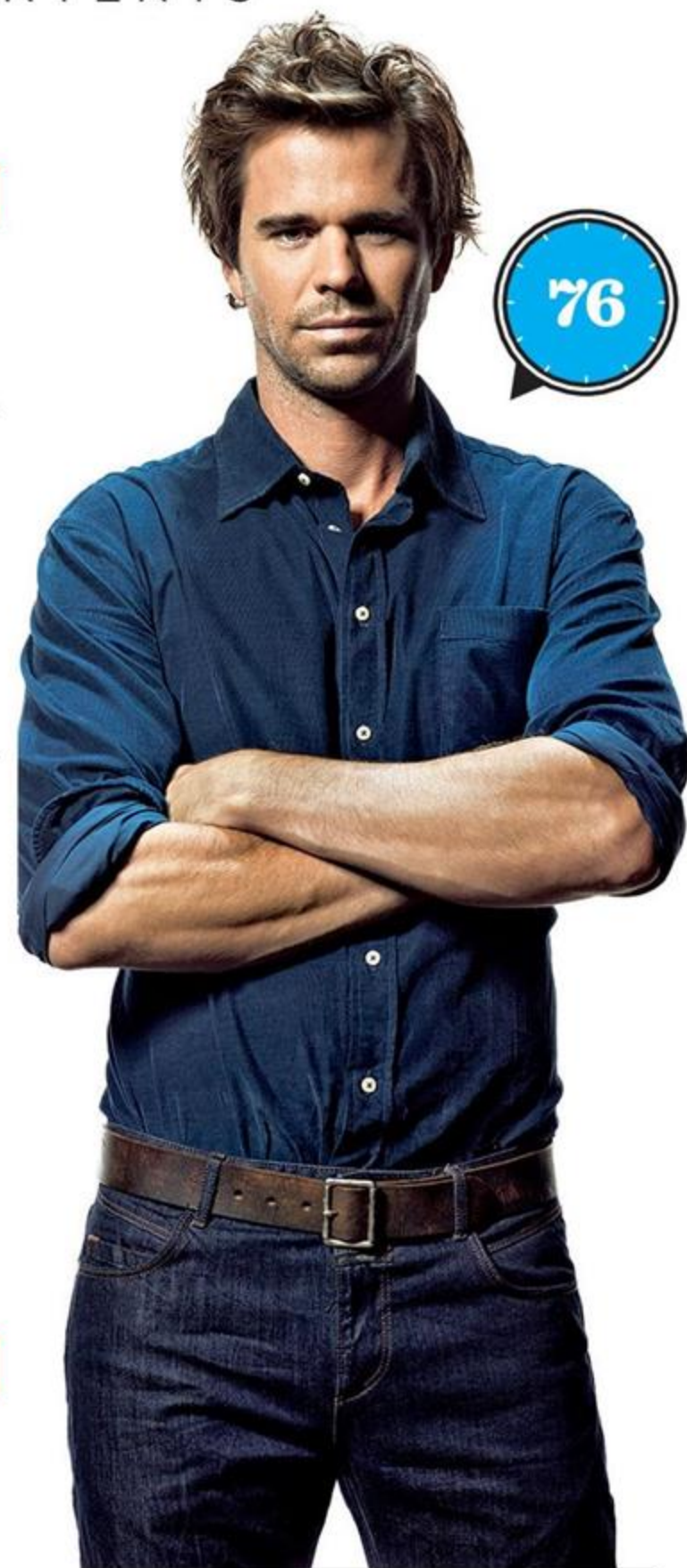


PLAYBOY

CONTENTS

PICTORIALS

- 64 RISE & SHINE**
Polish model Anita Sikorska makes even the earliest risers look like loafers in this sunrise shoot.
- 80 HOME BODY**
From an iconic L.A. mansion, Miss November Gia Marie speaks truth to the power of the unfiltered, incomparable female form.
- 106 THE EROTIC WORLD OF SALVADOR DALÍ**
In 1974 we melded the psyche of the surrealist genius with the soul of PLAYBOY. The result is as sexy as it is otherworldly.



20Q: David Walton

NEWS & NOTES

- 14 WORLD OF PLAYBOY**
Cooper Hefner, Pitbull and midnight masqueraders abound at our Midsummer Night's Dream party.
- 135 PLAYMATE NEWS**
Dani Mathers launches her swimwear line; Alana Campos introduces our Biofit x Playboy lingerie collaboration.

DEPARTMENTS

- 5 PLAYBILL**
17 DEAR PLAYBOY
21 AFTER HOURS
40 ENTERTAINMENT
42 RAW DATA
47 PLAYBOY ADVISOR
90 PARTY JOKES



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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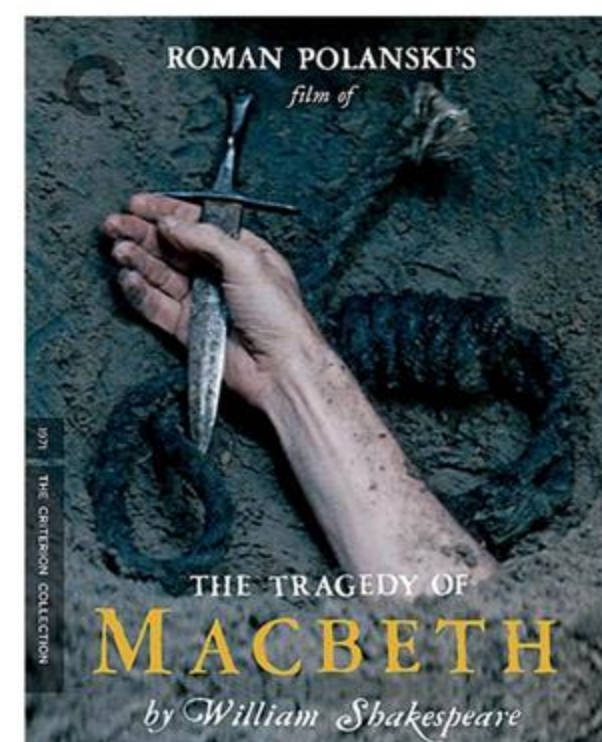
2014 MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Playboy's world-famous pajama party ruled one August evening, to the delight of Playmates, invitees and Instagram users who were privy to the action behind the Mansion walls. The summer soiree was presided over by Hef, whose choice of pajama color was echoed by his son Cooper Hefner, who invited Pitbull as the night's marquee performer. "Midsummer Night's Dream is the most fun, epic, amazing party," Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips explains. "It's like sexy heaven."



A TALE FOR ALL TIMES

Ever the patron of the arts, Hef helped rescue Roman Polanski's financially troubled 1971 film *Macbeth*. The auteur's take on Shakespeare was recently released on Blu-ray by the Criterion Collection and features Polanski's restoration from the negative and two documentaries that include insight into Playboy's involvement in the film.



BEHIND THE VELVET ROPE

If the American Revolution started in taverns, the sexual revolution ignited in Playboy Clubs. Patty Farmer's oral history *Playboy on Stage* makes you feel as if you just walked into a cultural wonderland.



Playboy
on
Stage

A History of
the World's
Sexiest
Nightclubs

Patty
Farmer
Contributions by
Will Friedwald



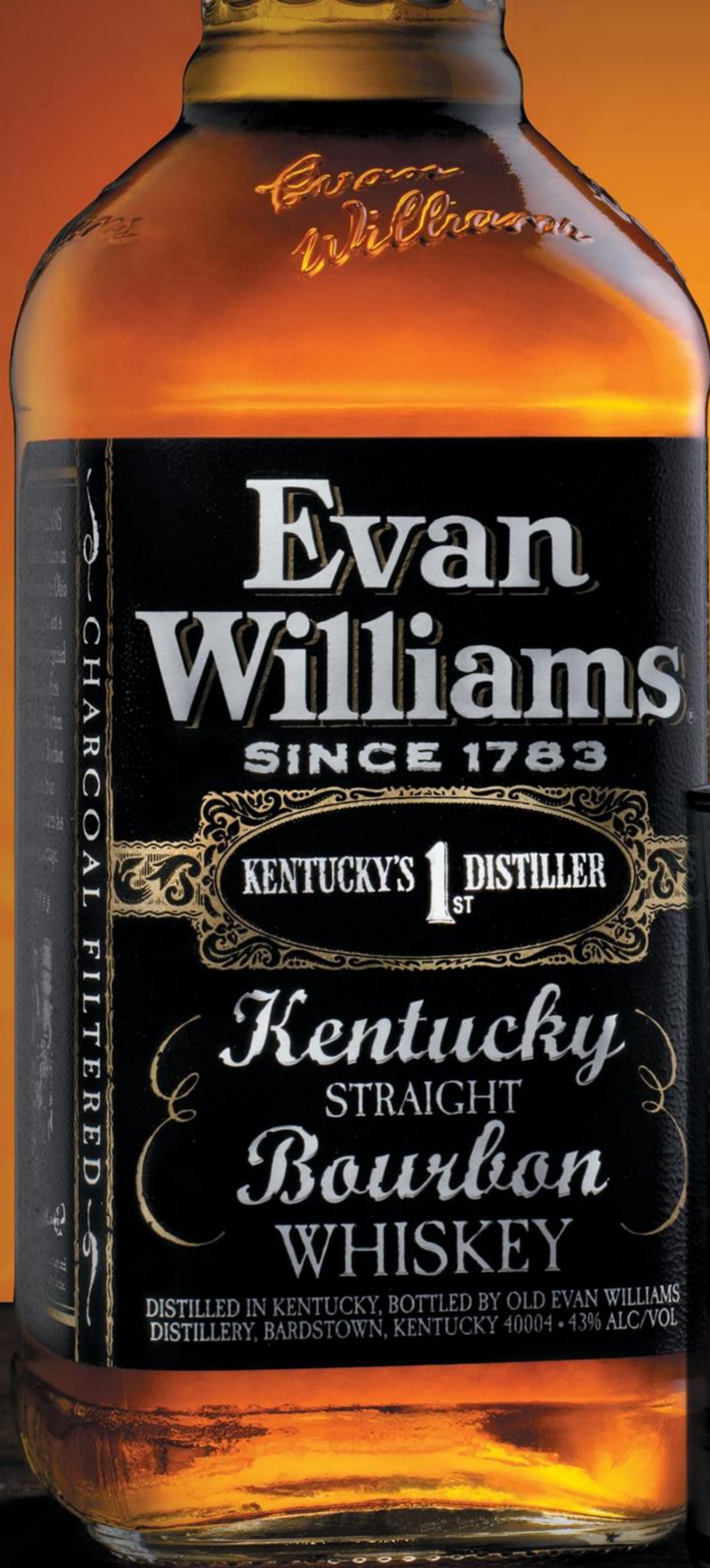
A man with dark hair and a beard is captured in a dynamic running pose against a dark grey background. He is shirtless, wearing a black and white checkered neckerchief, black athletic shorts, and black dress shoes with bright green and black striped socks. He holds a newspaper in his right hand, which is also holding a black wristwatch. Another newspaper is seen flying through the air to his right. The overall aesthetic is one of modern, active lifestyle.

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KING OF SPADERS

Thank you for chatting with James Spader (*Playboy Interview*, September). He comes from a time when actors were able to behave as they wanted without the risk of being taken down by TMZ or someone's cell phone camera. I wonder what it was like to be on the set of *Less Than Zero* or *Pretty in Pink* when those young stars were on top of the world with hardly anyone policing their behavior. Young Hollywood has changed so much since then. Today's "bad boys" and "bad girls" seem like an act. I feel like a grandpa, but in my day (the 1980s) the stories were original and the actors had edge. Now the studios make only sequels, remakes and superhero films with old actors who once had an edge. That said, I'll still go see Robert Downey Jr. and James Spader in the new *Avengers* flick—but I won't like it!

Ajay Ali Singh
Toronto, Ontario

GIRL POWER

I'm sensing a theme in September's *Talk*: women who take charge in their (spy) careers ("The Spies Who Loved Us") and their (casual) sex lives ("Hooking Up"). Women don't need to wait for men to approach them, and they don't need to put on a bikini to fawn over a hero. It's way better when women swipe right on Tinder to find a one-night Bond. Now if we could just get Hollywood to make more movies for today's women....

Ash Kramer
Los Angeles, California

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

Lukas I. Alpert's look at Steven Seagal (*Steven Seagal's Fight for Mother Russia*, September) proves the "actor" is nothing but an enterprising though entertaining buffoon. Still, I'm impressed that Seagal is trying his hand at international diplomacy. Now let me give it a shot: France can have Jerry Lewis, Germany can have David Hasselhoff and Russia can take Steven Seagal. Please.

Brian Smith
Boston, Massachusetts

PUNTERS ARE PEOPLE TOO

I enjoyed this year's *Pigskin Preview* (September), but I believe you forgot some players for your All America Team. What about a punter, a placekicker, a kick returner and an Anson Mount Scholar?

Darrell Hancock
Winnipeg, Manitoba

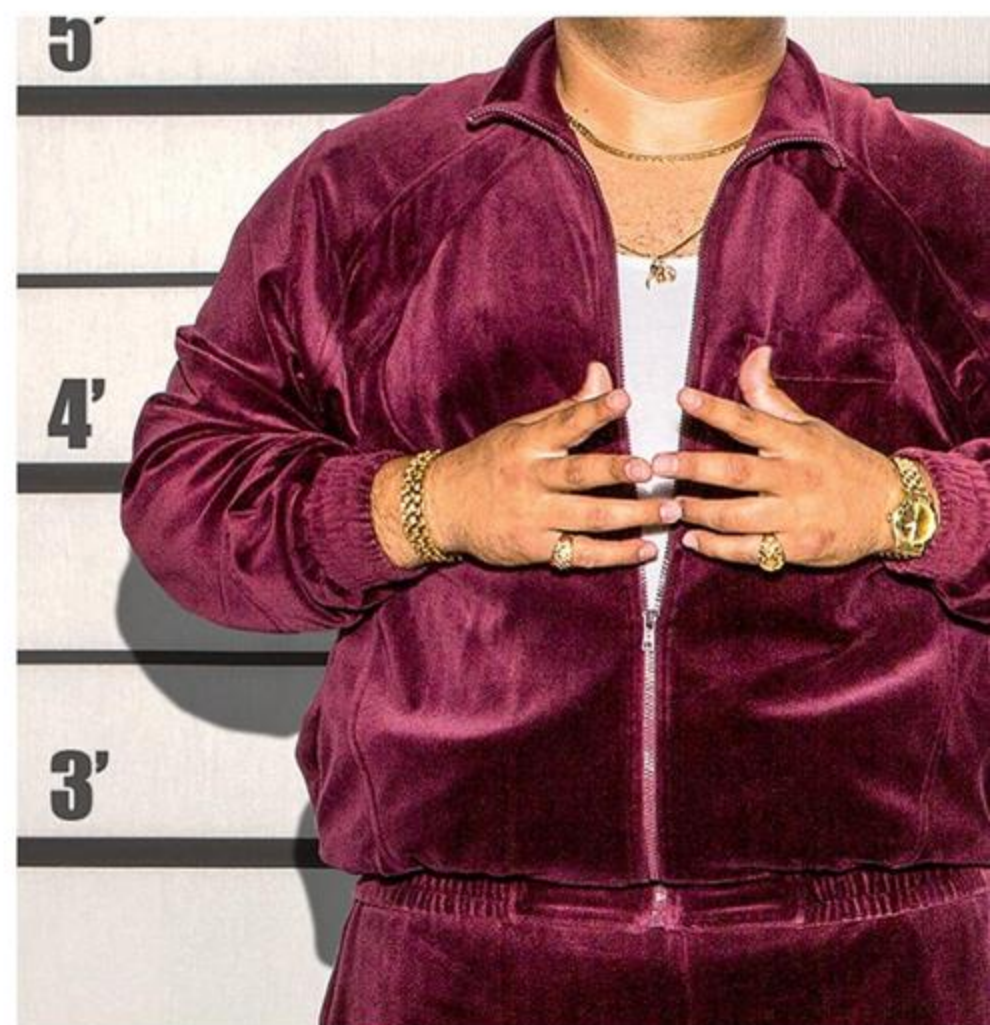
Here are writer Bruce Feldman's All America picks: Florida State placekicker Roberto Aguayo, Texas A&M punter Drew Kaser and University of North Carolina kick returner Ryan Switzer. Duke offensive lineman Laken Tomlinson, who has earned both first-team All-ACC and Academic All-ACC honors, is our pick for scholar athlete.

DEAR PLAYBOY

Blind Justice

In 2000, my father, Salvatore Piazza, was arrested as a central figure in a Wall Street mafia bust that the then U.S. Attorney Mary Jo White called "the largest securities-fraud takedown in history." There was no lack of spurious, so-called journalism about my father that followed in the wake of the case: One New York *Daily News* reporter was ballsy enough to turn his poorly researched and outright false stories into a mass-market paperback, which outraged my entire family. It's fair to say that I approached your story *Full Count* (September) with some bias, but I was relieved that Matt Birkbeck appeared to have done his homework in this well-researched and in-depth piece. However, I do take issue with certain angles in the story, particularly the outright assertion that Denny McLain is guilty of a crime of which he was never convicted. Declaring someone guilty on paper is a dangerous business, and it can ruin lives that might—just might—not deserve to be ruined.

Jessica Piazza
Los Angeles, California



Thank you for Matt Birkbeck's profile of Denny McLain and his misadventures. From the MLB to the M-O-B, McLain had a knack for extremes. How have I never heard his story before? It would make a great movie, and judging from your photo of the (then young) pitcher, Joaquin Phoenix would be the perfect star.

Josh Miller
Denver, Colorado

HONEST SCOUNDRELS

Joel Stein's column "Selfie Madness" (*Men*, July/August) is proof that men who claim to read *PLAYBOY* "for the articles" aren't entirely dishonest scoundrels. Please continue to let your writers report on what men are thinking, and we'll continue to loyally buy your magazine.

Zach Freeland
Hillsborough, North Carolina

SEPTEMBER SIZZLES—OR FIZZLES?

Miss September Stephanie Branton is a total knockout—from her pure angelic face down to her little toes.

Aris Estupinian
Milwaukie, Oregon

First, let me state that Stephanie Branton is very pretty, but your pictures of her are dull. The cover promises a "sizzling pictorial in the heart of Cajun country." Where is the sizzle? I think you shortchanged your Playmate.

Gary Appleton
Oak Ridge, New Jersey

BLOODY HELL

The secret to a good bloody mary (*Drink*, September) isn't in the spice—it's in replacing the vodka with gin.

David Spahr
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

We love that variation, which is called a red snapper. It has been around since at least the 1930s, and many consider it the predecessor to the bloody mary.

LADIES' CHOICE

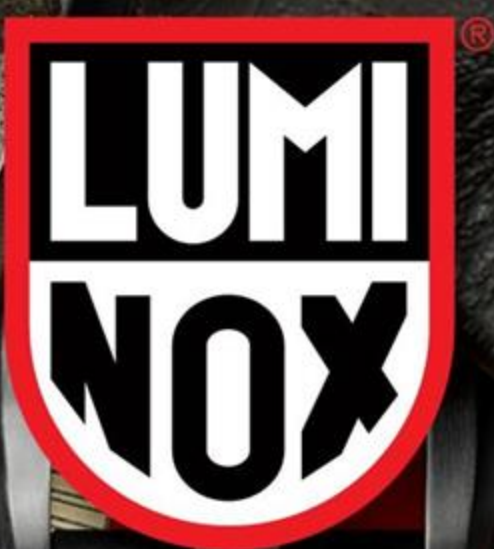
As a woman who thoroughly enjoys reading *PLAYBOY*, I want to thank you for the excellent articles month after month. When I tell people that *PLAYBOY* is one of my favorite magazines and Hugh Hefner is one of my heroes, they look at me quizzically. It's a look that comes from someone who has never read the magazine but is quick to judge those who do. I would like Mr. Hefner to know how much the magazine has educated me. There are articles in it that can only be found in *PLAYBOY*.

Marilyn Golding
La Habra, California

SEEKING A "SAVE THE DATE"

Hilary Winston makes some great points in her "Wedding Party!" column (*Women*, September). It is enlightening to learn that the women at these special events are just as eager to hook up as the men. Now that I'm aware of this, I have just one question: Can someone please invite me to their wedding? The sooner the better.

Eric Brown
Columbus, Ohio 17



SWISS  MADE



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TAKING A HIT FOR THE TEAM

I liked your September *Gear* story on how to up your game so you can “kick like Cristiano Ronaldo” and “swing like Tiger Woods.” You left one out: You can hit like Alex Rodriguez with performance-enhancing drugs.

Fred Thompson
St. Louis, Missouri

PUNKY BOOSTER

Bill Donahue’s exposure of the punk rock scene in Iran makes the people and the environment more relatable to me (*Iran Punk*, June). A counterculture in an unbearably oppressive region makes complete sense. Youth and the desire for independence from old philosophies and norms seem to be a common thread among all cultures around the world. But Donahue gives the readers such a short teaser and leaves so many more questions. Is this a movement only among the youth of today, or have the past few generations been rebelling against the Iranian regime with music for decades? Are these musicians and their fan base organized and big enough to actually drive change in Iran?

Zeena Patrawala
San Francisco, California

*We asked writer Bill Donahue for a response: “When Ayatollah Khomeini took over Iran in 1979, stomping on artistic freedom with such remarks as ‘The tongue deserves to be imprisoned,’ it was only a matter of time before rebellion was fomented. Iran has been a nation of artists since the 13th century, when the Sufi poet Rumi celebrated the spiritual journey afforded by music, poetry and dance. It’s hard to say exactly when Iran’s punk movement emerged, but in his 2008 book *Heavy Metal Islam: Rock, Resistance and the Struggle for the Soul of Islam*, writer Mark LeVine suggests it was in the late 1980s, when music from groups such as Iron Maiden trickled into Iran and spread ‘like a flower growing in the desert,’ as one local told LeVine. Many Iranian rock bands have Facebook pages replete with recordings. *Tehranavenue.com* provides English-language listings of Iranian cultural events, and Roxanne Varzi’s 2006 book *Warring Souls: Youth, Media and Martyrdom in Post-Revolution Iran* evokes the repression engulfing Iran’s artists.”*

COMIC ART

Many men say they read *PLAYBOY* for the articles; others say they subscribe for the pictorials of beautiful women. Me? I love both the stories and the pictures—but oh, the cartoons. Rare is the publication that devotes an entire page to a full-color cartoon; with *PLAYBOY*, I can always expect several, plus many smaller ones. It’s an art form that deserves more respect. Thanks, Hef, for recognizing that.

Earl Davis
El Paso, Texas

WRONG FOR REBUTTAL

I just received my September issue, and I’m disappointed with *PLAYBOY* for running

a response to Gary Oldman’s *Playboy Interview* (July/August) from Abe Foxman of the Anti-Defamation League (*Dear Playboy*). Foxman has a history of employing the word *anti-Semitic* against anyone who dares to articulate any form of legitimate criticism of Israel. Foxman is not a sincere civil rights activist, nor is he viewed favorably by the majority of Jewish Americans, who criticize his support of right-wing Israeli policies. Foxman is a controversial figure who on one hand purports to fight against unfair discrimination but on the other opposed Park51—a plan to convert a Manhattan high-rise into a mosque close to the Ground Zero site—which was exactly that, unfair discrimination. Although Oldman should have chosen his words more carefully, Foxman and his increasingly sidelined ADL have burned so many bridges and polarized so many Americans over the Israeli-Palestinian conflict that he should not be in a position to express any outrage, no matter how false and decadent it is.

George Absi
Laval, Quebec



An eyeful in eyeglasses: Miss July Emily Agnes.

SKEPTICAL OF SPECTACLES

I have a minor complaint: In Miss July Emily Agnes’s pictorial, why is she wearing eyeglasses that cover up her beautiful face and make her look like a female Clark Kent?

Keith Finley
Brooklyn, New York

We find women wearing eyeglasses to be incredibly sexy, but to each his own.

Emily Agnes is one of the most gorgeous women ever to grace the pages of *PLAYBOY*. She reminds me of Fran Gerard, Miss March 1967.

Bruce Griffin
Via e-mail

CORRECTION

The photographer for the October 2014 *Playboy Interview* with David Fincher was Marius Bugge.





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BECOMING ATTRACTION

NATALIE LOREN

• *"IT IS MY JOB* to create a fantasy," says model-actress Natalie Loren. She does her job well. Born in London, the half-English, half-Mauritian beauty has appeared in campaigns for Elizabeth Arden and in a music video for Jared Leto's band, Thirty Seconds to Mars. Natalie's moxie and range are rooted in her passion. "Every girl has her own fire," she says. "Creativity is mine. I have so much to give to the world."

Photography by **MICHAEL EDWARDS/**
MEINMYPLACE.COM



CAN I BUY ANYONE A DRINK?

ONE MAN'S LAMENTATION ON THE DEATH OF THE BAR PICKUP

Last week I found myself drinking alone at a bar while waiting for a friend. Beside me sat a group of four women, friends ostensibly, though you wouldn't have known that, because they never made eye contact. Heads down, they scanned dating apps such as OkCupid and Coffee Meets Bagel, lamenting the fact that they couldn't find decent men. I was stunned. If they had simply looked up, they would have noticed a dozen presumably decent men standing around them.

Unfortunately, the bar pickup is now passé, a thing of the past. I'm not talking about drunken one-night stands; those still occur, probably more often than most participants will admit. But the days when two mildly buzzed people randomly met because both happened to pick the same bar on the same night seem to be behind us. It used to work. There was flirting, some buying of drinks, an exchange of numbers, texting (never calling), a few dates and maybe even a relationship. But according to a study published last year in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, only nine percent of couples met at a bar, compared with 35 percent who met online. Online-dating numbers will continue to rise, but why do bar pickups seem destined to disappear forever?

Currently one in 10 Americans have tried some form of online dating, and 22 percent of 25- to 34-year-olds

are active online daters. It's a booming industry, with 40 million Americans helping to generate more than \$2 billion in yearly revenue. But bars remain big business too, with more than \$23 billion spent annually by, interestingly, that same number of around 40 million Americans. So why aren't these people hooking up?

Couples used to be embarrassed to admit they'd met online. Now the opposite is the case. A straitlaced accountant friend of mine met his wife at a now-shuttered dump of a bar. She was there as part of a bachelorette-party bar crawl; he was there for the cheap booze. When people find out the couple, happily married for nearly a decade now, met at a dive called the Village Idiot, they laugh as though this method of meeting were a relic of an older time. It is—a time when people didn't have their eyes glued to smartphones while out socializing.

Forty-four percent of adult Americans are single. Maybe that's because they spend more time swiping right and left on Tinder than looking around the bar or restaurant they're already in. Sure, your average divorcée from Wichita will probably have better success finding someone on eHarmony than at the local honky-tonk. But for 20- and 30-somethings everywhere, bars still offer the best dating app of them all: face-to-face meetings with a few drinks already in your system.

Maybe I'm just biased. After all, I met my lady at a bar.—Aaron Goldfarb



CHELSEA PERETTI

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE'S BREAKOUT STAR ON COMEDY, HUMMUS AND COSBY

• Chelsea Peretti's career is a flight of fancy. Her first gig in L.A. was writing for Sarah Silverman, the fruits of which led to a Comedy Central special, scribing for *Parks and Recreation* and starring on Andy Samberg's hit sitcom *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*.

But Peretti shrugs off the perks of fame. "Award shows are just a lot of time in hair and makeup," she says. Instead, she reserves all vanity for her first hour-long special, *One of the Greats*, premiering on Netflix this month. "It's all about social fantasies," she says of the title. Call it a lesson in modesty.—Shane Michael Singh

PLAYBOY: You've been a successful comedian for several years now. Why did this special take so long to happen?

PERETTI: I waited until I felt good and ready. I have a healthy amount of self-doubt, and for years I focused on letting down my guard, dealing with hecklers, developing my voice and being silly. I want people to have fun. This is intelligent with an edge.

PLAYBOY: Your special, *One of the*

Greats, precedes Netflix's first special by an undisputed great, *Bill Cosby*. Are you two equals?

PERETTI: Bill and I are probably identical. [laughs] Seeing side-by-side pictures of us in the press makes me happy, but we couldn't be more different. The truth is, I'm not well versed in the work of other comedians. It's not relaxing to me. Your relationship with their material will always be different,

with all these weird opinions informing it. I'll watch *Game of Thrones* instead.

PLAYBOY: You're Jewish and Italian. Does that make you a natural glutton?

PERETTI: I can tell a lot about someone based on their favorite food. For example, mine is carbonara, which is a great light snack. I once had an argument with someone who was anti-hummus. That was rough. A lot of feelings got hurt.



PLEA FOR A SIDEKICK

IS THIS THE END FOR OUR FAVORITE SEXUALLY DEVIANT ROBOT SKELETON?

Josh Robert Thompson has a job description that has never before appeared on a résumé: gay robot skeleton sidekick on a late-night talk show. But after four years as the voice of raunchy robot Geoff Peterson on *The Late Late Show With Craig Ferguson*, Thompson may be looking for work when the host steps down in December. His problem is few people know he's the man behind the blue LED eyes of the sexual-innuendo-spouting skeleton. Although Thompson is an essential part of Ferguson's gleefully absurd hour of television, he's generally not seen. Even planted in line with the audience waiting to get in to the show, he goes unnoticed for 45 minutes.

"I don't care if people love or hate the character. I just want them to know that I do it," Thompson says.

Ferguson has upended late-night conventions during his 10 years on the air. He rarely rehearses, tears up notes from producers, prefers to have conversations with guests and coaxes celebrities into playing themselves off with a harmonica. But no move was stranger than sticking a skeleton on the side of the stage and allowing a struggling comic free rein to banter with Ferguson throughout the show.

Thompson's modest role originally involved pre-recording phrases for the character ("Balls," "In your pants," "Sex party!") voiced in an over-the-top take on George Takei. When he and Ferguson hit it off while filming a Las Vegas skit involving Carrot Top, a leprechaun, LSD-infused frozen custard and a wedding between host and robot offici-

ated by an Elvis impersonator, Thompson pitched the idea of voicing Peterson live.

He got his shot in April 2011, handling sidekick duty twice a week from a bar stool in a small hallway next to the audience, all the while fearing Ferguson would tire of the gag and Thompson would be back to performing material between acts at a burlesque show. Five weeks into his tryout, he brought Ferguson to tears during a segment. "He went into the hallway after the show and said, 'Fucking great, man. We need to fucking do this all the time,'" says Thompson. "He was legitimately excited about it, and that solidified my place on the show."

But with the show coming to an end, it's time for Thompson, 39, to step out from behind the robot. There are rumors that Ferguson will launch another show and possibly take Thompson with him. Otherwise, Thompson would like to write and star in a cable sketch-comedy show along the lines of IFC's *Portlandia*. He's had the perfect proving ground, voicing everything from the robot to show mascot Secretariat (two interns in a horse costume) to all the members of Alfredo Sauce and the Shy Fellas, the show's imaginary band. Almost all of it is unscripted. At the end of a taping, the studio audience gets its lone glimpse of Thompson when Ferguson calls him onstage for a quick wave, referring to him as "the genius who is every voice you don't see."

For his next chapter, Thompson wants that to change. "People always say the anonymity must be great," he says. "It's really not. I would definitely like to be able to get a VIP table at Olive Garden." —Matthew Kredell

BREAST IN CLASS

Kate Moss delivers a glass worth celebrating

→ To honor her 40th birthday and 25 years of modeling, Kate Moss has collaborated with London-based 34 restaurant to produce a limited-edition champagne glass molded from her left breast. It isn't the first *bol seine* ("bosom bowl"); according to legend, Marie Antoinette's left breast served as the model for the original champagne coupe. Moss's version, launched in October at 34 and its sister establishments, includes art deco lines and her signature engraved on the base. Cheers to that!



CUTTING EDGE

FOR SILICON VALLEY'S BIGGEST PLAYERS, YOUR BODY IS A WONDERLAND—AND THEY'RE DIVING IN

The body has potential. At the intersection of doctors who repair it, technologists who improve its surroundings and businesspeople who profit from it, a host of swallowable, implantable and graftable technologies has emerged, while companies such as Google and Apple vie for your health information. The future of well-being promises to be consumer-facing, customized and on-demand like never before. The potential earnings (and power) lie in data: Internet pioneer Tim Berners-Lee once warned that "data is precious and will last longer than systems themselves." With U.S. digital-ad revenue reaching nearly a billion dollars a week and increasing about 20 percent year over year, audience information equals influence, and our biology—internal chemistry, fitness trends, disease history and mental activity—is the richest untapped data source yet. This is how tech will get inside you.—*Will Butler*



Stomach Bug

→ What if a capsule could warn of sickness, heart attack or even mania? Health-tech company Proteus Digital is creating just that with its digital feedback health system. The ingestible sensor, made of magnesium from fish and copper from cashews, is activated by stomach fluids. It sends a biorhythmic pulse to a Band-Aid-like receiver on the skin and relays real-time vitals to your smartphone.



Mind Control

→ New technology could help us escape our bodies, as Harvard researchers learned when an electronic spinal implant allowed a monkey to move another, sedated monkey's arm. Dr. Ziv Williams hopes such discoveries will enable paralyzed people to bypass nerve damage and regain movement after serious injury. He notes the futuristic experiment was inspired by James Cameron's *Avatar*.



Head Case

→ From custom heart parts to instant organs, 3-D printers are revolutionizing medicine. In a recent procedure, Dutch neurosurgeons printed a section

of a 22-year-old's skull, which was rapidly thickening from a rare condition. The durable plastic cranium allowed for recovery and saved her life.



Eye Contact

→ Glass is out. Google's smart contacts, announced this year, could change the reality of diabetes. With glitter-size circuits, antennae thinner than hu-

man hair and LED warning lights, they nix the blood-drawing ritual by measuring blood glucose in tears. Fair trade for suctioning Google to your eyeballs.



TOWER OF POWER

Sure, some competitors out there can destroy an iPhone on YouTube, but nothing beats the classic Vitamix 5200 for chef cred and rugged good looks. (\$450, vitamix.com)

SIR MIXALOT

YES, A BLENDER CAN BE BADASS. THE POWERFUL KITCHEN TOOL EVERY MAN SHOULD OWN

While much has been said about the virtues of a sharp chef's knife, the blender remains a secret, high-powered weapon in the manly culinary arsenal. Step into a professional kitchen during dinner prep and chances are you'll find a blender on duty, often a Vitamix. It's also the brand you'll find on the back bars of upscale watering holes, in the homes of professional bodybuilders and anywhere a man needs to consume something liquefied, fortifying and on a regular basis. The reasons are twofold: First, it's blisteringly fast, with steel blades that approach 240 miles an hour; second, it's nearly indestructible, with a high-impact pitcher and a two-horsepower motor that refuses to burn out. Gentlemen, start your blenders.

SPIN CITY

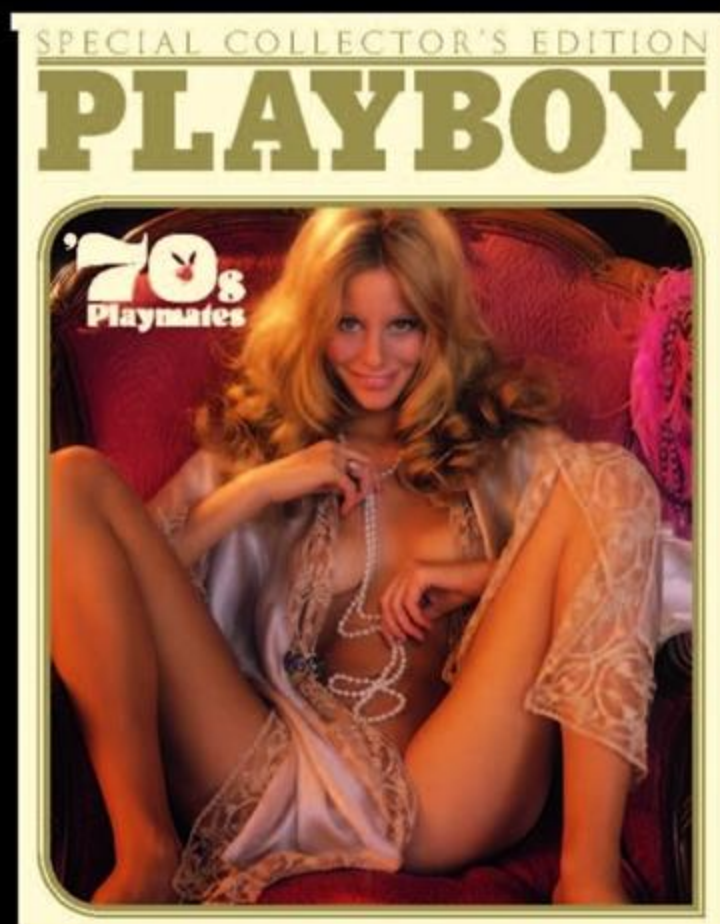
Four ways to blast your blender

1. **Freeze!**
→ Blast up a batch of frozen margaritas, or make snowy ice for boozy snow cones.
2. **Paleo Power**
→ Blend your own nut and seed flours to bake like a caveman.
3. **Souper Man**
→ Combine your favorite vegetables and blend them till they're steaming hot. (Yes, it produces enough friction to do that.) No stove required.
4. **Smoothie Move**
→ The viciously powerful vortex can turn any protein shake into a silky smooth elixir.

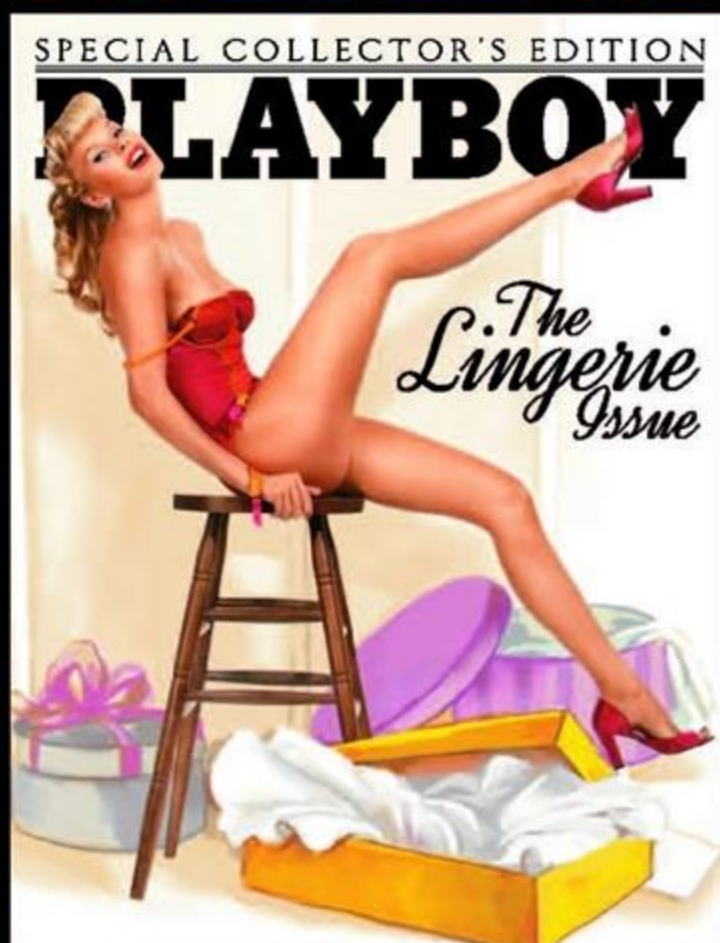
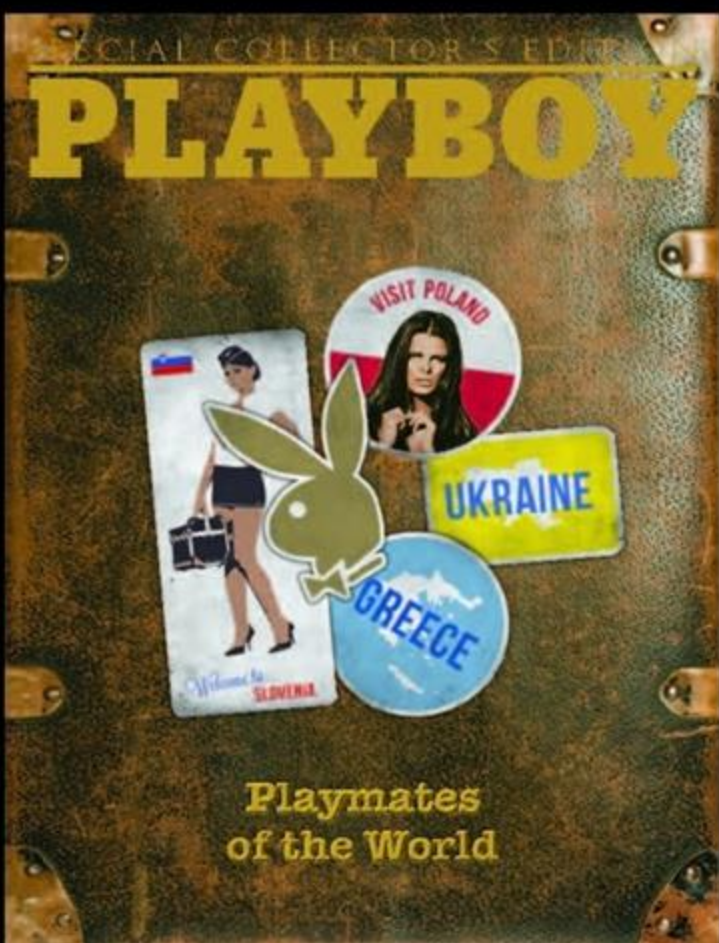
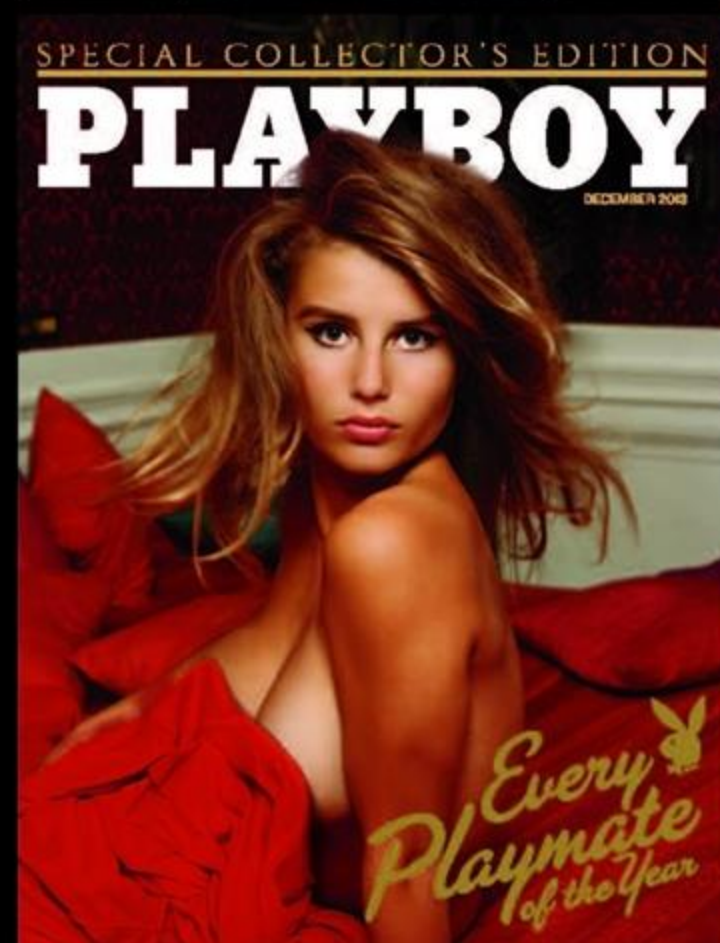
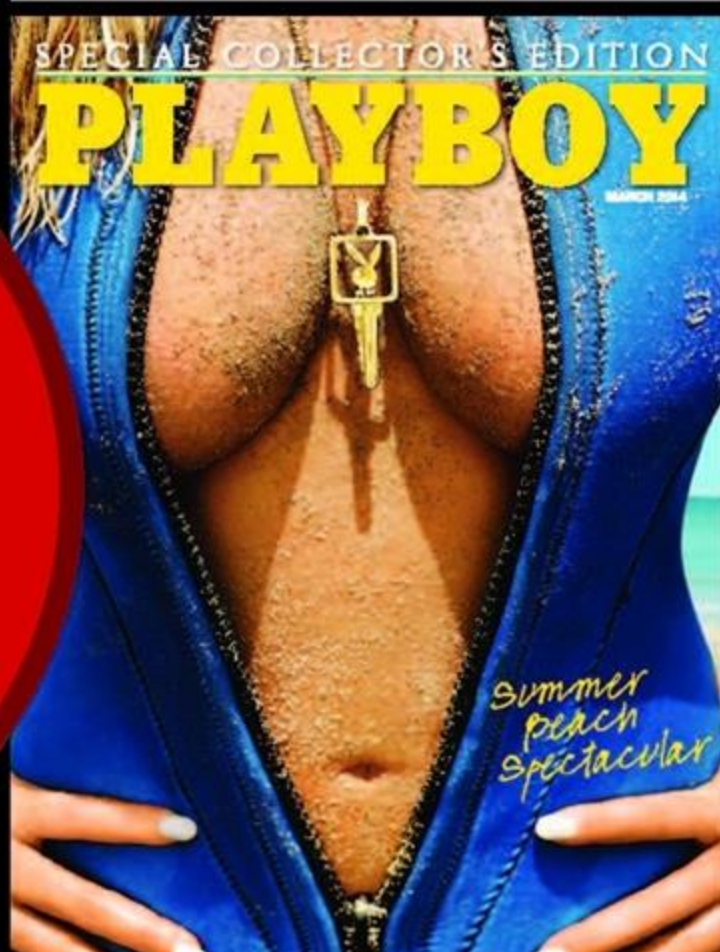


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DRINK

FLASK FORWARD

WHY PORTABLE COCKTAILS SHOULD BE YOUR GO-TO TO-GO DRINK

Sure, you could fill a flask with your favorite spirit, but that's not much different from drinking straight out of the bottle. Pour in a fine cocktail, and suddenly you have a mixological speakeasy in your pocket that you can take to the stadium or the show. We turned to bartender Matthew Biancaniello to create four cocktails that taste amazing right out of the flask, no martini glass required. Just stir the ingredients and funnel them in.

RECIPES

- **Mad Martini**
3 oz. Monkey 47 gin
1 oz. Cocchi Americano Rosa
4 dashes Bar Keep fennel bitters
1 pinch sea salt
- **Bee There**
2 oz. 123 tequila añejo
1 oz. apple cider
¾ oz. honey syrup (1:1 ratio water to honey)
¾ oz. lemon juice
1 pinch cinnamon
- **Ryetalian**
2 oz. rye whiskey
1 oz. nocino
Orange zest
- **Guava Lamp**
4 oz. 123 tequila blanco infused with fresh guavas (Marinate one pound of guavas cut in half in a bottle of tequila for two weeks.)

MATTHEW BIANCANIELLO

→ The L.A. bar star consults for some of the city's top bars and restaurants. (matthewbiancaniello.com)



Photography by **DAN SAELINGER**



POUR VOUS

Usagi copper shaker (\$68, cocktailkingdom.com); handmade copper flask (\$198, kaufmannmercantile.com).



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BAG MAN

DITCH THE MURSE FOR ONE OF THESE PURPOSE-BUILT BAGS

Totes, backpacks and murses abound, but carrying a bag that looks like you mean business is a more badass way to lug your gear. Whether you're an outdoorsman (or dream of being one), a bibulous boarder (surf or snow, that is) or a photographer who knows a smartphone will never outsmart his SLR, here are our favorite carrying cases that are cooler than the other guy's.

**+
DON'T AX**

Even when this sheath is snapped tight, what's inside is obvious. Best Made Company's ax case is the epitome of a man bag. (\$110, bestmadeco.com)



CASE STUDY



Charge!

→ This briefcase from Filson looks old-school but has a built-in charger to power your electronics on the go.

\$425, filson.com



Beer Bong

→ Raise a toast on the chairlift and tote your 12-pack with Burton's double-barreled insulated Beeracuda.

\$30, burton.com



Photo Finish

→ The Bowery is a handsome waxed-canvas camera bag that doesn't look like it came free with your camera.

\$129, onabags.com



Knife Fight

→ Messermeister's orange knife roll holds 12 blades and gives Mario Batali's Crocs a run for their money.

\$62, messermeister.com

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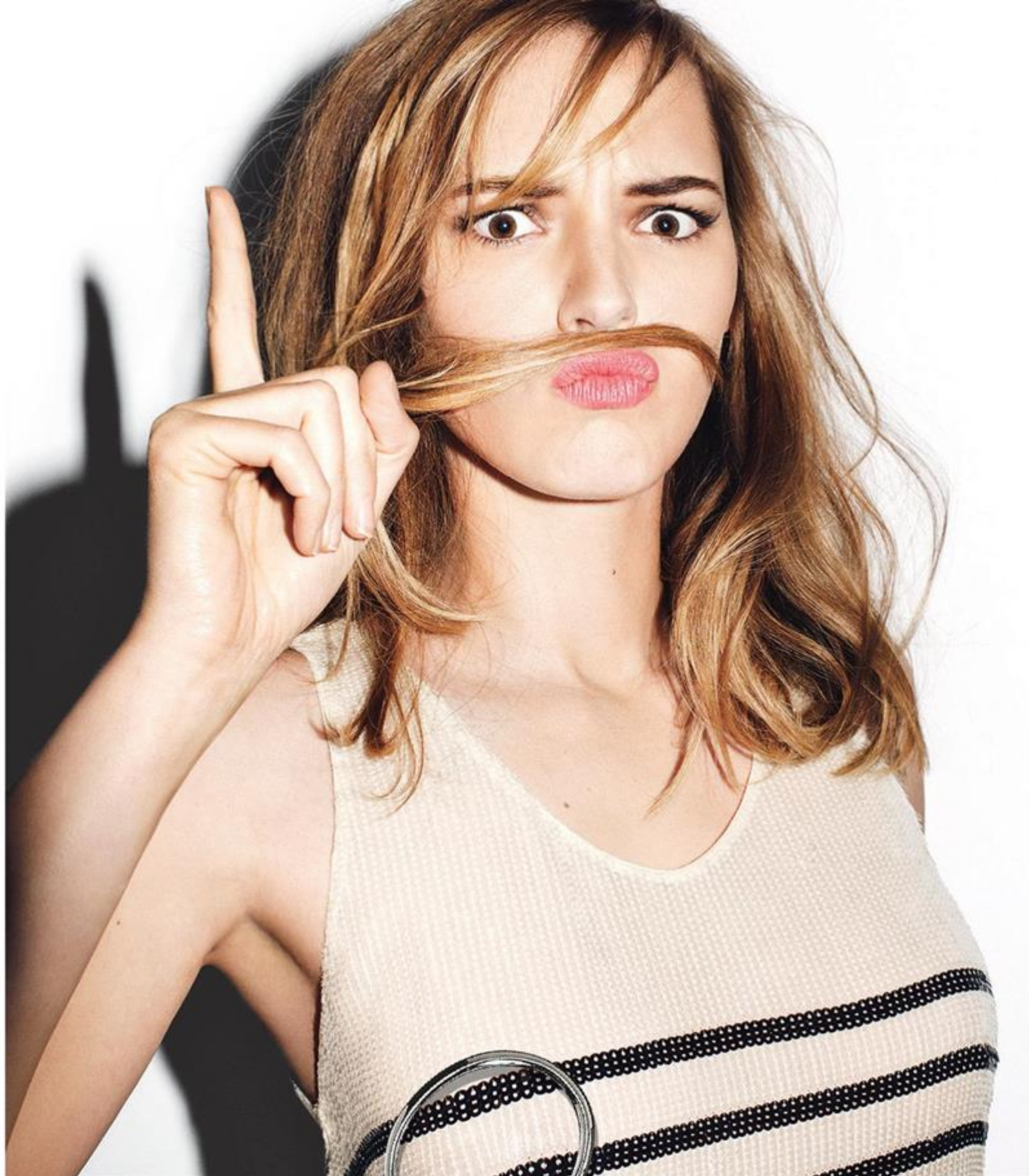
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STRUT YOUR STACHE

IF YOU'RE GOING TO GROW A MUSTACHE IN MOVEMBER, YOU MAY AS WELL DO IT WITH STYLE

Let other men cultivate unkempt face caterpillars this Movember. If you're going to go hirsute to raise awareness of men's health issues, this is your best chance to experiment with a look you may want to hold on to, or at least inspire conversation (or behind-the-back ridicule). Whatever the case, you should pick a flattering or funky style, get growing a few weeks in advance of November and set yourself up with the proper gear to keep your activist mustache well-groomed.



THE PORN STACHE

→ *Orange Is the New Black* revived the kinky-cop look. Grow it big, trim it square and keep it neatly combed.



THE RAP STACHE

→ A tightly trimmed mustache à la Puff Daddy or Frank Ocean looks dashing dressed up with a suit.



THE NEW MANCHU

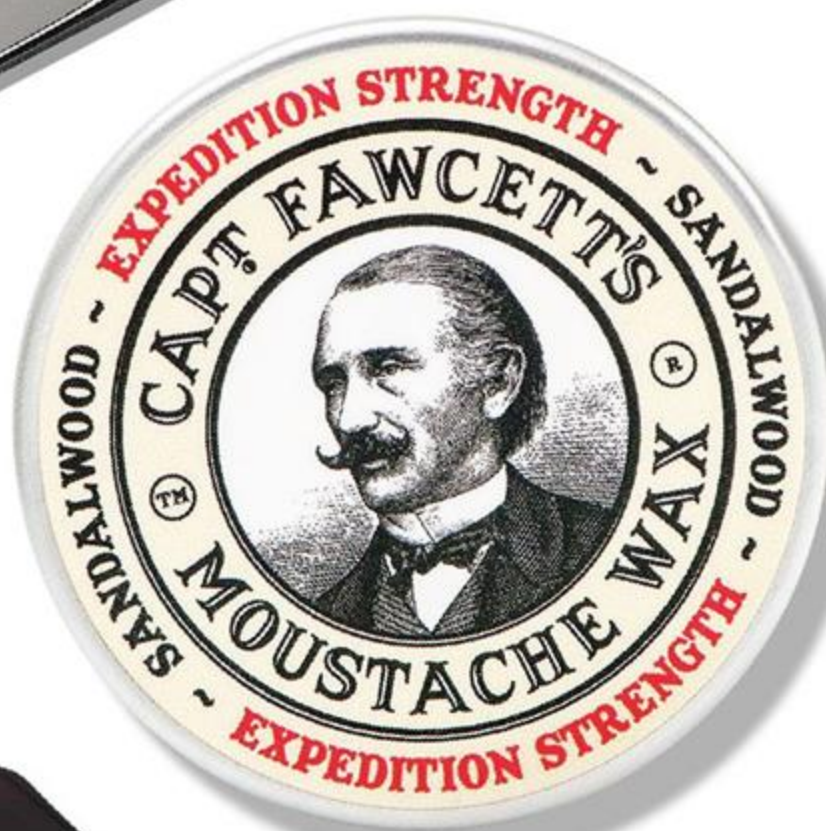
→ Steve Aoki rocks a shorter version of the Fu Manchu. It depends on careful trimming rather than months of growing.



● Clip Art

→ Trim your mustache for Movember; keep these in your dresser drawer for cutting stray threads the rest of the year.

\$12, tweezerman.com



● Wax On

→ Capt. Fawcett's Expedition Strength Moustache Wax will keep your handle-bars up and at the ready.

\$17, westcoastshaving.com



● Comb Alone

→ Small enough to keep in your pocket, this classic comb from Kent is handmade in England.

\$9, groominglounge.com



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JOBURG IS JUMPING

A YOUTHFUL CULTURAL RENAISSANCE MAKES JOHANNESBURG SOUTH AFRICA'S COOLEST CITY

• There's a party rumbling in Johannesburg (a.k.a. Joburg or Jozi), the sprawling South African city known for being rough, graffitied and weighed down by years of postapartheid tensions. The inner city's derelict warehouses and abandoned industrial complexes have been repopulated by the young and ballsy; there's tons of street style, art happenings, strong coffee and good music. Keep your wits about you and get moving.

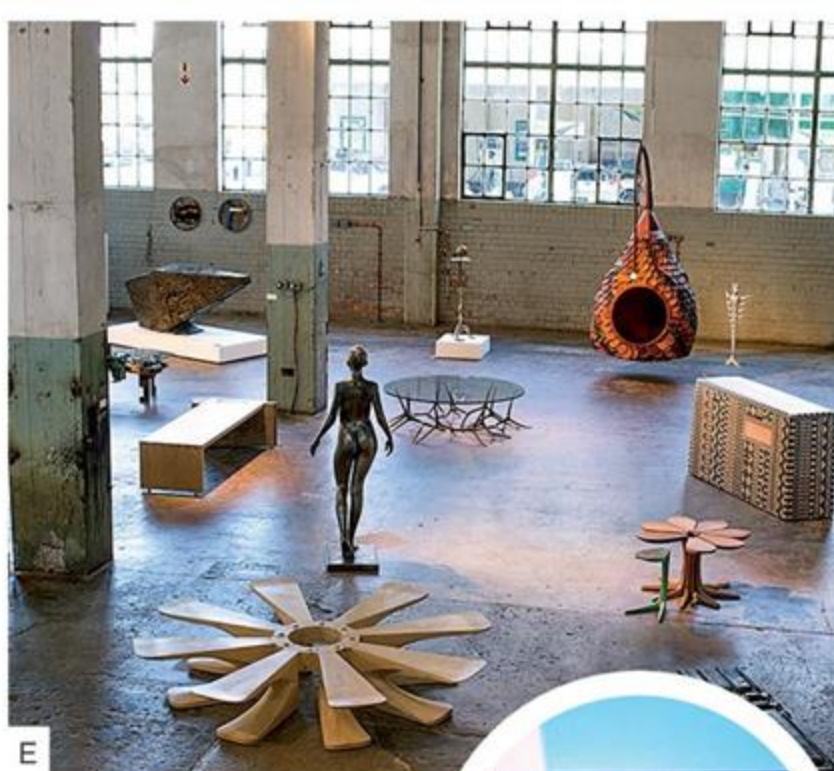
1 Hot Hotel

• The hippest address to wake up at: **12 Decades (A)**, an avant-garde hotel that anchors the revitalized Maboneng precinct. Rooms are designed by local artists who take cues from various decades of Joburg history. (The Minehaus room, for example, is inspired by Bauhaus and the 1916-to-1926 mining boom.) The hotel occupies the seventh floor of Main Street Life, a concrete building from the 1970s that also houses apartments, an indie movie theater and a rooftop boxing gym you can visit to jab away any lingering jet lag.



2 Café Culture

• If it's Saturday morning, you'll want to head straight to Braamfontein, another district pioneered by developers and creative entrepreneurs. Jozi still has some dangerous pockets—it's wise to make fast friends with locals who can tell you where it's safe to go—but this area is totally, refreshingly walkable. Mainline caffeine at the Scandinavian-inspired **Father Coffee (B)**, then hit up Neighbourgoods Market, a veritable daytime drinking party where enterprising Joburgers set up tables with



artisanal African foods, local biltong (addictive wild-game jerky), booze-filled coconuts, ironic tees, sunglasses and the like. All the rising millennials in Joburg gather here to hang out and be photographed for fashion blogs.

3 Street Style

• From here, stroll Juta Street for hoodies and Icon hats at Supreme-being, cool kicks at **Prime (C)** and fixed-gear accessories at Hunter

Cycling. Then duck into the Kitchener's Carvery Bar for a drink. The old saloon has a laid-back daytime vibe and cute girls selling vintage clothes. You'll want to circle back here in the evening, though, when it's jamming with bands, bar food and DJs.

4 Art Attack

• Hop a cab to the impressively engineered Circa on Jellicoe or the reworked gallery complex **44 Stanley (D)** for more art,



design and food. But if it's your first time in Joburg, and if you're not suffering from a midday hangover, the wise move is to check out the Apartheid Museum or the township of Soweto, practically a city within a city with a maze of houses, corrugated shacks, historically significant sites such as the Mandela house, and makeshift bars and food trailers where locals will happily give you a serious South African history lesson.

5 After Sunset

• Come evening, you'll need to unwind. Back near the hotel, the cutting-edge **Museum of African Design (E)**, which showcases forward-thinking

design from the continent, will be prepping cocktail ingredients for the Commissioner, its newly minted bar and jazz club. The night, however, is still young, and it's worth finding out if anything cool is happening at Afrikan Freedom Station (facebook.com/afrikanfreedomstation), an experimental jazz venue for South African artists, or the booming club Bassline. On any given night the latter is packed with all kinds of people swaying to all kinds of live jazz, hip-hop, Afro-beat, reggae or other sounds from the diaspora. Sweating, drinking, dancing together—it's the kind of vibe that gets into your bones and stays long after you've left the motherland. —Jeralyn Gerba



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UNCOMMON SENSE

MERCEDES-BENZ GIVES THE CROSSOVER A STYLE MAKEOVER

• Crossovers are the most logical consumer vehicles on the road. From solid fuel efficiency to decent cargo space, the CUV is designed for utility. Unfortunately, no man wants to be remembered for his utility, and this truth has made these intelligent choices the last resort among male car buyers. Enter the 2015 Mercedes-Benz GLA class, an attempt at sexy sensibility. The curves and cues of the GLA mimic M-B's recent, fluid car designs more than its trapezoidal trucks. The suits have smartly opted to label this fresh little star a compact SUV rather than the dreaded *C* word, a stance we'll co-sign thanks to the ute's sport-minded stance and quick, nimble athleticism. Powered by a standard 208 hp turbo four-cylinder engine, the all-wheel-drive GLA250 sprints to 60 mph in a touch more than seven seconds and has the ability—via ECO start-stop technology—to cut off at red lights, saving its energy (and your money) for the long haul. If that's too rational, upgrade to the AMG-tuned variant, which pumps 355 horses and 332 foot-pounds of torque out of the same engine configuration and luxe trimmings (burled walnut, poplar wood), depending on how many option boxes you're willing to check.—William K. Gock

STATS

MERCEDES-BENZ GLA CLASS

Engine: Two-liter turbo four | HP: 208 | Torque: 258 foot-pounds

Zero to 60: 7.1 seconds | Price: \$33,000 base



ROYAL GUIDANCE

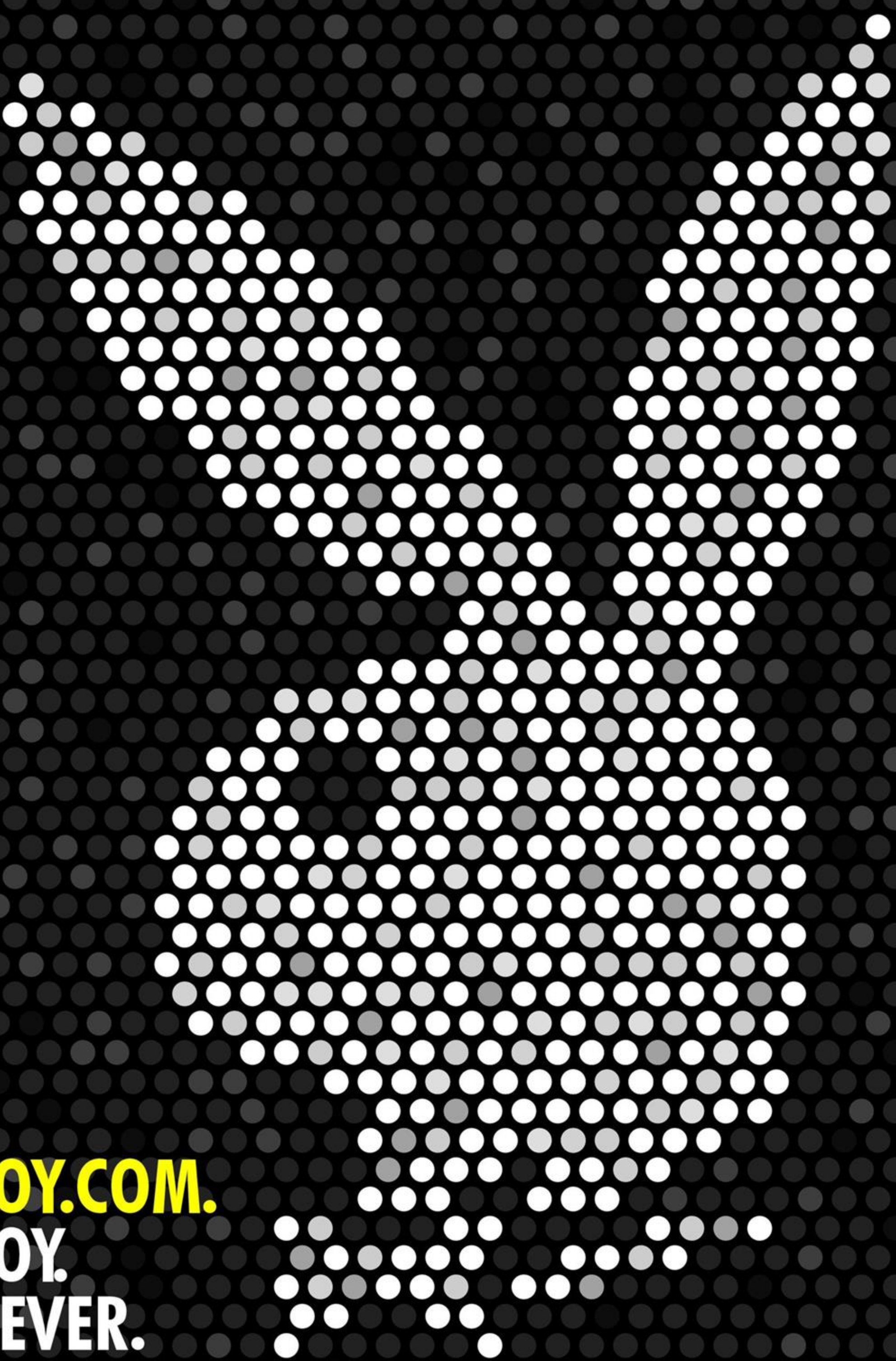
WHEN A SATELLITE TAKES THE WHEEL

→ Chauffeured life is not for everyone. Coach builder Rolls-Royce recognizes this and has moved your co-pilot skyward. The brand's innovative satellite-aided transmission debuted in the Wraith coupe and the refreshed Ghost Series II.

The technology, which has roots in Formula One motorsport engineering, according to Rolls-Royce product communications expert Andrew Boyle, uses current GPS data paired with a car's position and rate of travel to upshift or downshift accordingly. When the car is in motion, satellites "read" the road ahead as the onboard system analyzes your drive dynamic, propelling you through twists and turns in the most appropriate of eight gears. The goal



is not autonomous travel but rather to deliver "a luxurious, effortless, rapid journey." Let's call it a shift in driving. ■



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TAKE A CUE

RUNNING THE TABLE IS JUST A MATTER OF HAVING THE RIGHT TOOL

The pool cues hanging on the wall of the local dive bar are about as good for billiards as an old broomstick. Luckily, you don't need to invest thousands of dollars in a handmade Balabushka to become the next Fast Eddie. Selecting a cue is largely a matter of taste. There's much to consider, including weight, length and materials, from tried-and-true wooden cues to fiberglass-encased, warp-resistant cues such as the Cuetec Starlight pictured here (\$140, cuetec.com). As former pool world champion Shane Van Boening explains, "With all the different cues and different technologies, there are a lot of cues to choose from." Here are Van Boening's tips on picking the right stick. —*Stan Horaczek*

1

STICK WITH IT

→ Many collectors have racks full of assorted cues, but consistently using the same one will help improve your game. "I like to keep one stick I really like," says Van Boening, "so I have confidence in its performance."

Once you've chosen a cue, accruing table time will help you learn its tendencies and intricacies. Some players keep a specific cue for breaking that has a different shape and a harder tip, but it's not essential, especially if you're just starting out.

2

WEIGH YOUR OPTIONS

→ According to Van Boening, weight is one of the most crucial aspects to consider when choosing a cue. The standard starter cue weighs 19 ounces, which offers a good mix of solid feel and control. Lighter cues offer more action but are more difficult to control, while heavier cues offer more inertia but can exacerbate a missed strike.

3

BUTT SERIOUSLY

→ The butt of a cue can be the most expensive part, thanks to exotic inlays, but the shaft determines how a cue plays. Most shafts have a tip of roughly 13 millimeters in diameter and then get fatter as you move toward the butt. One of the most common current designs is the "pro taper," which stays mostly straight for about a foot before widening; the design provides a good balance of comfort and reliability.

4

TIP-OFF

→ Most playing cues come standard with a medium-density leather tip, which should perform just fine under most circumstances. A softer tip requires more frequent maintenance and replacement, but it keeps the cue in contact with the ball for a split second longer, which makes it easier to spin. A hard tip needs less maintenance, but the less forgiving surface usually means more miscues.

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enough to feel at home in a cockpit, camping expedition or covert mission.

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THE FARRELLY BROTHERS



A CHAT WITH
THE CREATORS
OF *DUMB AND
DUMBER TO*

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

INTERSTELLAR

By Stephen Rebello

Director Christopher Nolan's massive—and massively hyped—dystopian futuristic epic *Interstellar* hurls Matthew McConaughey and Anne Hathaway into a deep-space, last-ditch mission to save humanity from widespread famine and drought. Expect trippy time travel via wormholes, state-of-the-art light and magic, and powerhouse emotional scenes delivered by a cast that includes Jessica Chastain, Michael Caine, Casey Affleck, Wes Bentley and Ellen Burstyn. John Lithgow plays the widowed McConaughey's earthbound father-in-law. "I have to say, *Inception* completely bewildered me, but in this one everything comes crashing together at the end and makes incredible sense," says Lithgow. "When I met Chris and he told me the story, I kept thinking of a game changer like Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*. This movie has that kind of grasp. It's an absolutely heart-stopping, dire, terrifying story with big special effects and visceral impact. But it also has cosmological ideas and an emotional chord, so it's smart and deeply felt, and these films are rare. Working with Chris, you're part of something extremely special. You also feel as if you're part of his family."



PLAYBOY: *Dumb and Dumber To* takes place 20 years after the first movie. How different was it working with Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels this time?

PETER: Jim and Jeff get along so great—because of Jeff. Between takes, Jim demands attention, while Jeff gives him the room he needs and goes off and plays his guitar. Jeff is so cool and the perfect guy to work with, and Jim appreciates that.

PLAYBOY: You guys had nothing to do with the prequel, *Dumb and Dumberer*. Why make a sequel two decades later?

PETER: We're very proud of the first movie, and we didn't want to do *Dumb and Dumber* light. It was disappointing that the prequel kind of tarnished things. We took a long time with the script. We worked with the actors, and after that we brought in the *Family Guy* writers. By the time we shot, we were locked and loaded.

PLAYBOY: What's your message to rabid fans who fret the sequel will let them down?

BOBBY: I honestly think *Dumb and Dumber To* is every bit as funny as the original. It's meant to be watched over and over. I'm also pretty sure it will play well in Colorado and Washington, where recreational marijuana is legal.—S.R.

TEASE FRAME

Sonja Richter



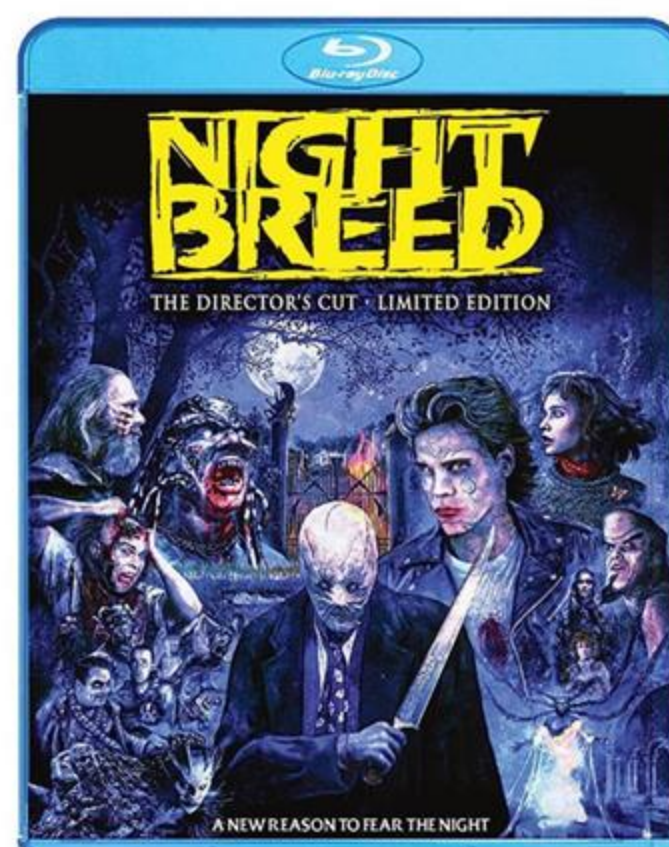
→ Danish actress Sonja Richter cleans up in *The Woman Who Dreamed About a Man* (pictured). See her get dusty in the Western *The Homesman*.

BLU-RAY OF THE MONTH

NIGHTBREED: THE DIRECTOR'S CUT

By Greg Fagan

• When Clive Barker adapted his novella *Cabal* into 1990's *Nightbreed*, he delivered a faithful film that was more than two hours long. The studio then butchered the movie, and it flopped. In an unlikely turn of events, the missing elements were found, and Barker's vision is finally realized. The core story and performances (Craig Sheffer and Anne Bobby as young lovers, and David Cronenberg as a psycho psychiatrist) remain the same, but the new material brings the freaky underworld Midian to the fore. Fans of dark fantasy and wild monsters will be pleased. **Best extra:** a documentary detailing the film's long, strange trip to longer and stranger. 🍌🍌🍌



MUSIC

KILLER MIKE OF RUN THE JEWELS

By Rob Tannenbaum

Q: Your partner El-P tweeted that you two consumed two ounces of sativa, an ounce of mushrooms and four grams of hash while recording the new Run the Jewels album, RTJ2. True?

A: For the whole

album, I'd say we had almost a pound of weed and 21 grams of hash. No, only my wife and El smoked hash, so I'd say 14 grams. And shrooms.

Q: What was your first impression of El?

A: That he's a typical New York guy: confident, gruff,

assertive. I'm a typical Southerner. Even if we're saying the cruelest thing, we usually end with please and thank you.

Q: You're unique in rap for your concern about constitutional rights.

A: I'm a fierce fighter for constitutional rights because I like

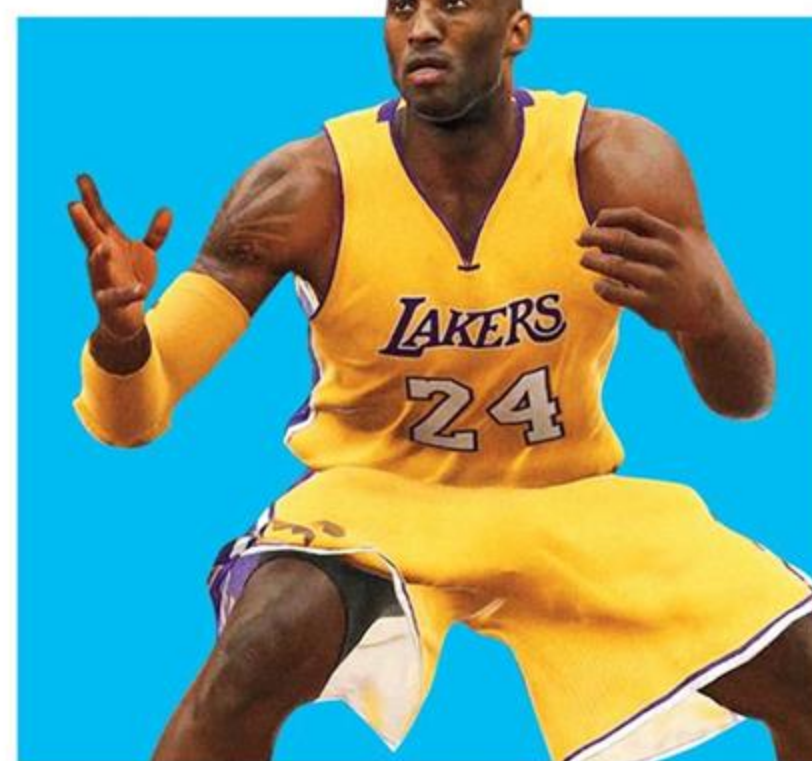
pornography, I like praising whatever god I choose, I like marijuana and I own guns. I'll even defend the KKK's right to protest.

Q: You've said Run the Jewels is the greatest rap duo ever. Really? With only two records?

A: I have to think that; I'm a rapper. We are the best.



El-P (left) and Killer Mike



GAME OF THE MONTH

NBA 2K15

By Jason Buhrmester

• Go easy on Kobe's knee. The updated injury mechanics of *NBA 2K15* (360, PC, PS3, PS4, Xbox One) break down a player's body into 16 parts, each with its own durability rating. Take Kobe hard to the hoop too many times and he'll end up riding the bench. Again. The good news is the expanded general-manager mode allows greater freedom to trade, sign and draft players. Not that it will be easy to find the next LeBron. Only four players have a skill rating above 90 points, down from 10 players in last year's game. Fewer elite players means you'll need better game planning. Time to get out the chalkboard. 🏀🏀🏀



THE WEIRD WORLD OF WARCRAFT

Five strange facts to celebrate the mega-game's 10th anniversary

1. Secret Island

→ Beta testers stumbled upon Developers Island, a secret space full of unfinished characters that was never meant to be seen.

2. Race to Finish

→ Gnomes and Trolls were the last two playable races to be created and almost didn't make it into the game.

3. Hidden Shrine

→ A floating rock on the outskirts of the Netherstorm zone holds a shrine to Nova—

an homage to the company's unreleased game *StarCraft: Ghost*.

4. Word Games

→ *World of Warcraft* currently contains about 6 million words of text, roughly equivalent to 12 copies of the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy.

5. The Gargle

→ The *mrglgrglglglgl!* noise made by the froglike murlocs is actually a recording of a sound designer gargling with yogurt.

MUST-WATCH TV

ASCENSION

By Josef Adalian

• Half a century ago, scientists were working on a supersized ship capable of transporting hundreds deep into space in a fraction of the time it would take traditional rockets. The upshot: It would be powered by nuclear bombs set off behind the craft. Not surprisingly, JFK killed the program—or did he? Syfy's limited series imagines an alternate reality in which the New Frontier meets the Final Frontier: A Cold War-crazed Kennedy, convinced of Earth's demise, approves the ship and sends 600 Americans (including *Battlestar Galactica*'s Tricia Helfer, left) on a 100-year journey to settle a new planet. We meet the voyagers in 2014, just as their utopian space society has been shattered by a mysterious homicide and doubts about the mission are arising. *Ascension* offers a fascinating premise—and a welcome departure for the network that gave us *Sharknado*.



SEX-ONOMICS

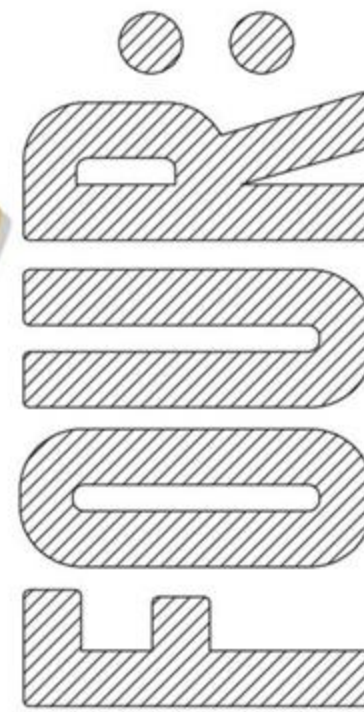
- Average yearly salary range for a sexologist:

\$40,000–\$63,000

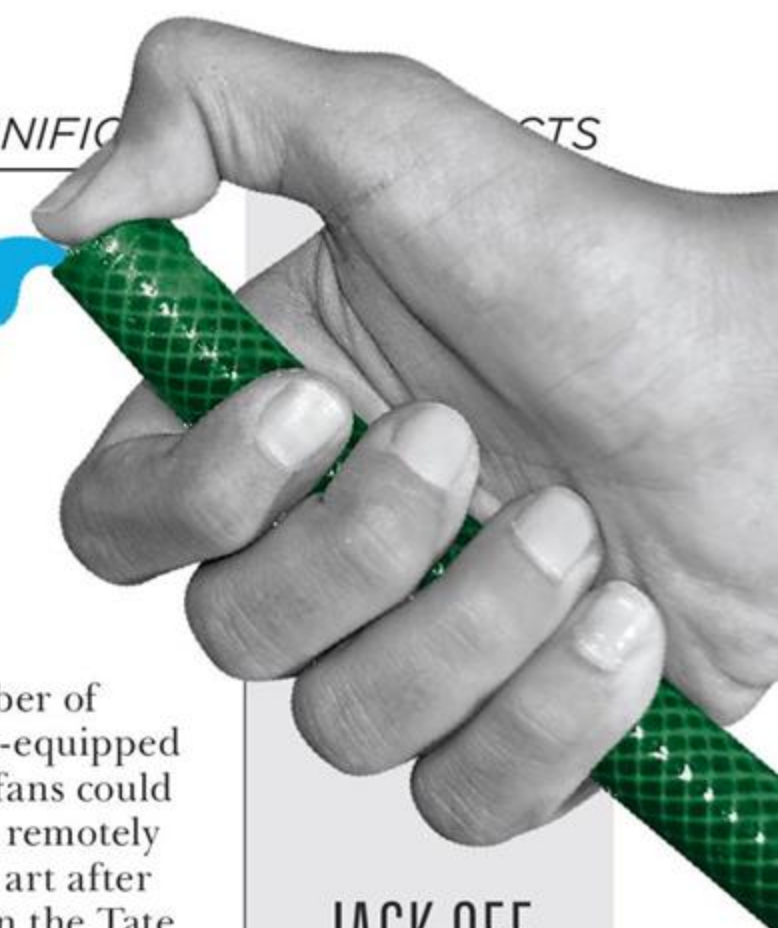


5,000

Number of new entries in Merriam-Webster's new Scrabble dictionary, including qajaq, po and ayaya.



- Number of camera-equipped robots fans could control remotely to view art after hours in the Tate Britain museum.



JACK OFF ALL TRADES

- Number of applicants who responded within the first 48 hours to a job listing for a male sex-toy tester at British company Hot Octopuss: **more than 1,000**
Job requirements: "good stamina" and ability to "handle the pressure."

CHEAT SHEET

- If you cheat on your partner once, you're

3.5 TIMES

more likely to do it again, and if you have been cheated on before, it's statistically more likely to happen again.

ROAD TRIP

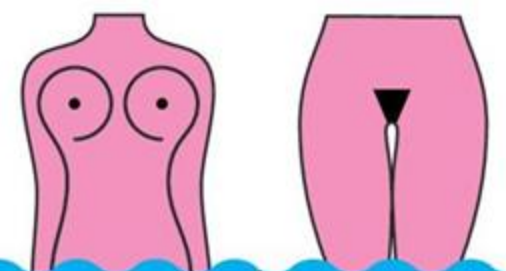
- Number of miles the Opportunity rover was scheduled to drive across Mars: **0.62**
Actual miles driven: **25.01**, setting the record for the longest distance a vehicle has traveled outside of Earth.

Previous record: the Soviet Union's Lunokhod 2, which drove 24.2 miles on the Moon in 1973.



NUDE BEACH

- Percentage of respondents by country who have gone to the beach:



	TOPLESS	NUDE
U.S.	8	5
FRANCE	16	6
GERMANY	29	17
BRAZIL	6	9
AUSTRALIA	24	8
S. KOREA	25	1

Listening to music with a heavy bass line can increase your sense of power. Researchers suggest three "high-power music pieces":

1

"We Will Rock You"
Queen

2

"Get Ready for This"
2 Unlimited

3

"In Da Club"
50 Cent



HIGH-MINDED

- The U.S. has the highest rates of legal and illegal drug use of 17 countries studied. By a wide margin, more Americans (16%) have tried cocaine than people in other countries. Tied for a distant second place, with 4%: New Zealand, Spain, Colombia and Mexico.

Percent of Americans Who Have Tried:

ALCOHOL



92%

TOBACCO



74%

CANNABIS

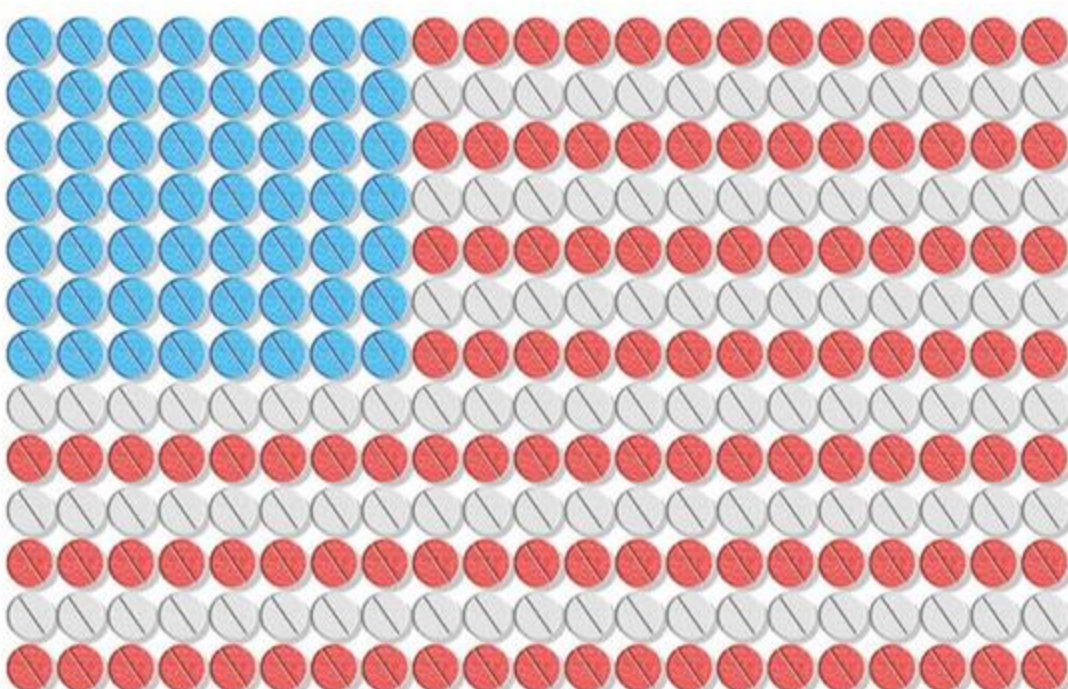


42%

COCAINE



16%



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NO COUNTRY FOR TOUGH MEN

HOW CAN POLITICIANS ACT SO HATEFUL AND MEAN WHEN IN TRUTH THEY'RE JUST WIMPS?

We are experiencing our country's angriest political division since the Civil War, yet our politicians have never been softer. Senators should be challenging each other to duels or at least commenting on each other's websites with such slurs as "fawning weather-bitten boar-pig," "bawdy full-gorged whey-face," "clouted pockmarked nut-hook" or at least ♫. Instead, our one angry, hard-assed political movement is named after a game of make-believe that preschool girls play with their dolls.

Speaker of the House John Boehner cries constantly. He has cried during a tribute to Arnold Palmer, in the middle of singing "America the Beautiful" and while watching children running around outside a school—something he says he avoids for fear of choking up, along with, I assume, Arnold Palmer, "America the Beautiful" and *The Bachelor*. Instead of ever taking sides, Obama invites both sides in a disagreement to the White House lawn for beers and silver bowls of snacks. George W. Bush drank nonalcoholic beer, was a college cheerleader and now paints pictures of dogs. Harry Reid is so fearful that, instead of enjoying cocaine, craps and hookers like a normal Nevadan, he continues to be a Mormon.

Maybe Richard Nixon scared us away from tough guys. Or maybe being the only superpower made us too comfortable. Countries with more insecurity are more likely to get in the globe's face: Vladimir Putin, a black belt in karate, has shot tracking darts at whales with a cross-bow, purposely taken his giant black Lab to a meeting with dog-phobic German chancellor Angela Merkel and inspired Armia Putina, a group of women who took off their shirts in support of his candidacy. Meanwhile, that dancing Obama Girl from 2007 won't even say whom she voted for in 2012. I'm pretty sure that wouldn't have happened in Russia.

Or maybe our politicians' lack of rage is just the side effect of 24-hour news analysis. Anytime a politician does something the least bit tough, we scamper around declaring him unfit for office, as if being in political office were like being the pope. Politics is for unpleasant, power-hungry



JUSTIN PAGE

people who get stuff done. For most of human history, you achieved political office by killing the man in that office. Which is also how you became pope.

People worried that being a POW might have made John McCain unstable, instead of realizing it didn't even make him tough enough to control Sarah Palin. The only reason George H.W. Bush got to be president was because people thought he was a wimp; he knew not to focus on the fact that he enlisted to fight in World War II the day he turned 18 and then jumped out of a burning plane at the age of 20, which he enjoyed so much he jumped out of planes on many later birthdays, including earlier this year for his 90th, despite being confined to a wheelchair due to

his cane even though Davy Crockett was right there in the crowd.

We also wouldn't have President John Quincy Adams (swam naked in the Potomac every morning; kept a pet alligator in the White House), Vice President Aaron Burr (killed Secretary of State Alexander Hamilton in a duel; kept his job) or President Theodore Roosevelt (kept a pet bear and lion at the White House; had a brown belt in jujitsu; formed a cavalry unit called the Rough Riders that was so badass it not only has a condom named after it but a ribbed one).

It seems as though we're taking all our potential leaders and making them work as political consultants. First of all, James Carville, Steve Schmidt and Ed Rollins could never be politicians today simply because, like many other tough guys—Dwight Eisenhower, John Adams, Walter White—they're bald. But the truth is, tough political consultants are nowhere near as frightening as the cigar-smoking party bosses who used to work the back rooms. Al Capone was a party boss. Enoch Johnson, the Republican boss of New Jersey on whom the main character in *Boardwalk Empire* is based, was responsible for bootlegging, gambling, prostitution, the collections racket and wearing a \$1,200 raccoon coat. Do you know how many raccoons it would take to be worth \$1,200? In the 1920s? That's like raccoon genocide.

The future is bleak. As we object to tweets, leaked texts and secretly taped videos, we're doomed to having milquetoast leaders unable to either voice our rage or strong-arm their own parties into compromise. In the post-Oprah era we may one day remember John Boehner not as the Speaker who cried but as the one who didn't rend his clothing. ■

BY JOEL STEIN

Parkinson's. When John Boehner turns 90 he'll need an intravenous saline drip to get through his birthday cards.

Sure, we like to see photos of politicians hunting and fishing, but any actual display of aggression causes us to wag our fingers in shame. When Mitt Romney said London wasn't properly prepared for the Olympics, pundits worried he was too unhinged to represent America. Joe Biden is called crazy because he sometimes curses. If our forefathers voted by those rules, we wouldn't have anyone on our \$20 bill: Andrew Jackson married a woman who wasn't yet divorced, said on his last day as president that his only regret was having "been unable to shoot Henry Clay or to hang John C. Calhoun" and, when an assassin tried to shoot the 67-year-old Jackson with two guns, the president beat the crap out of him with

THE ART OF WAR

SOME WOMEN WANT A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO ARGUE, EVEN IN PUBLIC

One summer my boyfriend and I went on vacation with another couple. We'd all known each other a long time but had never traveled together before. The four of us rented a cabin at a ranch in Colorado, and it became clear the first night that we were two different kinds of couples. They were sweet to each other, offering to sign up for fly-fishing or whatever the other wanted. They were gentle and kind, even after two bottles of wine. We, however, weren't that kind of couple. After two bottles of wine, we were all watching TV and I mentioned I liked a certain actor on *Saturday Night Live*. My boyfriend made a rude comment, and I said, "Aren't you a smug dick." The insult hung in the air like a dad fart. After a few seconds of silence, the other couple excused themselves to go to bed. ("We're so tired. Must be the altitude.") But instantly we heard the TV go on. They had left so my beau and I could fight it out privately. A few minutes, a few insults and a few "Well, maybe *your* tone needs work" type of comments later, and we were fine. The next morning, the two of them tiptoed out of their room not knowing if they were going to find one of us on the couch, but everything was great. We were ready for some farm-fresh eggs and genuine maple syrup. My boyfriend and I had more flare-ups between us on the trip, but our friends weren't fast enough with their excuses to avoid all our arguments (you can check the horseback-riding schedules only so many times). So they had to watch us ride the fights out. Sometimes a short ride. Sometimes a long ride. But we did try to be entertaining. When fights go public, you step up your game. ("We don't have to guess. Let's ask them if they thought the lube story was funny!") I think the other couple got used to it. In my head, it was a lovely trip. It's also possible they remember the weekend as *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* with s'mores. But I don't regret it. I'm always going to be in the couple that fights.

The reason I will always be in the couple that fights is because I'm moody, prone to PMS and a little bitchy but also because I actually think fighting is a *good* thing. Everyone knows the joy of cooking and the joy of sex, but I think a real joy comes from fighting in your relationship. It's like two chess masters playing each other. You both know the game so well, you know each

other's moves. Anyone can win, and it can be very satisfying at the end. But you do need two to play.

I once got into a fight with a newish boyfriend at an upscale brunch place where we were literally rubbing elbows with the people at the next table. After hitting a sour note in a conversation about how friends of ours were raising their baby, I started raising my voice. He proceeded

BY HILARY WINSTON

to shush me (motioning that people could hear) and told me we'd talk about it in the car. That was the worst thing he could have done to prevent a scene, and so I caused one. I wasn't cussing (much) or throwing things (other than a sugar packet, which was more of a toss), *but* I did express my opinion loudly and with feeling. We broke up soon after. If a guy is going to hide behind a short stack of ricotta pancakes

(which we went dutch on), I don't want him. I want a guy who can hold his own and not wait until we get to the car.

We've all been in those relationships when you know something has gone horribly wrong and you dread the car ride home. You just know when that door closes behind you and seals you from the outside world, the rest of the night is toast. But why let it build? Why not just get it over with? I once got into a huge fight with my boyfriend at an Indian wedding. I told him not to chew with his mouth open, which I admit was condescending. (In my defense, though, *saag paneer* is not a food you want to see someone eating.) He got mad, and we argued in front of some Indian aunties. He didn't talk to me for an hour, but by the time the dancing came around, we were back on and "Jai Ho"-ing to the best of our ability. We didn't have to wait all night, tension and passive-aggressive comments building until we were finally in private. We got it out and enjoyed the rest of the (very long) wedding.

I think "getting along" isn't all it's cracked up to be. If you spend the majority of your time with one person, that person is going to get on your nerves. He or she is going to hurt your feelings. It's only natural. So stop "yes, dear"-ing her and avoiding fights. Don't keep it in. Stop and smell the war of the roses. Go public. Get it out. Get fired up. Be passionate. Be heated. Hey, there's a reason all those terms are also associated with a great sex life. ■





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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I recently discovered my 43-year-old boyfriend of one year pays for “erotic massages,” which is code for seeing a prostitute. He has an enormous penis, but he has trouble maintaining an erection. Sex with him is difficult, but since we began sleeping together we’ve had sex every time we see each other, which is about five nights a week. He takes Levitra but thinks I don’t know. When I found out about the “massages” I asked him what was going on, and he lied about everything. He has about a dozen contacts in his cell phone whom he texts, calls and e-mails. He tried to hook up with one of them just a week after I first learned about his secret habits. When I confronted him, he said he contacted her to test me to see if I would react. He has turned into a drama queen. I have lost respect for him but still love him. I’m quite a step up from his ex-wife and am not trying to force a relationship that shouldn’t be. I own my home, earn plenty of money and am the opposite of needy. Even though I am emotionally strong, this has worn me down. Just being around him is annoying. I look at him now and think he’s pitiful. He meets any attempt at discussion with a full-blown temper tantrum along the lines of “You know I love you, so why are you bringing this up?” I think he sucks. Am I on the right track or overreacting?—T.L., Washington, D.C.

As midlife crises go, this one sounds critical, at least in terms of how it affects your happiness. Your boyfriend’s defensiveness and outright denial in the face of what sounds like overwhelming evidence add yet another layer to what is at the very least a twofold fiction he is perpetrating on you—and on himself. Some people accept their partner’s behavior no matter how far it goes beyond what is considered the norm, but your boyfriend’s self-deception is exceptionally troubling, and it clearly hurts you. He’s dishonest about his physical condition, the medication he takes and his sexual activities apart from you; one can only imagine what else he might be lying about. If these issues were in his past and he were willing to work on them, we would be more hopeful than we are. This is one of those situations where you must decide whether you’re going to attach your happiness and sense of well-being to someone who is not only out of touch with the realities of his own behavior but also thoroughly dismissive of your desires. By no measure does this sound



I’m 32 years old, and until a few months ago I was a hopeless womanizer. I seduced countless women, had threesomes, swapped partners and even made amateur porn. I keep a dresser drawer full of trophy panties. But a few months ago I met a woman I’m so taken with that I have stayed committed and monogamous. I want to propose to her. Should I get rid of the panties and not tell her about my past, or should I come clean and tell her everything?—J.D., Jacksonville, Florida

Congratulations on your wild youth and your newfound love. We suggest you give the relationship at least a few more months before you propose. If you still feel the same way after the relationship has been road-tested and the novelty has subsided, you should come clean so that in your married years you’ll be able to come with a clean conscience.

like a healthy partnership. Additionally, if your boyfriend is indeed seeing prostitutes regularly, you have an increased chance of being exposed to STDs. You say you think he sucks; given your account of your relationship, we can’t argue.

I have two questions, if you’ll indulge me. Both are related to pubic hair. First, have sexual psychologists or the Advisor coined an expression, either scientific or lighthearted, for the condition that induces a complete loss of arousal

when confronted with bald genitalia? Second, could you settle a dispute between me and my friend? We want to know whether the Advisor regards it as poor taste or unnecessarily indelicate to inquire as to a possible bedmate’s “fur status” in the same way one would ask about tattoos, piercings and other intimate preferences.—S.P., Oceanside, California

The Advisor is much better at creating punny headlines (Wane’s World, Hirsute Yourself, From Hair to Eternity, Up in the Hair, Pubic Enemy Number One, Fear of a Bald Planet, Trim Shady) than coining medical terms. But borrowing from the Germans, we have attempted to cobble together a compound word for you: unbehaartsehenangst. It’s no schadenfreude, but it’ll do in a pinch. As for your second question, it is absolutely in poor taste—and tacky, rude, creepy, shallow, ungentlemanly, etc.—to ask prospective partners about their piercings, “fur status” and other genital aesthetic preferences in advance of a potential hookup.

Every once in a rare while, the tip of my penis accidentally touches the toilet rim. I don’t mean the seat; I mean the rim of the bowl. When this happens in the bathroom at work, I feel as though a billion germs and viruses have landed on my penis. What is the best thing I can do to clean off? Should I rub it with toilet paper? Hide in my office and put hand sanitizer on it? I don’t want to stand at the sink washing my penis.—T.R., Langley, Virginia

Much has been said about the relative cleanliness of the toilet seat in comparison with the kitchen sink (a dry seat harbors few germs; a wet sink can be a bacterial breeding ground). But you present a less cut-and-dried scenario. It’s entirely possible that contact with a toilet bowl can expose your penis to many germs. But provided you don’t have an open sore on the tip of your penis and have a

strong immune system, you’re probably going to be okay. (From what you say it sounds as though this has happened a few times already—and you’re doing fine.) Do not use hand sanitizer on your penis; it contains alcohol as an active agent and can burn. If you plan on having sex the same day your penis has touched a toilet, we suggest taking a nice hot soapy shower beforehand as a courtesy to your partner.

I have read that when storing cigars in a humidor it is best to leave the wrappers

on until shortly before smoking. Until recently I always did. (I've been a serious cigar smoker for only a couple of years.) However, last month I did an experiment and stored several cigars—Partagas Black Labels, CAO Italias, Brick House Maduros—without wrappers in one of the three humidors I own. When I smoked them, they tasted better, with more flavor and perhaps a slightly fuller body. Is this possible, or is it all in my imagination?—P.D., Morgantown, West Virginia

As with so many questions regarding how best to enjoy the finer things in life (from wine to cigars to clothes), it often comes down to personal preference. Kudos to you for not accepting the dictates of so-called experts in the field (some of whom we've found extremely dull in conversation; we tend to prefer the renegades who find pleasure in gently and thoughtfully breaking the rules). Cellophane wrappers do slow the rate at which an improperly stored cigar will dry out and lose flavor, but they are far from perfect. In a properly calibrated humidor a wrapped cigar won't dry out, but it won't absorb any of the humidor's moisture either. It seems you prefer the flavor of a moister cigar. One reason some cigar fans keep their cigars wrapped is to prevent flavor transfer between brands. A compromise is to open the ends of the wrappers, which theoretically allows some moisture in yet prevents the exchange of flavors.

I am a 45-year-old male and have been single my entire adult life. The women I like tell me they take my interest as a compliment but that they aren't interested. My last heartfelt attempt to start a relationship was 20 years ago. While attending college I was attracted to one of the girls in my dorm. We usually talked casually when I came back from class. After a while I decided to ask her out to dinner and a film. She responded by reporting me to the director of the dorm. I have never been able to get past the fact that she reacted this way. Are there any standards regarding how a woman should reject a man and whether it is appropriate for a woman to have someone convey the message for her?—K.S., Azusa, California

There is no standard practice for how to appropriately reject someone. But lingering too much on an incident that transpired two decades ago isn't going to help you with your current situation. One of the wonderful things about internet dating sites such as Match.com and eHarmony.com is that they use extensive personality-matching algorithms to pair potential dates, even those who have been perpetually dateless. Additionally, they play the role of dorm director, which is to say they're a go-between that handles the rejection at some distance with minimal embarrassment to either party. Explore these sites. Who knows? You might find someone who dealt with the same type of rejection you did 20 years ago.

You advised a reader to cook scallops with balsamic vinegar as the perfect second-dinner-date dish (September).

The recipe you provided was great—except for the \$45 balsamic. I don't consider myself a foodie, but I do like to cook and eat great meals. I wholeheartedly agree that one should not cheap out and buy a \$5 bottle from the local supermarket, but there is no need to spend \$45 for a great bottle of balsamic or flavor-infused extra virgin olive oil. I used to travel to Salt Lake City a few times a year, and I visited Mountain Town Olive Oil every time for its great selection of oils and vinegars—plus you can taste them before buying. Most of the bottles are 375 milliliters for \$15 (some of the flavor-infused selections are more expensive). I liked to buy the outstanding 18-year traditional. Now that I have stopped traveling west so much I have found something closer: Taste Oil Vinegar Spice in Fredericksburg, Virginia has 375-milliliter bottles for \$18. Small shops specializing in spices, oils and vinegars seem to be popping up all over the place. Since the letter writer is in the Los Angeles area, I'm sure he can find a great shop to buy just what he needs.—M.S., Fredericksburg, Virginia

There certainly are fantastic midpriced balsamic vinegars. We suggested the Villa Manodori brand because it is by far the best of the dozens we've sampled. It has a perfect balance of sweet and sour and is so good it can make even a mediocre cook's food taste profoundly delicious. It is produced exclusively for Massimo Bottura, who is widely regarded as not only the best chef in the Emilia-Romagna region of Italy (where balsamic vinegar was invented) but the best chef in the world (his restaurant Osteria Francescana has won just about every award possible). Don't want to spend the money? Here's a cheat for getting great aged-balsamic-vinegar flavor out of a \$5 bottle: Simmer a couple of cups over low heat in a saucepan until it reduces to a syrupy consistency. The flavors will deepen and intensify. It won't be the same as the best stuff, but it will be damn good.

I've heard semen can be used as a face cream. Supposedly it improves the skin because it contains protein and other natural ingredients. Is this true?—I.T., Montreal, Quebec

In theory, it's not the protein in semen that would improve the quality of your skin but its proteolytic enzymes, which can break down protein—in this case, dead skin. Presumably with repeated applications you could break down the outer layer of skin, making it easier to remove and thus revealing the smoother skin beneath it. But there are much less involved ways of achieving these benefits. You could use a gentle exfoliant, followed by a face cleanser and an over-the-counter moisturizer. Whoever told you semen can be a skin treatment seems to have their facials confused.

Can you please advise me about whether there are humane ways to encourage bees to leave their hive permanently? My niece rents a house where a colony

of bees has built a hive inside a cavity in an outside-facing wall, having gained access through a vent in the masonry. My niece worries that if she calls in a professional, he will simply kill the bees because there is no way to reach the hive without knocking a hole in the wall. Is there any way to get the bees to abandon their hive, such as buying plants they don't like or using smoke?—R.F., Cape Town, South Africa

Apart from relocating the hive with the help of a professional beekeeper, there's no surefire way to humanely remove an entire colony of bees. In your case, it would unfortunately require knocking a hole in the house (which many people opt to do if they can afford it). If your niece is adamant about not killing the bees, she will need to contact a beekeeper who can determine whether the insects are honeybees and therefore of value. For a small fee the beekeeper might remove the bees with the help of a carpenter. You are fortunate the hive is in an outside-facing wall, as the bees are less likely to invade the house if disturbed.

I disagree with your advice to W.K. in Springfield, Illinois, who asked how to tip a bartender who has given a customer many drinks on the house (September). You said to leave the price of the drink as a tip, but this is bad advice. As an employee of the bar, a bartender is not authorized to "comp" drinks—it's stealing from his or her employer. My answer would have been that comped drinks should not be accepted; drinks should always be paid for. My daughter and son-in-law own several taverns, and free drinks handed out by bartenders are a great expense and loss of money for them.—K.T., Austin, Texas

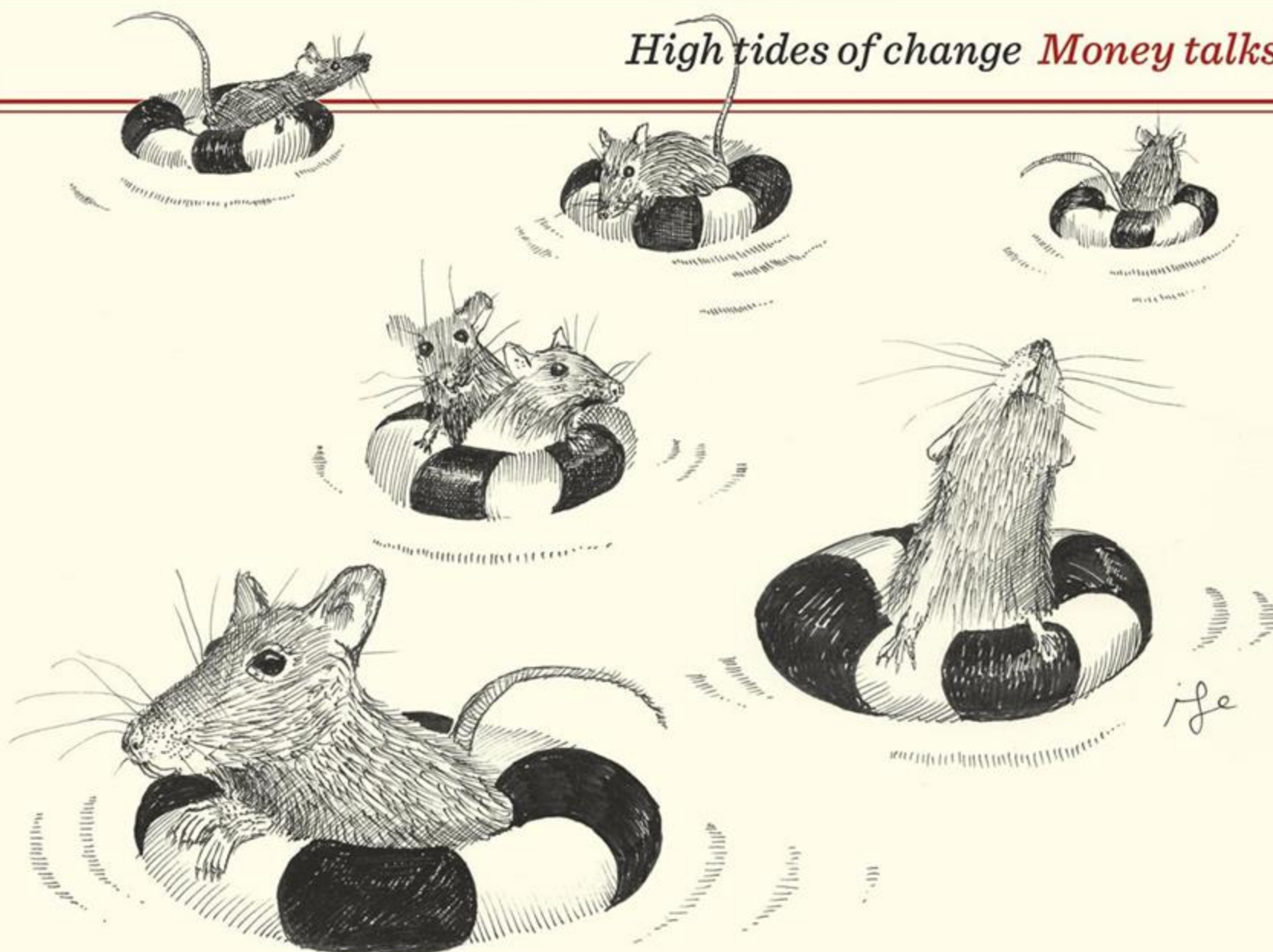
You're not the only reader we heard from who believes comped drinks at a bar always constitute employee theft. But every bar has its own rules. Some have house accounts or promo tabs that bartenders are allowed to use with discretion; others allow a certain percentage of an evening's sales to be comped, and some don't allow comping at all. We surveyed the owners of several profitable bars around the country to get their opinion, and they resoundingly said allowing bartenders to comp drinks is part of their success. They see comped drinks, or buybacks, as a sort of informal version of a frequent flyer program. They train their employees to use them sparingly and with discretion. An occasional gift from the bar to big spenders and regulars encourages loyalty and makes customers feel special. To the savvy bar manager it can mean more money in the till and in the tip jar.

For answers to reasonable questions relating to food and drink, fashion and taste, and sex and dating, write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. The most interesting and pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month.





High tides of change *Money talks*



READER RESPONSE

OF MARKETS AND MANATEES

I agree with Curtis White that the top one percent are robbing us, but that has little to do with capitalism in a true free market ("Designated Suffering," September). It has everything to do with government working hand in glove with giant corporations to deny the common man easy entry and real competition in most money-making enterprises. Government

SURRENDERING TO GLOBAL WARMING

Can we win by losing?

BY ERIC KLINENBERG

There is, and has always been, a bold American way to respond to major disasters: We don't merely rebuild; we build bigger and stronger than before.

We do this regardless of what hits us. Chicago, incinerated by the great fire of 1871, quickly became the nation's fastest-growing metropolis. San Francisco, which crumbled and burned in the 1906 earthquake, transformed into the cultural and financial hub of the West. New Orleans grew larger and more prosperous after the Mississippi River flood of 1927, and since September 11, 2001, real estate development in lower Manhattan has boomed.

Climate change forces us to abandon the rebuild-bigger strategy. The oceans are rising steadily, and storm surges are growing more powerful by the year. We can neither armor the entire coastline nor build walls to protect all our cities. The costs are too high and the consequences

too severe for adjacent communities that would be affected by spillover.

As water traverses coastlines and riverfronts, the millions who have settled on the dry side will start asking whether they can stay there. In many cases—from small towns in Maine to significant portions of Miami, New York City and San Francisco—the answer will be no.

Climate change forces us to abandon the rebuild-bigger strategy.

lions of people to higher ground.

After Hurricane Katrina, several earth scientists and a few brave political officials argued that New Orleans should never have been built on such vulnerable land. They called for the government to shrink the city down to its safest areas, lest the next megastorm again batter those who

It's time to start planning the unthinkable: a strategy for returning some of the most precious and valuable land we've developed back to our oceans and rivers. And in time, but sooner than you may think, we'll need a program for resettling mil-



continues to exist to protect the power and perks of the ruling elite. The socialist paradigm seems to assume more government will cure the problem of big government in bed with big business. Yes, giant corporate thieves (oligarchs) should return the 85 percent of the country's wealth owned by the top quintile to those it was stolen from. But the anti-individualism of socialism destroys human incentive. The most successful system thus far is the approximation of the free market found mostly in Western culture—not the corporate



READER RESPONSE

tyranny of today. Socialism works well only when it is voluntary, as in the American commune or the Israeli kibbutz. The same is true of the free market. The government-controlled “capitalism” we have now is the modus operandi of the ruling elite’s continuing control. It is not a true free market, which, if instituted, has the potential to cure most of the world’s problems.

Fritz Knese
Harrison, Arkansas

Curtis White writes that taxpayers will have to pay for a new planet and the “rich and powerful” will be “glad to have someone else pay to fix it.” He fails to realize that the wealthiest members of



our society are the ones who pay the vast majority of taxes. And by the way, manatees [which suffer, White says, as capitalists benefit] are a nonnative species responsible for legislation that has put generations of hardworking dock builders out of business.

John T. Johnson
Punta Gorda, Florida

Two countries that are among the biggest polluters and that have done the least to abate pollution are China and Russia—neither of them purely capitalist. As for “nature’s whipping boy,” the growing manatee population now exceeds 4,800.

Joseph Kutch
Pineville, Louisiana

HOME OF THE INCARCERATED

Thank you for “Cruel and Unusual” (June). Take it from me, prison sucks. Mandatory minimum sentencing, such as Oregon’s

have already been beaten. But the low-lying neighborhoods that suffered most from Katrina had heavy concentrations of African Americans and the poor, and these communities were woefully neglected during and after the storm. In the real politics of that disaster, refusing to help rebuild these communities was perceived as down-right discriminatory. And though it hasn’t been easy, the most precarious New Orleans neighborhoods are returning.

The aftermath of Sandy is different. The 2012 hurricane killed 117 people, 72 of them in the U.S., damaged or destroyed some 650,000 homes, left more than 8 million households without power and generated more than \$60 billion in damages. Sandy took aim at Staten Island, the largely white, middle-class and politically conservative borough that sits like a bull’s-eye at the center of the New York Bight. The storm delivered about 500 million tons of water to New York City at roughly 80 miles an hour, and Staten Island got the worst of it. More than 75,000 people along the eastern and southern shores were flooded out when storm surges up to 14 feet high

deluged their homes. Twenty-three people died there; the small island accounted for more than half the state’s fatalities and nearly one third of the national toll.

The death and devastation on Staten Island may have been unsurprising, since the borough is a barrier island by nature and as such has absorbed the blows of

many previous hurricanes. But residents’ response was startling. Rather than build back bigger, neighborhood associations demanded buyouts from the city and state. They loved their neighborhood, the local culture and the beach, but they’d grown weary of living in a floodplain and had lost the will to live with that risk. As Oakwood Beach resident Joe Monte told the press, “I’m done. I can’t handle it no more. Just get us out of there. I

want to feel normal again.”

Improbably, New York governor Andrew Cuomo agreed to bail out Monte and his neighbors—and at pre-storm market prices. Cuomo proposed buying out every homeowner in the three Staten Island neighborhoods that had mounted the most aggressive campaigns for Sandy relief: Oakwood Beach, Ocean Breeze and

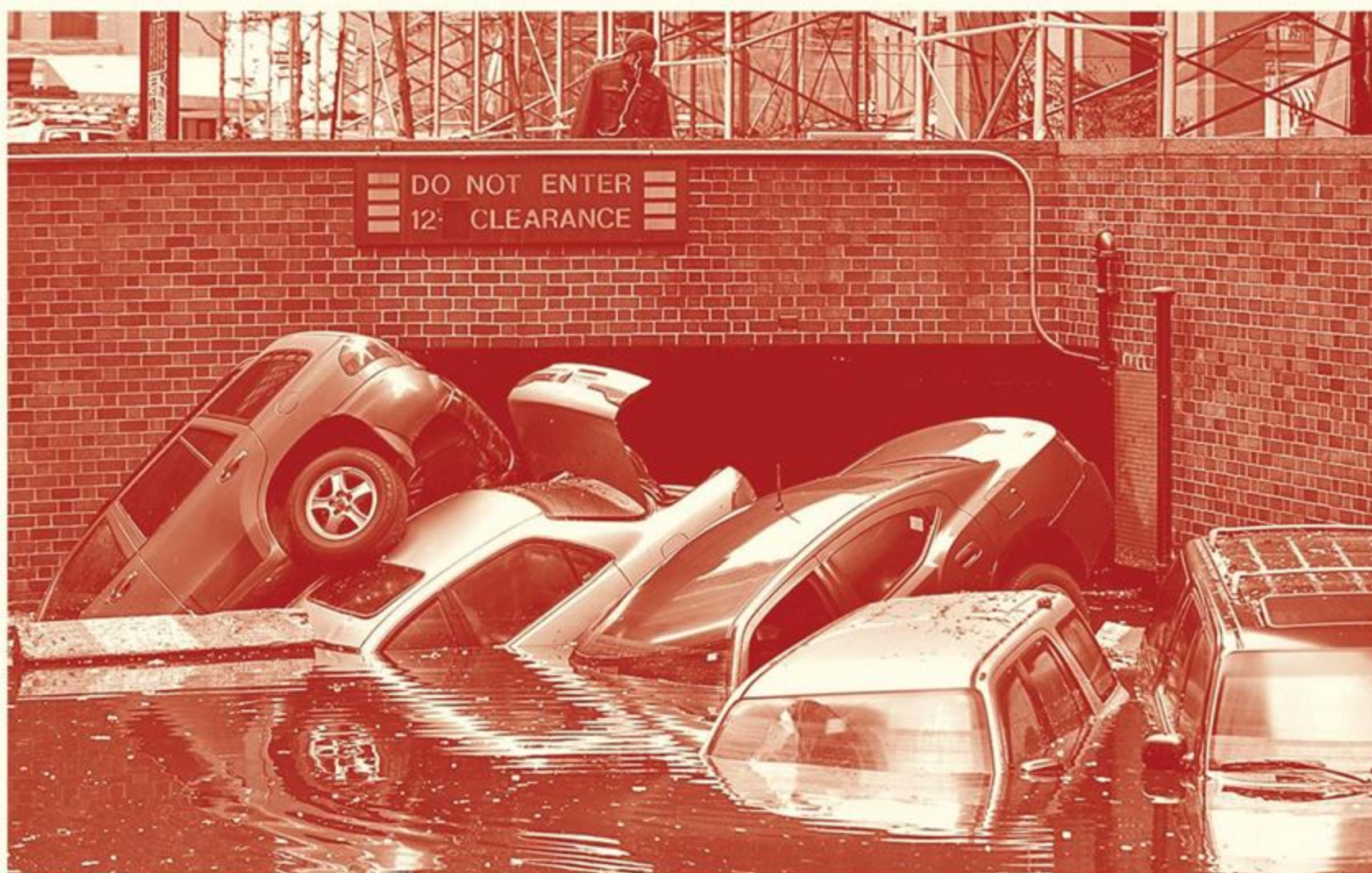
**Rather
than build
back bigger,
neighborhood
associations
demanded
buyouts from
the city.**

REFUGEES AT SIX FEET

Sea levels will rise four to six feet by 2100, according to the National Climate Assessment, a White House report released this May. For four of the most at-risk coastal states, this means a world of trouble.

	 California	 Louisiana	 Florida	 New York
People who currently live in the six-foot zone	603,305	1,127,633	2,655,967	480,807
Percent of state population in the zone	2%	24.9%	14%	2%
Number of homes in the zone	252,427	520,801	1,444,827	209,800

Source: Climate Central (climatecentral.org)



WELCOME TO THE AGE OF ADAPTATION.

Graham Beach. The buyouts, part of a \$400 million state pilot program, averaged \$400,000, a price the governor deemed worth paying. "There are some places that mother nature owns," Cuomo said. "I want to give this parcel [of land] back."

Cuomo's announcement delighted the successful petitioners, who called it "absolutely unbelievable" and declared themselves ecstatic. But residents in other vulnerable Staten Island neighborhoods left out of the pilot program have spent the past two years fighting, angrily and anxiously, for public support to move out of harm's way.

For most of that time, their major opponent was former New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg, a skeptic of buyout programs for densely populated waterfront cities. "We cannot and will not abandon our waterfront," Bloomberg stated. "It's one of our greatest assets." He pointed out that the latest FEMA maps place 400,000 New Yorkers and 70,000 buildings in areas at high risk of dangerous flooding. He didn't believe public agencies could pay to relocate all of them to higher ground, and he didn't think they should.

In Bloomberg's view, sustainable urban planning requires denser development, even along the flood-prone coastline. Just as a century ago engineers began to design buildings that were more fireproof to reduce the risks of conflagration, today they're designing stronger, more water-resistant structures and infrastructures to withstand coming storms. With these technologies, the Bloomberg approach to climate-change adaptation is the latest variation on the classic American recovery theme: Build

bigger, build stronger, continue to grow.

Dense urban development is indeed important for reducing our carbon footprint and curbing climate change. It's also politically convenient, because the growth machine—builders, real estate agents, developers and the like—supports it. But it doesn't have to happen everywhere. It is folly to rebuild in places that may be submerged within half a century or in places that are under threat of dangerous flooding every day.

The pilot program to buy out homeowners on Staten Island is only beginning, and it's too early to know what kind of model it will establish. But there are already a few clear lessons.

First, drawing boundaries that separate those who will receive public funds to relocate and those left to fend for themselves will be difficult and contentious.

Second, not everyone who should move will want to, and it's impossible to manage a retreat from dangerous land if residents won't give it back.

Third, it's going to be expensive. The government will never be able to buy out residents at full market value if the market doesn't price in climate

risks. About 124 million people, or 39 percent of the U.S. population, live in coastal counties. The \$400 million New York program is a drop in the bucket compared with the price of relocating Miami or New Orleans. And when those cities go down, they won't go alone.

Of course, there are other ways to adapt to climate change. An exciting design movement involves building water-resistant structures, such as homes with floodable first levels, and infrastructures, such as permeable street surfaces and resilient power grids. In 2012 policy makers in Congress began scaling back

*Mother
nature doesn't
care if we
believe the
science.*



READER RESPONSE

Measure 11, has destroyed due process and favors the prosecution so heavily that a fair trial is a thing of the past. Please publish more articles like this.

Sam Paul
Pendleton, Oregon

When will legislators and prosecutors who play fast and loose with taxpayer money realize that being "tough on crime" is really just tough on budgets, bank accounts and the social fabric of America? As fiscal shortfalls nationwide cause municipal bankruptcies, school closures, reductions in essential social services and government shutdowns, the populations and budgets of prison systems across the country continue to increase at unsustainable rates. The numbers cited in "Cruel and Unusual" are appalling, but the life-without-parole movement is only part of the problem. The push toward

CRUEL AND

Thousands of people are serving life in prison without parole for nonviolent offenses

According to a report published last fall by the American Civil Liberties Union, 5,278 people in the U.S. have been sentenced to life in prison with no chance of parole for committing nonviolent crimes. Some will die behind bars for siphoning gas from a truck, stealing a bagged lunch or possessing an ounce of weed. Most of these people are first-time drug offenders—79 percent are locked up for nonviolent drug crimes.

The LWOP movement grew out of the war on drugs, largely through three-strikes and other



UNUSUAL

habitual-offender laws that mandate life sentences. State legislators who want to appear tough on crime—always an easy way to impress constituents—pass punitive laws that put a lot of people in jail. From 1990 to 2005 the average incarceration rate in the U.S. was 106 per 100,000 adults. Between 1975 and 2011 the rate rose to 743 per 100,000 adults.

The number of people sentenced to life without parole went from 12,455 in 1992 to 49,000 in 2012. This is an American phenomenon, as only one in five countries worldwide has LWOP sentences of any sort. Another peculiarly American fact is that 65 percent of nonviolent offenders serving life without parole are black.

Judges and prison wardens are no fans of these laws. More than eight out of 10 LWOP sentences are mandatory; the sentencing judges have no choice but to send offenders up the river. The ACLU estimates that eliminating nonviolent offenses from state and federal LWOP statutes would save taxpayers \$1.78 billion.

longer and harsher sentences has led to a 700 percent increase in incarceration rates since 1980, to more than 2.4 million on any given day. This is despite a 45 percent drop in the overall crime rate since 1990. Many institutions fail to provide meaningful or effective treatment or rehabilitation services—and let's not forget that 95 percent of offenders will eventually be released. Their successful and productive reintegration is in society's best interest.

Although it is by no means the sole cause, it is undeniable that America's pitiful ascent to unrivaled incarceration king of the industrialized world coincides with the decline of American exceptionalism. We no longer lead the

Perhaps someday a torrent of hyperculture starts to su...
recollection of the...
that have come be...
a generation reach...
they wonder what...
show for all the tin...
up at two a.m. to ch...
the bloom will be...
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READER RESPONSE

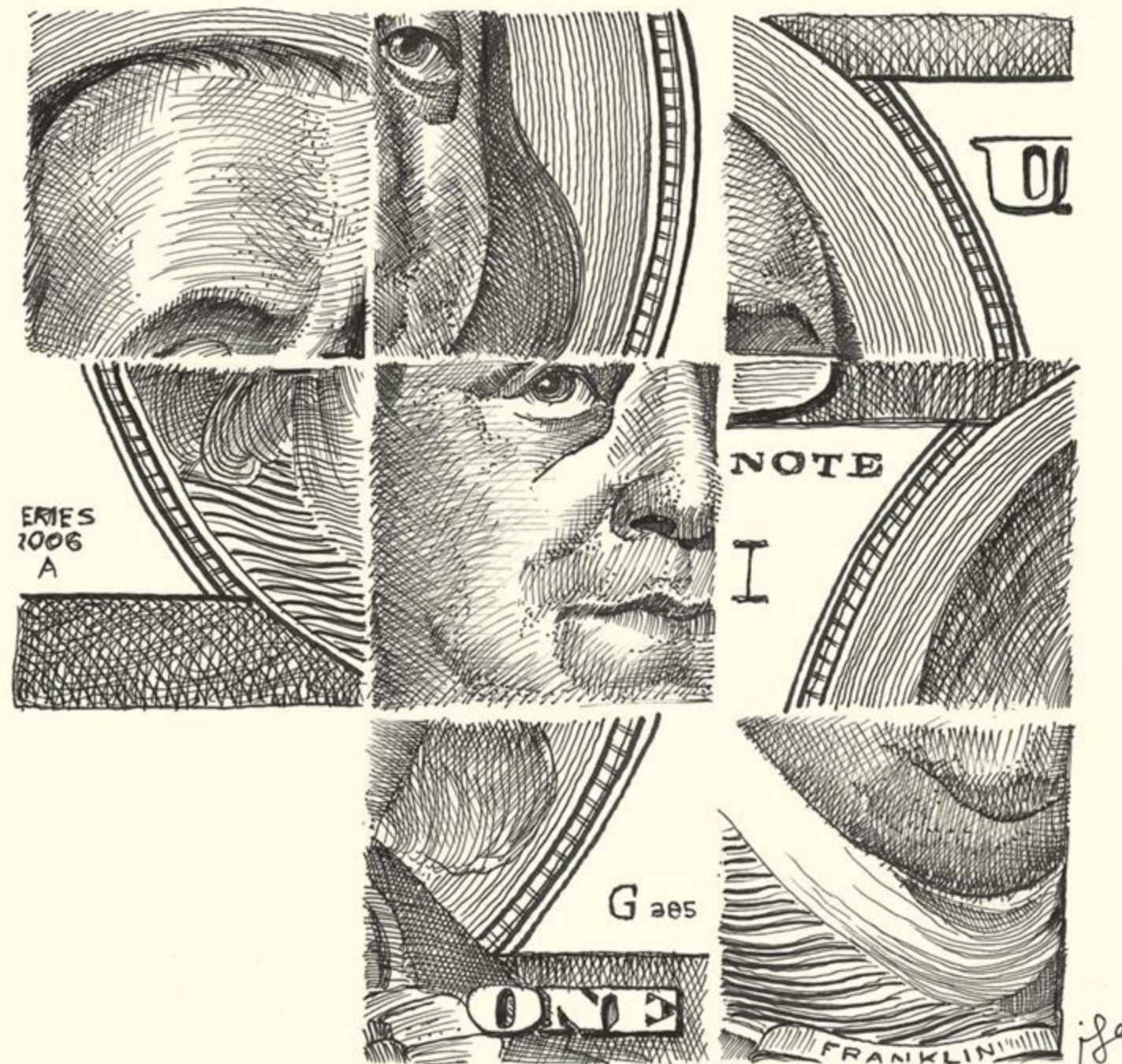
world in education; Russia doesn't respect us; we haven't even been home to the world's tallest building for some time now. But look on the bright side: If we continue down our current path, we will always be number one at something. There are, without a doubt, countries where oppression and injustice far outweigh our own, but at least they don't claim to be the land of the free.

Vincent Bitetto
Concord, New Hampshire

AMERICAN DREAMING

Is equality possible in a democracy ("All Men Are Created Unequal," September)? I don't think it's achievable today, and I don't think it was in the past. Edward Tenner's article brings to mind a classic of American literature, Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, in which immigrant Jurgis believes if he works harder—longer hours, less pay, in grueling conditions for dishonest employers—he can improve his lot. What follows is a tragedy that I can't help think is not so different from today's reality.

Julian Jefferson
Boston, Massachusetts



DECODING THE MONEYMEN

Economist and writer John Lanchester translates how Wall Street talks

BY JEREMY REPANICH

the federal flood-insurance subsidy program to remove dysfunctional incentives to develop new coastal property. And after Sandy, federal relief funds were restricted to projects rebuilding at least one foot above local flood guidelines. Not every coastal community needs to move, but even if only a small fraction does, the

math becomes overwhelming, especially if we refuse to plan and invest in a climate-change strategy today.

Mother nature doesn't care if we believe the science. She has already narrowed our options. We can either slowly give her coastal land back or wait for her to take it.



Inequality is the status quo and a fact of life; equality has always been a Marxist myth. Frankly, no one except a pie-in-the-sky communist would want everyone to get the same pay. Unions once fulfilled a great purpose. Today the union label basically means things made by overpaid people who don't care and cannot be fired.

In the wake of the 2008 economic crisis, writer John Lanchester set out to understand how the entire financial system collapsed. In his 2010 book *I.O.U.: Why Everyone Owes Everyone and No One Can Pay*, he explained the history and mechanisms that brought the world economy to its knees. His latest book, *How to Speak Money*, addresses the language used by financial professionals—an esoteric vocabulary that hampers real industry reform—and hopes to bridge the knowledge gap between Wall Street and Main

Street. His belief, as he explains below, is that doing so can give Main Street a fighting chance to make our banking and financial policies more equitable for all.

People still feel they don't know what the hell is going on.

PLAYBOY: What compelled you to write a book that tackles financial vocabulary for the everyday consumer?

LANCHESTER: When I finished *I.O.U.* I said I'd never write another book about finance again, because the credit crunch was unique and I expected economics would fade in importance in people's lives. But for many it still

feels like 2008. Things haven't changed, and there's a great feeling of being squeezed by circumstances that began with the credit crunch. On top of that, there's a gap in knowledge. People still feel they don't know what the hell is going on.

PLAYBOY: You understand people's frustration, but your book isn't seething with anger.

LANCHESTER: I wanted this book to be a tool kit, an explanation of financial and economic vocabulary that would give people room to make up their own minds. Sometimes if you're too hard-line and angry, readers won't follow. They get the gist early on and then stop reading, without the tools to make their own conclusions.

PLAYBOY: Most people's eyes begin to glaze over at the mere mention of economics, which can be convenient for financiers, because then the public doesn't know enough to pry into their business. Do you think the financial sector is intentionally using esoteric language to obscure information from everyday people?

LANCHESTER: From the point of view of the person who doesn't know what the words mean, intentions don't matter. If RMBS-based CDOs come up in conversation, it doesn't matter if someone is using that language to bamboozle you or as a utilitarian way of talking about collateralized debt obligations made out of residential-mortgage-backed securities.

PLAYBOY: So if you don't understand someone's jargon, you're lost, whether they're trying to screw you or not. But some Wall Streeters are intentionally screwing people, right?

LANCHESTER: Oh yes. Let me be clear: Some people in the financial industry are deliberately ripping people off all day, every day, every week.

PLAYBOY: What do you find to be the most surprising gap in public financial knowledge?

LANCHESTER: Debt has been re-branded as credit. The single most consequential area of change is the fact that we can all stick our hand out the window and grab as much debt as we want, and that is historically unusual.

PLAYBOY: What has been the fallout from that?

"One of the greatest explainers of the Financial Crisis and its aftermath."
—MICHAEL LEWIS

HOW TO SPEAK

MONEY

WHAT THE MONEY PEOPLE SAY—
And What It Really Means

JOHN
LANCHESTER

*Once we
start having
the right
conversations,
we can start
finding the
right answers.*

a profound link between increased inequality and increased debt.

PLAYBOY: Did Reaganomics and the past 30 years of policies fueled on debt cover up that growing inequality? Inequality increased, but people didn't feel it because they could just borrow more money. Then the chickens came home to roost in the form of the financial crisis.

LANCHESTER: That's exactly one of the ways in which it played out. But I think there's also a link through deregulation. The policies led to a rise in inequality and also to a rise in deregulation in the financial industry, which led to a wave of new ways to make money by lending money. And so there are two prongs to that particular offensive. One is that the rich get a lot richer quickly. And the other is that the finance industry has the shackles taken off and looks at a whole new set of ways to lend everybody money.

PLAYBOY: Will increased financial literacy on Main Street push back against policies like that?

LANCHESTER: I think the correlation between inequality and inheritability in our country would see more attention. In more unequal societies, inheritance determines the outcome of your life, and that's central to political debate. In terms of its history and self-conception, America is the land of opportunity, but does it matter that it actually isn't, as a plain statistical fact? This is the land of your daddy's daddy determining what your life is. If that matters, how do we fix it? I don't know the policy specifics, but I think that larger framing is more important, because once we start having the right conversations, we can start finding the right answers. ■

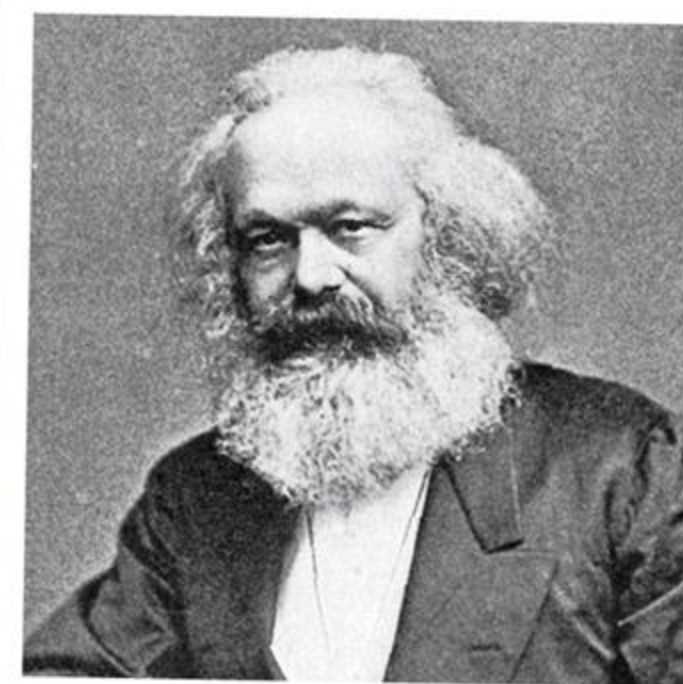
LANCHESTER: Debt has been treated as the cure for inequality. If you can't have something you used to be able to afford, just borrow to buy it. People reach for an unattainable lifestyle that's all around them. Politicians have no proposal to fix the wealth gap, and the economy is completely flat. Median income is flat; your opportunities and prospects in general are flat. But you can have the things you want by borrowing. In a strange way, there's



READER RESPONSE

Unions are growing in the public sector; what is that about? Unions for government workers should be banned—if the government needs unions to protect its workers from injustice, why should we have any trust in government? I know unions—my father was a union organizer and head of a union in the days when they represented skilled workers. I was in several unions and helped organize one.

I grew up in some of the poorest neighborhoods in Houston. My mother had been a sharecrop-



per on a farm with no electricity or running water. When she was 12, her mother died and she had to raise six siblings. My father's family was run out of several countries due to religious and political oppression before finding freedom and opportunity in the U.S. They taught me the value of hard work, education and honesty. No one should be discriminated against. Nor should anyone get handouts from vote-buying politicians. The real inequality is that hardworking Americans are taxed to the max to support people who have made welfare a generational business, while the media try to convince people that values have no role in success or failure. The biggest gaps in America are not necessarily income-related; they are the gaps between those who take responsibility for their lives and those who do not, and between those who try to live worthy lives and those who are basically lazy uneducated fools.

Pablo Solomon
Austin, Texas

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRIAN SCHWEITZER

A candid conversation with the former Montana governor about his dark-horse quest for the presidency and his Wild West approach to politics

From the moment he entered the Montana governor's office in 2005, Brian Schweitzer made it clear he was going to be a very different kind of politician. In place of a tailored suit and repp tie, he wore jeans and a bolo tie. One of his frequent companions in his inner sanctum was Jag, his border collie. When he vetoed bills sent to him by the Republican legislature, he used a branding iron. Whether it was his branding iron or his brand of Democratic politics—he's a tax-cutting, pro-gun social liberal—Schweitzer was reelected in 2008 by a two-to-one landslide and remained one of the most polarizing governors in the nation throughout his eight years in office. That same year he all but tore the roof off the Democratic National Convention with a speech that had political experts asking, "Could this be where a Schweitzer presidential journey begins?" It was the most improbable of journeys for the descendant of German and Irish immigrants, whose parents never finished high school and who had worked as an agronomist, a soil scientist and a rancher before his first run for political office at the age of 45.

Barred by term limits from running again, and passing on a Senate bid he was more than likely to win, Schweitzer returned to private life. He has kept his public profile high, sign-

ing on with MSNBC as a contributor and pledging to visit all 99 counties in Iowa—site of the nation's first presidential caucuses.

But in typical Schweitzer fashion, the 59-year-old has been highly critical of the Democrat now in the White House, on issues ranging from health care to privacy to foreign policy. When asked to name Obama's successes, he said, "My mother told me, if you can't think of something nice to say about something, change the subject."

That sentiment hasn't stopped Schweitzer from offering off-the-cuff comments that have landed him in hot water. He compared California Democratic senator Dianne Feinstein's recent complaints about NSA spying to those of a streetwalker "with her dress pulled all the way up over her knees" now shouting, "I'm a nun!" After House majority leader Eric Cantor's primary loss, Schweitzer said, "If you were just a regular person, you turned on the TV and you saw Eric Cantor talking, I would say—and I'm fine with gay people, that's all right—but my gaydar is 60 to 70 percent. But he's not, I think, so I don't know. Again, I couldn't care less. I'm accepting." (He now claims he was trying to mock the homophobic attitudes of right-wing Republicans and adds, "On or off the record, I will never joke with a reporter again.")

We asked veteran network-TV political analyst and best-selling author **Jeff Greenfield** to check in with the potential presidential candidate. Greenfield reports: "The hours I spent with Schweitzer—in between blizzards—confirmed his standing as a unique political figure. Whether at the Seven Gables café, his spacious home on Georgetown Lake or kicking back with a beer in a Philipsburg tavern, Schweitzer seemed to know pretty much every customer, waiter, store owner and passerby he saw. But as our conversations revealed, behind the folksy 'regular guy' persona is a passionate policy wonk. He rises at 4:30 every morning to vacuum up the news; he will talk in sometimes numbing detail about his ideas on health care and education. He is a fiercely populist politician who combines a skeptical view of orthodox big-government liberalism with an old-fashioned belief that government can level the playing field for people who grew up the way he did."

PLAYBOY: What makes a Democrat from Montana different from a Democrat from New York, Chicago or California?

SCHWEITZER: A Democrat in a place like Montana is one who can sit down at a



"Honest to God, look at these corporate types who say we ought to run government the way they run it. Really? We ought to screw the shareholders-taxpayers and pay ourselves and our pals big salaries? No, no, no."



"What we have is the result of the Keystone Cops who've been running our Middle East policy. The people at the most risk from ISIS are the rulers in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Egypt. To go back into Iraq is ludicrous."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

"They spent the first year and a half I was governor complaining about me being disrespectful of the office, bringing my dog to the office and wearing jeans. But almost everybody in Montana wears jeans to the office."

table with a bunch of miners and fit in. He buys a hunting license. Fifty percent of Montana residents buy hunting and fishing licenses, so that means—well, you know what that means. That doesn't look like a California or New York Democrat. But here's what I believe—this country consists of 20 percent hardcore Democrats and 20 percent hardcore Republicans, the kind of loyalists who always vote one way or the other and will defend their side, wrong or right, all the way to the end. And then there's the 60 percent of Americans of varying stripes. They're distrustful of both sides. On the one side, Republicans are corporatists. They're in bed with insurance and pharmaceutical companies. They're jingoists; they're always prepared to get into the next war. Democrats believe there ought to be a safety net for elderly people and disabled people; 60 percent of America believes that. Sixty percent of Americans believe that for us to continue to be the country of opportunity, that opportunity has to be available not only to children of someone like you, a guy who was educated in a big-shot university, but children of a grandma who lives on the Cheyenne Indian Reservation and is raising four kids because her daughter died at an early age. They believe in public education to the core. They believe in a lot of things Democrats believe in, but they don't want their taxes to go up. And Democrats admit, "Yeah, we're not very good with money. You know, what's a few percent more? If you really want these things, you're going to have to pay for them." In Montana, a Democrat like me says, "You know what? We're going to have these same programs. In fact, we're going to improve those programs, but no fees or taxes will go up, because we're going to cut the cost of delivering the programs." That's what we did in Montana. I didn't raise taxes or fees for eight consecutive years. I had eight years in a row with the largest budget surplus in history, and I went after every single part of our government with a fine-tooth comb. I'm the only person in the history of Montana not to have held any elected office before becoming governor, and I was outside the whole Democratic establishment. But I was committed to running it like a small business—like a ranch, not a corporation. Honest to God, look at these corporate types who say we ought to run government the way they run it. Really? We ought to screw the shareholders-taxpayers and pay ourselves and our pals big salaries? And if we're successful, we take even more money, and if we're failures, we take a lot on our way out the door when we get fired? No, no, no. The way a small business runs is you challenge every expense, and you make sure before you put one penny down that that penny's getting at least a penny back.

PLAYBOY: Your background is also very different. In fact, it seems right out of American political mythology, where the kid grows up in a tiny town.

SCHWEITZER: Not even in a tiny town, not even in a town. Havre is where I was born, but I grew up in Geyser and Raynesford. Geyser was a town of 200, and Raynesford was a town of 30. There were about six to nine kids in a class. We were all farm kids. People rode a bus 20 to 30 miles to get to that little town.

PLAYBOY: Did you dream of something bigger?

SCHWEITZER: I wanted to see the world. I didn't even know what it was. I'll tell you when it happened, and I'll tell you who made it happen. We had a teacher, I think it was fourth or fifth grade. She came in one day and said, "Now, class, we're going to write a term paper." She had a bowl, and in it she had nine separate topics, and everybody pulled a name out. I pulled Argentina. Remember, I was driving a tractor by

*There ought
to be one year
of national
service required
of every high
school graduate.*

the time I was six years old. I was making hay, plowing fields, milking cows, working cows, breaking colts. That was my world. I read about Argentina, and it had mountains higher than any mountain in Montana. And the rivers? Well, the rivers were even bigger than the Missouri River. And the native grass of Argentina grew as high as the saddle horn of a horse. Suddenly I wanted to see Argentina. I wanted to see the world, I guess, but I really wanted to see Argentina. And so I went off to study, and when I went to college I studied agronomy.

PLAYBOY: That was the late 1960s—a tumultuous time in our culture.

SCHWEITZER: Without my even knowing it.
PLAYBOY: Sex, drugs and rock and roll. If you think broadly about the cultural revolution, were you a foot soldier, a conscientious objector, an onlooker or an eager participant?

SCHWEITZER: I was an ag student [laughs], so I wasn't leading the charge. But I lived

in a dorm room. I listened to a range of music—I still do. I listen to everything from country to Western. I was probably more of an observer than anything.

PLAYBOY: We know Bill Clinton didn't inhale. We know Barack Obama did inhale. We kind of know George W. Bush was somewhere between the two. On that spectrum, where were you?

SCHWEITZER: I'm right there with the three of them. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: But you weren't passive. You followed through on your desire to see something other than Montana.

SCHWEITZER: Yes, I got my bachelor's degree in international agronomy. During my senior year, I started looking around, and people said, "Well, if you're going to get an international position, you're probably going to need a master's degree." So I got a master's degree in soil science. The day after I defended my thesis, I got on a plane for a job in Libya. Libya wasn't exactly Argentina, but it was international; it was Africa.

PLAYBOY: After Libya, you moved to Saudi Arabia, working to make that country self-sufficient in food.

SCHWEITZER: This industrial farm I had been active in building became the model for the whole world. In the middle of the Saudi desert we were feeding 25,000 head of cattle with crops we were producing from drilling deep wells and irrigating. Now the king gets an idea. He announces they're going to be self-sufficient in food in the next five years, and it's going to start by subsidizing wheat at \$32 a bushel, which was 10 times the world price. So I started a company. I said, "You don't pay me anything. I'll take 15 percent of the crop, and I'll write a three-year contract with you. I'll find the land. I'll buy all the equipment. I'll hire the staff. I'll plant the wheat. I'll harvest the wheat and deliver it to the silo, and when you get your check, you pay me 15 percent." That was my model. I built farms from the Iraqi and Jordanian border to the Yemeni border, all the way through central Saudi Arabia. I did business directly with the Saudis, so I had to rapidly learn conversational Arabic.

PLAYBOY: All of which left you with a perspective on the region that's made you highly critical of decades' worth of U.S. policy—including George W. Bush's invasion of Iraq and Obama's post-invasion policies. How do you view the current situation, especially the rise of ISIS and the threat this ultraviolent group poses?

SCHWEITZER: What we have is the result of the Keystone Cops who've been running our Middle East policy. Until we invaded Iraq the first time, Saddam Hussein had been our ally, maintaining a balance of power and serving as our protection against Iranian incursions into the region. Once we overthrew Hussein, we spent all our time training and

equipping Iraqi forces. What happened? Those characters from ISIS spilled over from Syria, and in most cases those “elite” forces ran away and gave ISIS all those American arms.

Now you have people clamoring for us to send more military, more forces. But the people at the most risk from ISIS are the rulers in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Egypt. That threat is a Middle Eastern threat to Middle Eastern countries. We can say to them, “We’ll be happy to sell you equipment and arms,” but for our leadership to go back into Iraq is ludicrous. It’s not in our strategic long-term interests, because within years, maybe months, the U.S. and its North American neighbors will be net exporters of energy—not just traditional sources of energy but new sources like electric cars and fuel cells for automobiles. Why should we spend trillions of dollars to maintain the status quo in the Middle East when the dynamics are changing so completely?

PLAYBOY: Do you think the previous wars were about oil?

SCHWEITZER: No question about it. It was 100 percent completely about oil. At the end of World War II the deal was cut. We got Saudi Arabia, the French got Iraq, and BP got Iran. Then, not long after that, the elected government in Iran said, “Well, we don’t understand why British Petroleum and Shell get to have all our oil. We’re pretty sophisticated; we’re Persian. We were a society 3,000 years ago when these people were living in caves in Europe. We don’t see how England gets to have us just because they cut that deal.” So they started nationalizing. BP first came to President Harry Truman in his waning days and said, “Hey, we need you to overthrow this government. They’re trying to nationalize their oil.” And Truman wouldn’t do it. Dwight Eisenhower turned out to be a pretty good president for a lot of reasons, but he rolled in with BP and the CIA and overthrew an elected government in Iran. We installed a playboy, the shah, and then we helped him torture his own people until he was overthrown. Americans can’t understand why Iranians are a little distrustful of us. They see us as distasteful.

PLAYBOY: In 2008 the Democrats nominated the one candidate who had, at least rhetorically, opposed the Iraq war. It’s fair to say that’s one of the big reasons Obama won. When you look at the United States in Afghanistan and Iraq today, what’s your reaction?

SCHWEITZER: *W...T...F.* In 2008 we couldn’t remember why we were there. The generals say we have to stay there until we can stabilize Afghanistan, until it can defend itself. If you ask a barber if you need a haircut, what’s the answer? If you ask a general whether you need to stay in a war, what’s the answer? There is no compelling interest for us to have

been there or to be there. Our ally in Afghanistan, Hamid Karzai, is one of the biggest crooks, and his brother is the largest drug smuggler. That’s our partnership there? When we leave, we will have battled it to a draw, because there was nothing to win to begin with. Karzai will be on one of the first helicopters out of there, because otherwise he will most assuredly have a bullet in the back of his head within an hour of the last American helicopter leaving. What is the compelling reason we’re there? We don’t know. And this president now owns half this war. He’s been there almost as long as George Bush.

PLAYBOY: Supposedly Bill Clinton said to Hillary, “You have to vote to invade Iraq if you want to be president because it’s the only way people will believe you’re tough enough.” Do you think there’s something about Democrats that is perceived as weak?

SCHWEITZER: Democrats are scared of the military-industrial complex.

*I just carved
my own way. I
don’t have an
image creator
around me. I
am who I am.*

The military-industrial complex says they’re weak. They say, “Democrats aren’t good with money, and they’re soft. All they’re doing is talking about taking care of disabled people; they don’t understand how important it is to be strong to the world.”

PLAYBOY: Do you think that scares Democrats?

SCHWEITZER: Sure. Well, there’s another thing that freezes Democrats—and Eisenhower warned us about this. There are 435 congressional districts, and when you build an aircraft carrier—the one the admirals said they didn’t need, but you build it anyway—components from at least 430 congressional districts go into it. Every one of these representatives has somebody in the military business in their congressional district. Do you think that’s by accident?

PLAYBOY: We’re assuming that’s a rhetorical question.

SCHWEITZER: It’s by design. I don’t know that it makes you weak when you stand

up to the powerful and say, “Hell no, we won’t go!”

PLAYBOY: Let’s talk about your approach to politics. You weren’t running for student body president at the age of 16; you weren’t dreaming of a staff job in Washington. To what extent does the instinct to talk in ways other politicians don’t—in simple, clear, understandable language—account for how you do politics? Did it help that you came into politics as a greenhorn?

SCHWEITZER: It was probably an advantage and a disadvantage. A lot of successful politicians have figured out that it’s not that good to take a strong position for or against things, because every time you take a position, you lose a certain percentage of the population. So you want to talk in language that at the end of the day, people say, “Gee, wasn’t that a great presentation? Wasn’t that a great speech? I really like him.” So you say, “Well, what’d he say he was for or against?” [*pauses*] “I don’t know. Uh....” And you can make a career out of that. But I came from the private sector. I didn’t study political science in college or go to law school. I didn’t hang around people who were involved in politics, so I just carved my own way. People say I have a different style, but this style wasn’t created by anybody; it’s just who I am.

PLAYBOY: You didn’t sit in an office and think, Bolo ties—that’ll tell people something.

SCHWEITZER: No. I didn’t even know it might be taboo. [*laughs*] I just know I don’t like buttoning the top button. It works for me.

PLAYBOY: Some of your political adversaries have suggested that it is quite conscious on your part to be Brian Schweitzer, the plainspoken rancher guy, and that it’s all politics. Any truth to that?

SCHWEITZER: No. You know, I don’t have an image creator around me. I am who I am. They spent the first year and a half I was governor complaining about me being disrespectful of the office, bringing my dog to the office and wearing jeans—“How dare he do such a thing!” The problem is they started finding out that almost everybody in Montana wears jeans to the office, and they all wish they could bring their dog, and if it was a little better behaved, they would.

PLAYBOY: Let’s talk about a different office you might be thinking about: president. You supported John McCain in 2000. Did you vote for him?

SCHWEITZER: No, I didn’t. I said I liked his style, and I said I might support John McCain.

PLAYBOY: You said in 2006 that you might support Mitt Romney, that you thought he was a good guy.

SCHWEITZER: Yeah, he is, and let me tell you about that. Mitt Romney and I went to Kuwait, Iraq and Afghanistan together. When you spend a week with

somebody in a war zone, you talk about a lot of things. The Mitt Romney I know agrees there ought to be one year of national service required of every high school graduate. They all ought to learn emergency medical procedures, then they can be in the Peace Corps, VISTA, AmeriCorps or the military, but one year of public service would be a good idea for everybody. His notions about public education are pretty close to mine. We agree on a lot of things. Of course, the Mitt Romney who had to win a Republican primary ultimately became somebody else. I don't want to be disrespectful about that; I don't mean it that way.

PLAYBOY: Nice words about John McCain, nice words about Mitt Romney. You're an environmentalist who believes we ought to be using our coal resources. You received an A rating from the National Rifle Association, and Wayne LaPierre of the NRA campaigned for you. Perhaps most astonishingly, when you were asked fairly recently to say something nice about Barack Obama, you said, "My mother, God rest her soul, told me, 'Brian, if you can't think of something nice to say....'" It's reasonable to ask, what the hell kind of Democrat are you?

SCHWEITZER: I'll start with the Obama administration. Guantánamo Bay is still open. I can't say that they're still torturing, but when you incarcerate somebody and don't give them a trial, I'd say that's torture enough. We're still in Afghanistan, in a war that, when the Democrats took control of the White House, we didn't know why we were there—and we haven't left yet. We passed health care reform that was written by the Heritage Foundation for the Republicans, and it empowered the insurance companies, so we've just transferred your tax dollars to the insurance companies. We continue to pay the pharmaceutical companies two and three times as much for our prescription drugs because we didn't challenge that in this health care bill. We've cozied up to the insurance companies and the pharmaceutical companies. You know, ask somebody who was hopeful, like I was when I watched Clinton and Obama, thinking, My God, either way we win. I've watched some of the other things they've done that have not been helpful to things we tried to accomplish here in Montana in terms of the environment, in terms of saving the wild bison herd, in terms of saving the North Fork of the Flathead River, protecting that from mining pollution. We had an Obama administration that was working against us.

I give this administration credit for something else, and it's so complicated that I'll be criticized, I'm sure. But remember I talked about Iran and how we installed a dictator there so we could protect British Petroleum's profits. We're now very close to being energy

independent, and even more important, within five or six years we'll be net hydrocarbon exporters, so why do we have to protect the Persian Gulf anymore? Why do we have to protect the Saudis versus the Iranians? Why wouldn't we try to have a more balanced relationship with the Iranians?

Why wouldn't we sit down with the Iranians and say, "You know, our future isn't necessarily joined at the hip with the Saudi royal family"? We could be as equal in our treatment of Iran as we are with the Sunni sheiks and kings and princes. We tell Iran, "You're going to have to quit the nuke business, because that destabilizes the whole Middle East. If you're willing to do that, we think we could find a balance. Because actually our future is going to be less military in the Middle East anyway, and if the Europeans and the Asians need this oil and want to maintain these shipping lines, they're going to have to do it. Because now we're going to be your

The NRA wants to sell more guns and ammo and to elect Republicans.

competitors in the oil business." This is an area Obama has right, trying to shift that balance in the Middle East and trying to engage the Iranians. I'll give him credit for that.

PLAYBOY: Let me ask about 2016 in a different way. The general theory is that Democrats in the presidential years benefit from what is called the coalition of the ascendant—more blacks, more Hispanics, more college-educated young people, more single people, more secular people—whereas rural, older white folks are a diminishing part. That's how Obama won twice, and that's why 2016 looks good. Were you to decide to run, it's not obvious that you speak to the coalition of the ascendant. There are virtually no blacks in your state, virtually no Hispanics. It's an older, rural population.

SCHWEITZER: Montana is about 90 percent white and nine percent Indian, and that leaves one percent. But if you go to any Indian reservation, any Indian

leader, anybody who is associated with the Indian leaders in Montana or the rest of the country, and ask who has been the best governor in the history of this country for Indian causes, they'd all say Brian Schweitzer. I had more Indian people working for me in my administration than all 22 governors before me combined. I supported the Indian Education for All program so that every child in every school in Montana—from kindergarten through high school—will take classes in the rich cultural history of the people who have lived here for 10,000 years. I allocated money to all the tribal colleges to write their own story. When Cesar Chavez led those marches with the United Farm Workers, we didn't march in Montana because we didn't have Hispanic people living here. And when they integrated that school in Little Rock, we didn't sit in front of that school with them, because we didn't have many black people here. And when the Freedom Marchers walked from Selma to Montgomery, there weren't Montanans among them. But in Montana, we've co-existed, white and red, for 150 years now, and it's been a difficult relationship. Those towns that are on reservations or next to reservations where white and red are looking at each other, working with each other, the relationships are tougher and tougher all the time. So our walk from Selma to Montgomery will be in every one of those classrooms.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that argument will resonate with African American and Hispanic voters, who make up a significant part of the Democratic Party?

SCHWEITZER: I suspect so, because this is the kind of leadership—again, we're 90 percent white and nine percent Indian, and I stood with the one out of 10—that is the kind of leadership they're looking for. I was heavily criticized every step along the way. I had Republican leadership calling me every name—including Indian lover—along the way. But right is right, and wrong is wrong. I had people come to me and say, "Why all this Indian stuff? It's not helping you politically." My mother was the only white person in her class. Indian people worked on our farm. I grew up not only curious about Indian culture but very respectful. To have people decide they don't like somebody just because of where they come from or who their parents were or the color of their skin—even though I grew up in a completely white community, I never liked it, and this was a way I could display it in Montana.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to some social issues. Washington and Colorado voters legalized recreational marijuana. There are people who say maybe this isn't the healthiest thing to do and other people who say, "If people want to get stoned, people are going to get stoned."

SCHWEITZER: I'm more to that side. I watched (continued on page 122)



FOLLOW THE BUNNY



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HOLLYWOOD

THE NEWS IS FULL OF CELEBRITIES AND THEIR DRUG PROBLEMS. ARE STARS REALLY MORE PRONE TO ADDICTION? THE ANSWER IS YES, AND THE REASONS MAY SURPRISE YOU **BY NEAL GABLER**

HIGH

PHOTO BY
DAN SAELINGER



So here is what everyone knows about Hollywood: People there often behave badly—sometimes so badly they pay the ultimate price. In the past year alone, Cory Monteith, Chris Kelly of *Kris Kross* and Philip Seymour Hoffman all died of overdoses, and a slew of celebrities—Josh Brolin, Zac Efron, Trace Adkins, David Cassidy, Chris Brown, Lindsay Lohan (again!)—got treatment for drug or alcohol problems. Most shocking, Robin Williams, who had struggled with drug and alcohol addiction for decades, committed suicide in August after a brief trip to rehab intended to keep him on the straight and narrow. Go back a decade, and the list of addicts reads like a Hollywood who's who. Of course by now it's an old story with a few minor variations. Sometimes it's barbiturates, sometimes barbiturates and alcohol, sometimes, as with Hoffman, heroin, though usually not in Hollywood (stars have access to better, legal stuff) and usually not at the age of 46 (heroin usually kills you sooner than that). Always there is the rehab that didn't stick and the DUIs, the bar fights, the mug shots, the empty hotel room or apartment.

Addiction experts are quick to tell you addiction isn't just a Hollywood problem; it's a national problem. According to a 2012 national survey from the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, there are an estimated 23.9 million addicts in America—one in 10 people over the age of 12, about one in four if you include nicotine addiction—and more people die from drug overdoses each year than from auto accidents. Even at the tony Malibu rehab centers that cater to A-list entertainers,



SHOW BUSINESS IS A COMMUNITY OF TRAIN WRECKS WAITING TO HAPPEN. YOU COULD ALMOST DEVISE AN ALGORITHM FOR HOLLYWOOD ADDICTION.

celebrities constitute no more than 15 percent of the clients, though they account for 100 percent of the headlines, and for a few of them, including Lindsay Lohan, addiction has superseded performance. Being addicted is what she does. So some of the seeming Hollywood drug epidemic, experts say, is largely a product of visibility. TMZ doesn't care about addicted truck drivers.

But only a part of it is visibility, because some things about Hollywood *do* seem to give rise to addiction—things that go all the way back to Wallace Reid, a silent-film star who died during morphine detox. Everyone seems to agree that the sources of addiction in the entertainment industry are complicated, with a whole lot of moving parts—a combination of biology, psychology and culture. In fact, there are so many moving parts, you could almost devise an algorithm for Hollywood addiction.

Before we get to that algorithm, let's start at the beginning. When it comes to the course of addiction, it doesn't make any difference if you're a movie star or a plumber. In fact, most movie stars weren't movie stars when they began using. (Look at Hoffman and Williams.) Constance Scharff, research director of the Cliffside Malibu rehab center and a recovering addict herself, says the vast majority of addicts were exposed to drugs and alcohol as children or teenagers—Lohan and Drew Barrymore, to name two—though they didn't necessarily develop a dependency. The addiction can be, and usually is, dormant for years. Which, physically speaking, is where painkillers come in. One of the refrains of Hollywood addiction is that an actor or singer got hooked on painkillers. To the layman, it doesn't make a whole lot of sense. What pain must they medicate for? *(continued on page 118)*



"Play our song. You know what I want to hear...."



RISE & SHINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARZENA BUKOWSKA-FILUK

THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR BASKING IN THE SUNRISE
IN AN UNMADE BED. JUST ASK POLISH MODEL ANITA SIKORSKA













ATTACK!!



GOOD BOY

FOR \$100,000 MAN'S BEST FRIEND CAN BECOME
MAN'S BEST WEAPON. INSIDE THE BIZARRE WORLD OF
THE EXECUTIVE-PROTECTION DOG INDUSTRY

We're parked in front of our target, a two-story house perched on a corner lot, fringed with flowers and set on the sweetest oak-shaded street in Georgia. Owned by one of the best orthopedic surgeons in the country, it's a postcard for the family man's American dream. There's a basketball hoop in the driveway, a Lexus SUV parked alongside it and an expansive lawn that surrounds the home like a moat.

"It's time," says Joseph Cinnante, 32. Hand-

some, compact and athletic, with shoulder-length hair and a manicured beard, he gets out of the car and begins to suit up in his protective gear, which he always wears when breaking and entering.

"What if he comes at me instead?" I ask.

"Just stay close," he says. "I got you."

We cross the street and move along the back of the property, toward the basement, narrowly avoiding detection by two joggers. The windows are locked, so Cinnante edges close to the

BY ADAM SKOLNICK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JARED RYDER

door and turns the brass knob. Disco.

We hear it right away, toenails clattering on the hardwood above, an ominous growl, then an explosion of rapid barks behind a door at the top of a darkened staircase. Cinnante's brown eyes flicker with delight as the door opens and Mako, a four-year-old Belgian Malinois, lunges at us from above, tethered to a leash held by Dr. Timothy Franklin. The surgeon stands tall, his eyes locked on ours, relaxed yet alert. He shouts commands at Mako, who is foaming at the mouth.

"Attack!" shouts Franklin. Mako charges, launches into midair and latches onto Cinnante's biceps. Cinnante pounds Mako's flank and tries to shake the dog loose, but he just bites down harder.

Franklin stands like a proud dad at the top of the staircase, taking it all in. The week his family moved in to this house, it was vandalized. A mob of teenagers emptied 100 gallons of water through his front door in the middle of the night. The flood caused more than \$20,000 in damage and sent Franklin rushing into the darkness, wielding a baseball bat and lusting for blood. His wife and two children had been threatened, and he was spun out.

"I honestly don't know what I would have done to them," he says, sounding like a guy who's lucky the kids outran him. A few days after his house was vandalized, he began a search for a guard dog that led him to Canine Protection International, an elite executive-protection dog company, and Cinnante, one of CPI's top trainers, who delivered Mako in four months.

Cinnante stares lovingly at Mako, who is still attempting to rip him apart. Despite the bite suit Cinnante can feel the pres-

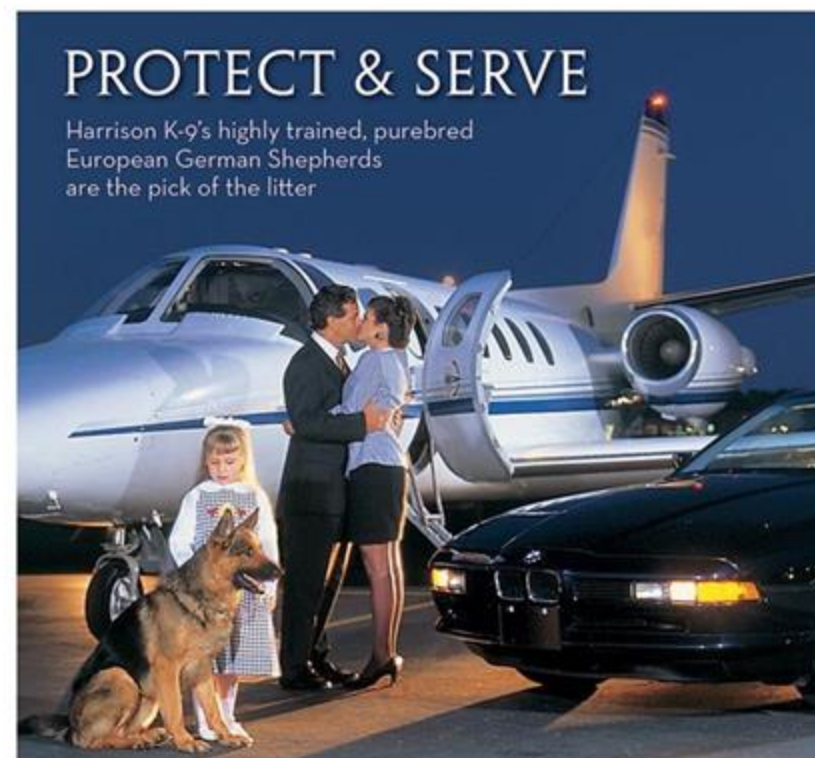
THE WILD ANIMAL ADRENALINE WAS SOMETHING CINNANTE BEGAN TO CRAVE.

sure and pain, but it seems to transport him to the happy place he discovered when he was 16 years old and got paid a few bucks to let the first Belgian Malinois he'd ever seen tackle him from behind. That initial thrill—the addictive burn and wild animal adrenaline—was something Cinnante began to crave, and finding it over and over again led him to his life's work: burrowing into and then building the brains of the deadliest, and some of the cuddliest, dogs on the planet.

"Okay," Cinnante says, breathless as the dog continues to sink his teeth into the Michelin

Man bite suit, his gums bleeding, bloody foam gathering in the folds. "That was excellent, Mako. Call him off!"

"Aus!" calls the surgeon. The dog hears it and seems befuddled for a moment. "Aus!" Franklin tries again and hits a remote that fires the dog's collar, stimulating Mako with electricity to emphasize his point. Mako hustles over to his master to catch his breath when, with a flash of recognition, he realizes who he has just



Top: A German shepherd is put through its paces for Harrison K-9. Above: A magazine advertisement for Harrison K-9. Bottom: Jose Souto's dog Denzel keeps watch over Souto's villa.

tussled with. It's as if he has shaken off his preprogrammed rage like so much bathwater, and he begins to wag his tail.

The golden dog's natural personality has returned. Sweet and charming, with his tongue hanging out of his gaping mouth, he rubs his head against Cinnante's thigh. Cinnante prepared Mako at CPI's kennel in the Boston suburbs for just such a moment, to defend his family against intruders and imminent danger. Cinnante kneels and gives his old pal a hug.

While our unofficial ranking of canine ferocity places pit bulls at the top of the list because of a common myth about having powerful locking jaws, German shepherds actually bite harder, and Belgian Malinois have those same jaws but are smaller and faster, with an endless motor. They will literally work themselves to death. That's why they staff police and military units the world over. In fact, the first SEAL Team Six warrior to reach Osama bin Laden in that midnight raid wasn't man, it was Malinois. And with increasing frequency, trainers are selling both shepherds and Malinois as protection dogs to private citizens who crave added security.

Trainers like Cinnante comb the cities and villages of Europe, building relationships with (continued on page 124)





"I don't know about her spirit guide, but you're sure getting through to me!"



★ NOVEMBER 2014 ★

DAVID

BY ERIC
SPITZNAGEL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHAEL MULLER



WALTON

THE STAR OF *ABOUT A BOY* EXPLAINS THE TV BUSINESS AND THE PLIGHT OF THE TALL MAN

Q1

PLAYBOY: On *About a Boy* you play a bachelor who becomes a surrogate father to an 11-year-old boy. Have you learned to be a better dad by playing a half-assed parent?

WALTON: In a way I've learned what *not* to do. For instance, Will, my character, takes Marcus to a party that basically has prostitutes at it. I'm definitely not going to do that as a parent. But in a weird way Will can be a good dad. A lot of people talk to kids like they're idiots. Despite the fact that Marcus is half his size and prepubescent, Will talks to him as an equal. I try to do that with my kids. When I'm telling my two-year-old that you don't throw a

dish on the floor, I explain it as if she's a 25-year-old who hasn't quite figured it out yet. This method isn't working at the moment, but I'm going to stick with it.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Your co-star Benjamin Stockham is 14 years old. Do you treat him as a peer?

WALTON: I do, yeah. And it's easy, because he acts like a 70-year-old man. He's very smart. When we're on set, he's either studying or arguing with adults, using deductive reasoning and powerful logic. He outwits me constantly.

I've been studying Socrates just so I can keep up with him. Next time I see him, I'm going to bust out some old-school argumentative rhetoric on his ass.





HUGH GRANT HAS THAT BUTT-CUT FLOPPY HAIR. IT'S NOT GOOD.

IT REALLY DOES LOOK LIKE BUTTOCKS. I'D LIKE TO HAVE ONE

EPISODE WHERE I INEXPLICABLY HAVE HIS BUTT-CUT HAIRSTYLE.



Q3

PLAYBOY: *About a Boy* was originally a novel and then a 2002 movie starring Hugh Grant. Convince us your show is better with some trash-talking.

WALTON: Hugh has such a charming way about him. But he has that quintessential butt-cut floppy hair. It's not good. It really does look like buttocks, don't you think? I need to talk to the hairstylists on our show to see if we can do an ode to Hugh. I'd like to have one episode where I inexplicably have his butt-cut hairstyle. Let's see if Hugh and I can go toe-to-toe.

Q4

PLAYBOY: TV is unpredictable. Your show—any show—could be canceled at any time, so let's cover our bases. First, let's assume *About a Boy* is doing well. To what do you attribute its amazing success?

WALTON: It really comes down to the stories and the writing. The characters are relatable, and it's hard not to fall in love with them. That's the main reason the show is such a massive hit. It's because it balances laugh-out-loud humor with gut-wrenching, heartwarming stories. It just feels like

you've gotten a big sweet hug at the end of your 30 minutes. And we all want hugs, right?

Q5

PLAYBOY: Okay, now the less sunny option: *About a Boy* is canceled. What happened?

WALTON: Well, it's one of those things where the writing was so good and so sophisticated that people just didn't understand it. We were ahead of our time. I mean, it's a shame, but I guess people in America just want to turn on their TVs and not think.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Over the past decade you've starred in six TV shows that were quickly canceled. Are you cursed?

WALTON: It really did feel like that for a while. But if you look at the numbers, only one in 10 series goes on to a second season. And we've made it to two seasons with *About a Boy*. It's my seventh show, so in a way I beat the odds. Mathematically, I'm a lucky guy.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Did you have a plan B? If

the TV career went down in flames, how would you make a living?

WALTON: I had two plan Bs. For a while I was convinced I was going to become an investment banker, because I went to Brown and a lot of my friends work on Wall Street. There was another time, after a long drought, when I seriously considered going into the cold-calling business—basically a telemarketer. I went in and started learning how to cold-call, which is just about the most depressing thing you can learn to do. All day you're being hung up on by people who hate your guts.

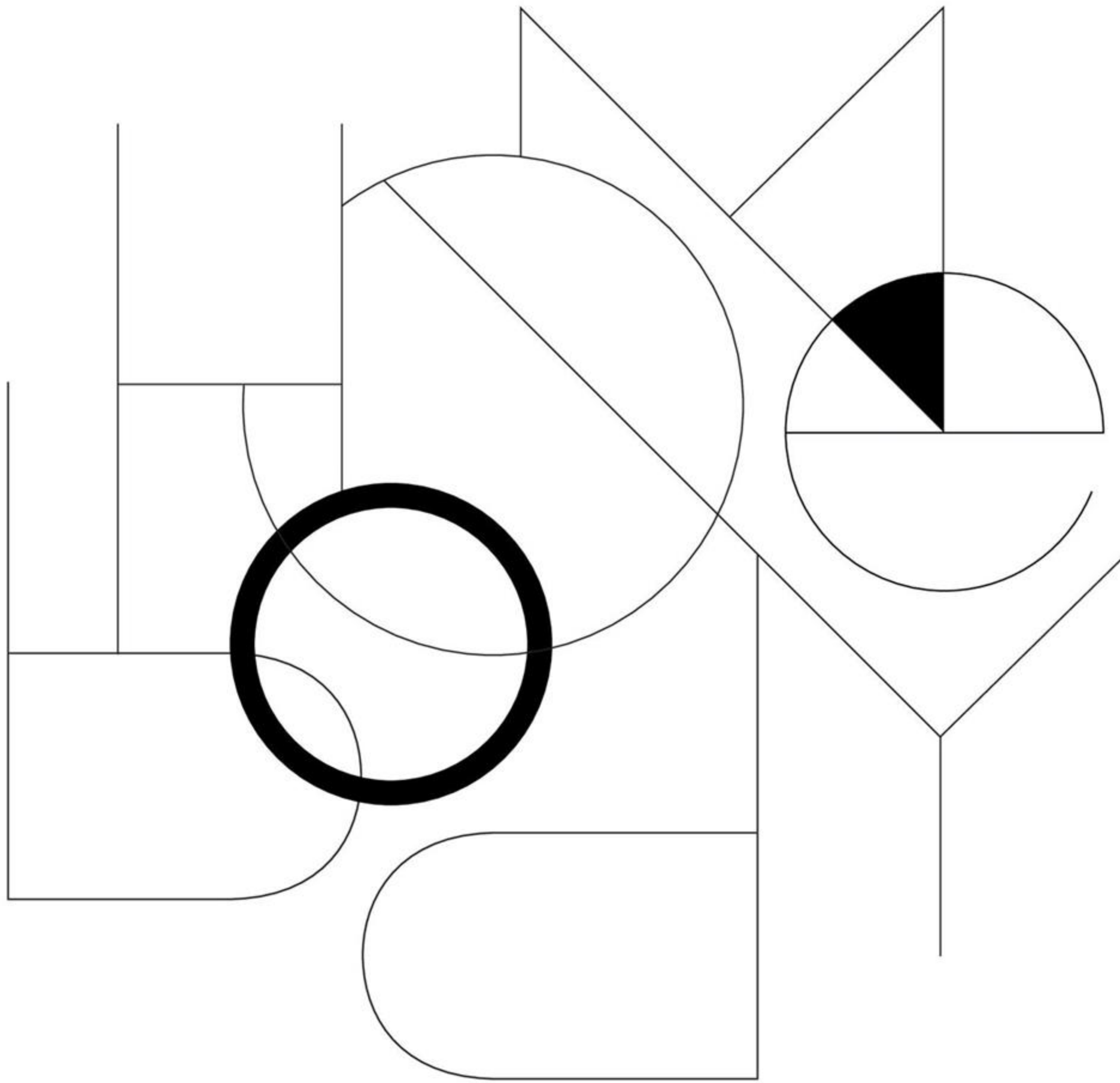
Q8

PLAYBOY: You grew up in a large family, with four sisters and two brothers. Did your parents not know about birth control?

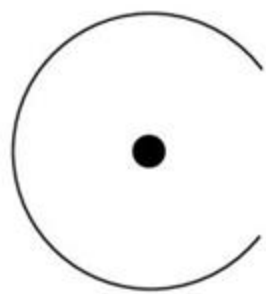
WALTON: I'd rather not think about it, if that's okay. [laughs] Actually, the story that gets told is that after the fifth child they were all done. But then, when I was about nine months old, a little surprise came, and my mom took my dad out to his favorite restaurant in Boston, at the Ritz-Carlton. He was like, My wife is wining and (continued on page 128)



"This guy wants to know how much I would charge to take off my skin and dance around in my bones."



THERE'S NO BETTER EXCUSE TO STAY INSIDE THAN HANGING WITH MISS NOVEMBER AT A MODERNIST LOS ANGELES MANSION



ould there be a more subjective word than *bad*? Take Miss November Gia Marie's "bad girl" tale, for example. "Growing up in Calabasas, California," the model says, "my crazy friends and I would 'borrow'

PLAYBOYS from my neighbor's garage, ogle the gorgeously made-up girls and think, We're so naughty—we're so *bad*!" Gia was actually forming a now highly evolved aesthetic that led to her becoming one of L.A.'s top makeup artists; she's buffed faces for TV ads, fashion spreads and even music videos for bands such as the Black Keys. Though a fiery professional success and self-confessed Hollywood-nightlife mainstay, she was haunted by a nagging question: "Why is it taking so long for me to become a Playmate?" Once the auburn-haired hottie hooked up

with us on Instagram, we knew she had the goods and that her long-awaited shoot had to happen at a site worthy of her über-coolness. Behold Gia in the legendary Sheats-Goldstein residence overlooking Benedict Canyon. (Movie buffs will recognize architect John Lautner's concrete marvel as Jackie Treehorn's manse in *The Big Lebowski*.) "That house is so iconic, and I felt so hot and sexy there, I never wanted to leave," says Gia. "November is the perfect month for me, because I associate it with fall's warm colors—like my hair. Lots of guys tell me they love redheads because when they were young they opened a PLAYBOY, saw a nude redhead for the first time and were *hooked*." Then Gia smiles slyly. "I'm pretty sure some guy will see my pictorial here, and my red hair will resonate for him and give him a fetish for life. My mission will be accomplished."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN

PLAYMATES.COM/GIA-MARIE











MISS NOVEMBER

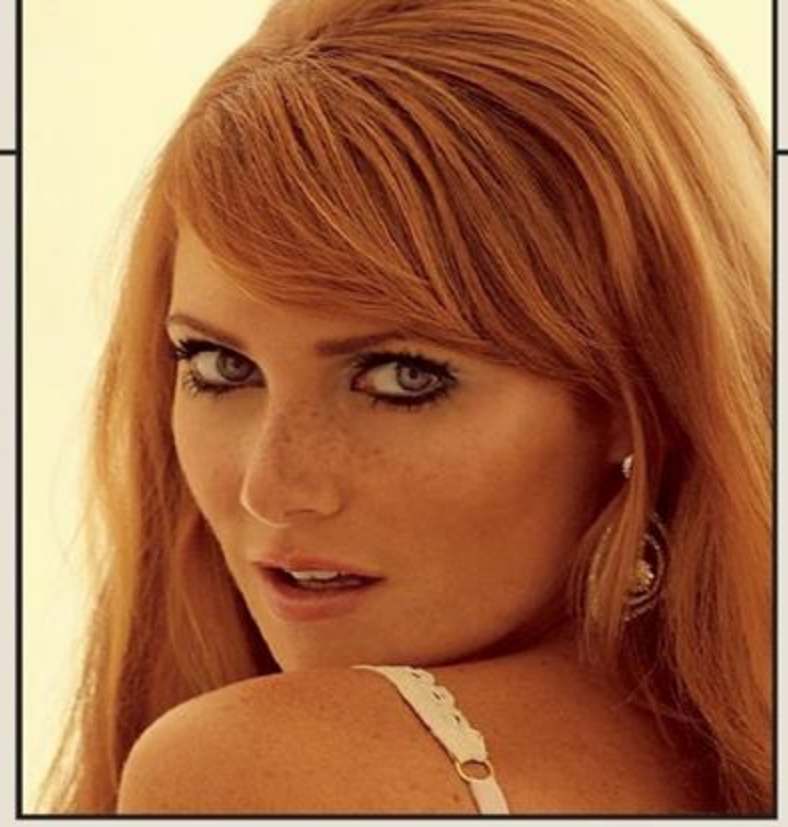
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Dia Marie



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Gia Marie

BUST: 34 C WAIST: 25" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 2-5-1985 BIRTHPLACE: Malibu, California

AMBITIONS: To launch an international line of makeup bags and accessories, model and be the dopest Playmate of the 2010s!

TURN-ONS: I love men with big lips and strong jaws. Also, I don't hate smart dudes who make me laugh and buy me dinner! :)

TURNOFFS: Man jewelry (gaudy necklaces and huge rings) and newsboy caps - I despise them! Hairy butts and backs don't have a place in my world either - let me shave you. :)

COMFORT ZONES: I've watched Almost Famous and Boogie Nights about 50 times each. Love! Eating mint chocolate chip ice cream in my bed while online shopping = perfect!

MY FOUR MUST-HAVES: The beach, my pug, Mexican food and lavender kombucha.

I'M GRATEFUL FOR... My rad family, beautiful friends, my dog and boys - who always keep me on my toes! :)



I am Animal.



I made sure my ice cream matched the sky.



Thirty pounds of patriotic fun!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

If Ray Rice and Chris Brown were both on fire and you had only one fire extinguisher, where would you hide it?

A maid of honor mistakenly invited the bride-to-be's grandmother to the bachelorette party. After hours of champagne, one of the bridesmaids drunkenly asked the older woman, "Have you ever tried 69 in your life?" "No, no, no," the grandmother replied. "But I did have 56—that's all the sailors I could screw in one night."

When you go into court, you're putting your fate into the hands of people who aren't smart enough to get out of jury duty.



I have three companies after me," a man told his boss. "If you don't give me a 15 percent raise, I can't stay at my current position."

"Well, you are invaluable, so I'll give you that pay increase," the boss told the man. "By the way, which companies are after you?"

The employee replied, "The gas company, the cable company and the electric company."

When I was a kid my dad sat me down and showed me pictures of why I should always wear a condom," a man told his buddy.

"Your dad showed you pictures of venereal diseases?" the friend asked.

"No," the first said, "they were all pictures of me."

Daddy, how much does it cost to get married?" a little boy asked his father.

"I don't know, son," his father replied. "I'm still paying."

This weekend I set up a double date that turned into a mind-blowing date-swap," a guy told his buddy.

"I actually organized a threesome last night," the friend said. "There were a couple of no-shows, but I still had fun."

How do you know you're the ugly one of your friends?

When it comes time to take a group picture, you get handed the camera.

What is the difference between in-laws and outlaws?

Outlaws are wanted.

A woman met a man at a club and went back to his place for sex.

"You must be a good dentist," she said in the afterglow.

"How did you know I'm a dentist?" he asked.

She responded, "Because I didn't feel a thing."

A woman complained to her psychiatrist that her husband was 300 percent impotent. "I don't think that's mathematically possible," the psychiatrist said.

"Well, the first 100 percent you can imagine," she said. "Plus, he burned his tongue and broke his fingers."

Three guys stayed at a ski lodge that had only one room, so they had to share a bed. The next morning, over breakfast, the man who'd slept on the right side of the bed said, "I had this wild, vivid dream of getting a hand job!"

The guy who'd slept on the left said, "That's unbelievable—I had the same dream!"

"Huh," the guy who'd been in the middle said as he took a sip of coffee. "I dreamed that I was skiing."



Shirley Neiman

This is 911, what's your emergency?" the operator asked.

"I masturbate too much," the man replied.

"Sir, that's not really a problem," the operator said.

The man shouted, "Did you hear that, Mom? Now get off my case."

A tourist double-parked his car in downtown Washington, D.C. He said to a man standing near the curb, "Would you watch my car while I run into the store? I'll be only a couple of minutes."

"Don't you realize I'm a member of Congress?" the man huffed.

"Well, no, I didn't," the tourist answered. "But that's all right. I trust you anyway."

Send your jokes to *Playboy Party Jokes*, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com.



"Here are my shoes and my belt. If you want me to remove anything else, you'll have to buy me dinner first."



B A K A 2

The Bullet

WHEN A MUSICIAN DROPS DEAD 10 YEARS AFTER BEING SHOT, FINALLY SUCCUMBING TO A BULLET LODGED IN HIS BACK, LAPD INVESTIGATOR HARRY BOSCH BEGINS HIS SEARCH IN THE WORST OF POSITIONS—WITH NOTHING

Fiction by Michael Connelly

It seemed to Bosch to be a form of torture heaped upon torture. Corazon was hunched over the steel table, her bloody and gloved hands deep inside the gutted torso, working with forceps and a long bladed instrument she called the butter knife. Corazon was not tall and she stood on her tiptoes to be able to reach down and in with her tools. She braced her hip against the side of the autopsy table to gain leverage.

What bothered Bosch about the grisly tableau was that the body had already been so violated for so long. Both legs gone, one arm taken at the shoulder, the surgical scars old but somehow raw and red. The man's mouth was open in a

silent scream. His eyes were directed upward as if beseeching his God for mercy. Deep down Bosch knew that the dead were the dead and they no longer suffered the cruelties of life, but even so he felt like saying, "Enough is enough." Asking, "When does it stop?" Shouldn't death be the relief from the tortures of life?

But he didn't say anything. He stood mute and just watched as he had hundreds of times before. More important than his outrage and the desire to speak out against the continuing atrocity inflicted on Orlando Merced was

Bosch's need for the bullet Corazon was trying to pry loose from the dead man's spine.

Corazon dropped back on her heels to rest. She blew out her breath and temporarily fogged

.....
ILLUSTRATION BY
Scott Bakal
.....

her spatter shield. She glanced at Bosch through the steamed plastic.

"Almost there," she said. "And I'll tell you what, they were right not to try to take it out back then. They would have had to saw entirely through T-12."

Bosch just nodded, knowing she was referring to one of the vertebrae.

She turned to the table, where her instruments were spread out.

"I need something else..." she said.

She put the butter knife in a stainless-steel sink, where a running faucet kept the water level to the overflow drain. She then moved her hand to the left of the sink and across the display of sterilized tools until she chose a long, slender pick. She went back to work with her hands in the hollow of the victim's torso. All the organs and intestines had been removed, weighed and bagged, leaving just the husk formed by the upturned ribs. She went up on her toes again and used her upper-body strength and the steel pick to finally pop the bullet loose from the spinal column. Bosch heard it rattle inside the rib cage.

"Got it!"

She pulled her arms out of the hollow, put down the pick and sprayed the forceps with the hose attached to the table. She then held the instrument up to examine her find. She tapped the floor button for the recorder with her foot and went on the record.

"A projectile was removed from the anterior T-12 vertebra. It is in damaged condition with severe flattening. I will photograph it and mark it with my initials before turning it over to Detective Hieronymus Bosch with the Open-Unsolved Unit of the Los Angeles Police Department."

She tapped the recorder button with her foot again and they were off the record. She smiled at him through her plastic screen.

"Sorry, Harry, you know me, a stickler for formalities."

"I didn't think you'd even remember."

He and Corazon had once had a brief romance, but that was a long time ago, and very few people knew his real full name.

"Of course I would," she said in mock protest.

There was almost an aura of humility about Teresa Corazon that had not been there in the past. She had been a climber and had eventually gotten what she wanted—the chief medical examiner's post and all of its trappings, including a reality-television show. But when one reaches the top of a public agency, one becomes a politician, and politicians fall out of favor. Teresa eventually fell hard, and now she was back where she started, a deputy coroner with a caseload like anyone else in the office. At least they had let her keep her private autopsy suite. For now.

She took the bullet over to the counter, where she photographed it and then marked it with an indelible black pen. Bosch was ready with a small plastic evidence bag and she dropped it in. He then marked the bag with both of their initials, a chain-of-custody routine. He studied the misshapen projectile through the plastic. Despite the damage, he believed it was a .308-caliber bullet, which would mean it had been fired by a rifle. If so, that would be a significant new piece of information in the case.

"Will you stay for the rest, or was that all you wanted?"

She asked it as if there were something

Merced was a large man, thick in the middle, and the bullet that seemingly came from nowhere splintered the mahogany facing of his instrument and then tore through his gut.

else going on between them. He held up the evidence bag.

"I think I should probably get this going. We've got a lot of eyes on this case."

"Right. Well, then, I'll just finish up by myself. What happened to your partner, anyway? Wasn't she here with you in the hall?"

"She had to make a call."

"Oh, I thought maybe she wanted us to have some alone time. Did you tell her about us?"

She smiled and batted her eyes and Bosch looked away awkwardly.

"No, Teresa. You know I don't talk about stuff like that."

She nodded.

"You never did. You're a man who keeps his secrets."

He looked back at her.

"I try," he said. "Besides, that was a long time ago."

"And the flame's gone out, hasn't it?"

He pushed things back on subject.

"On the cause. You're not seeing anything different from what the hospital is reporting, right?"

Corazon shook her head, able to move back as well.

"No, nothing different here. Sepsis. Blood poisoning, to use the more common phrase. Put that in your press release."

"And you have no trouble linking this back to the shooting? You could testify to that?"

She was nodding before Bosch was finished speaking.

"Mr. Merced died because of blood poisoning, but I am listing cause of death as homicide. This was a 10-year murder, Harry, and I will gladly testify to that. I hope that bullet helps you find the killer."

Bosch nodded and closed his hand around the plastic bag containing the bullet.

"I hope so too," he said.

Bosch took the elevator up to the ground floor. In the past few years the county had spent \$30 million renovating the coroner's office, but the elevators moved just as slowly as ever. He found Lucia Soto on the back loading dock, leaning against an empty gurney and looking at her phone. She was short, well-proportioned and 110 pounds at the most. She wore the kind of stylish suit that was in vogue with female detectives. It let her keep a gun on her hip instead of in a purse. It said power and authority in a way a dress could never say it. This one was dark brown with a cream blouse. It went well with her smooth brown skin.

She glanced up as Bosch approached and then stood up hurriedly like a kid who'd been caught doing something wrong.

"Got it," Bosch said.

He held up the evidence bag containing the bullet. Soto took it and studied the bullet through the plastic for a moment. A couple of body movers came up behind her and pulled the empty gurney toward the door of what was known as the Big Crypt. It was a new addition to the complex, a refrigerated space the size of a Mayfair Market where all the bodies that came in were staged before being scheduled for autopsy.

"It's big," Soto said.

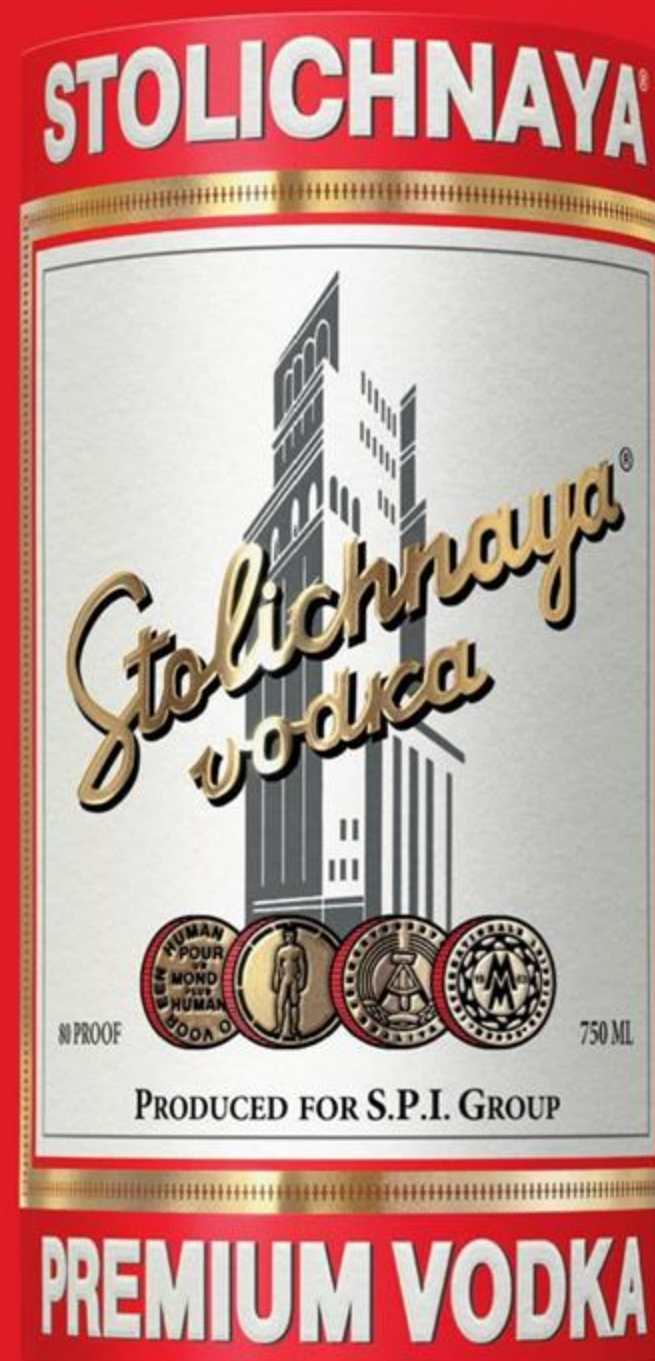
Bosch nodded.

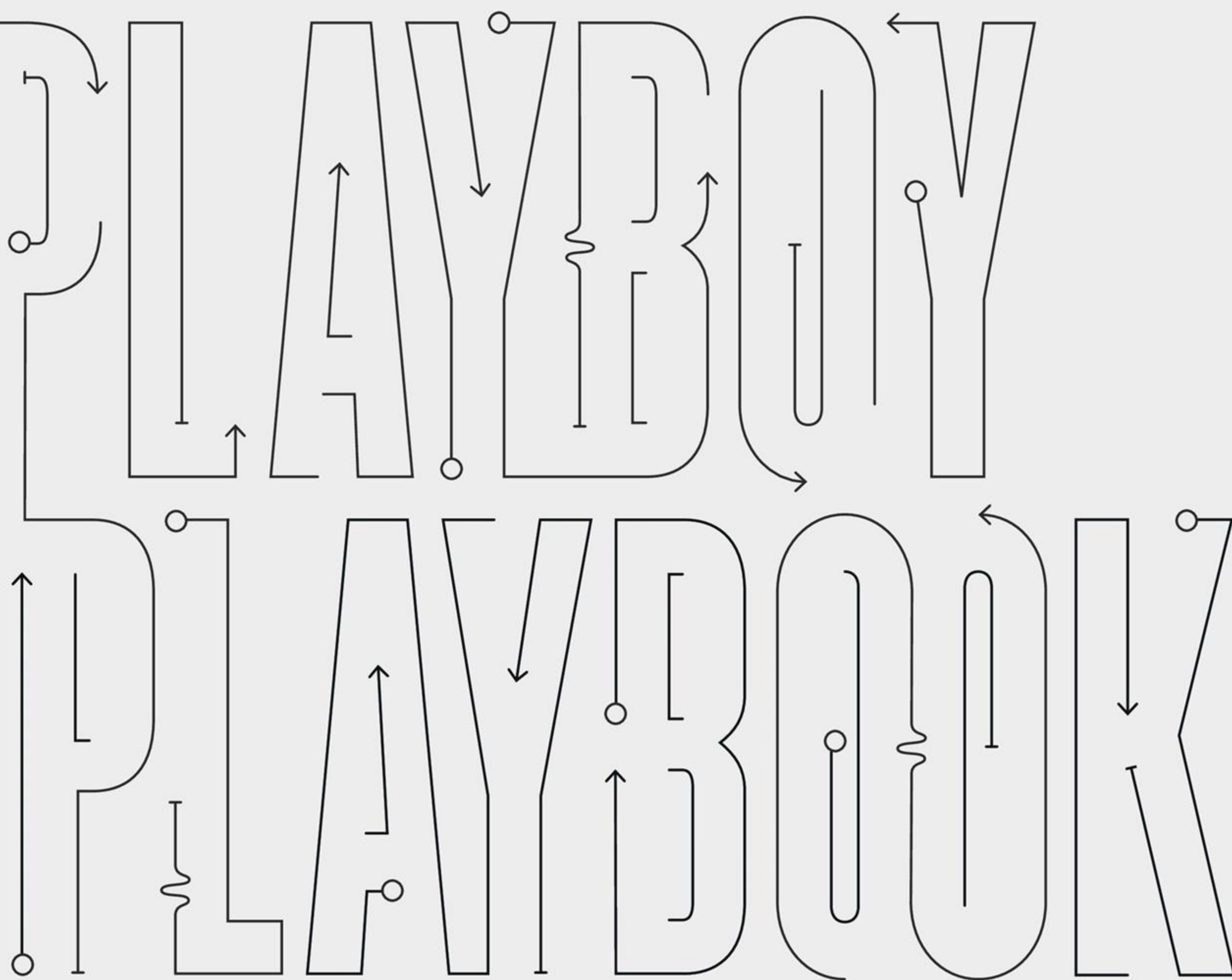
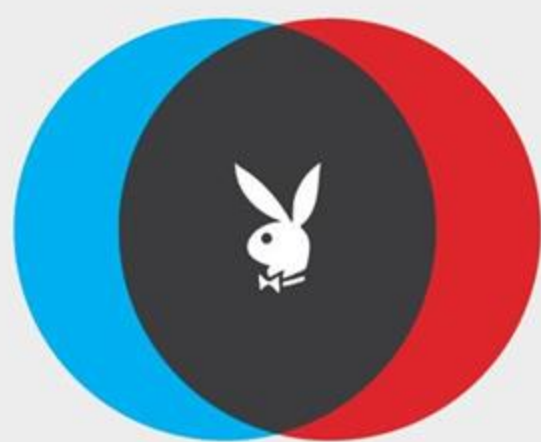
"And long," Bosch said. "I'm thinking we're looking for a rifle."

"It looks like it's in pretty bad shape," Soto said. "Mushroomed."

She handed (continued on page 114)

WHEN IT
COMES
TO VODKA,
NEVER
PLAY
THE FIELD.





UPGRADE
2014

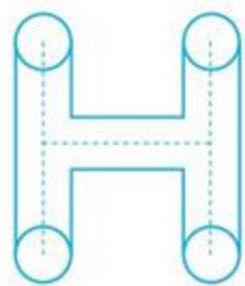
**BRING YOUR A-
GAME TO LIVING
WELL WITH
THESE WINNING
STRATEGIES FOR
THE MODERN
GENTLEMAN**

Fall is the perfect season to take stock of what's in your closet, in your garage, on your itinerary and in your glass. It's a fast-paced world and chances are things have changed a bit since you last looked. Those clothes? You could have designed them. That car? It might just be on the verge of outdated. That drink? You could have mixed it with your own custom booze. With our fall play-book it's time to take your game to the next level.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE MCKENDRY

1 → CUSTOMIZE IT

BE YOUR OWN DESIGNER



However you look at it, dressing well is competitive. And when you're wearing exactly the same thing as the other guy, the best you can expect is to end the game with a tie. But you can win the sartorial competition by wearing custom clothes, and they don't have to be hand-measured on Savile Row to be a step up from off-the-rack. With monograms making a comeback (J. Crew and Burberry let you put your brand on their brand), Brooks Brothers going from trad to rad with its design-your-own line and more custom-clothing shops online than ever before, the runway is your project to own.



CUSTOM BLUE SUEDE BOOT
\$495, LEFTSHOE
COMPANY.COM

2 | CLICK FOR COUTURE CLOTHES

1

PROPER CLOTH

- At this custom shirt site, nerd out on the dizzying array of collar heights and fabric options, then custom design a shirt down to the cuffs (barrel, mitered or otherwise).



2

INDOCHINO

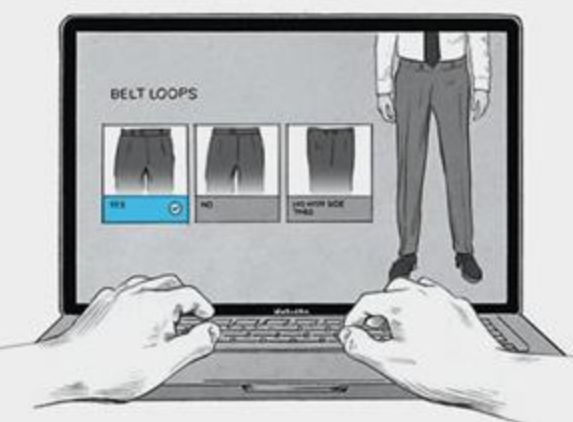
- Get your girlfriend to take your measurements, then dial in a dandy blazer or suit with your choice of vents, lapels and even contrasting lining, and have it fabricated for you and only you.



3

BLACK LAPEL

- In addition to custom shirts and suits, Black Lapel lets you break out and break down your fantasy pair of pants, whether you prefer them pleated, flat front, cuffed or streamlined.



No. 3 PLUG AND PLAY

Whether it's your first car or your midlife-crisis-mobile, thanks to the plug-in car revolution you have fewer excuses not to get an electric car. Here are your high-low high-voltage options.

\$20,000



GET SMART

- The tiny two-seater Smart Fortwo electric car can charge off a household current and is barely longer than a motorcycle. The only downside is the lack of a backseat.

\$75,000



ACE THE TESLA

- Elegant and comparatively spacious, the Tesla Model S is the electric sedan to beat, with a zero-to-60 time of 5.4 seconds and a 265-mile range.

\$136,000



AUTOBAHN TRON

- BMW's i8 plug-in hybrid is as quick as a Corvette and easier on the environment. And with contrasting paint highlights it looks like something straight out of a Tron remake.

DO VEGAS LIKE AN INSIDER

• We know you've graduated from walking around with a boozy slushie in a souvenir plastic guitar cup, but chances are you haven't cracked the code for getting your money's worth out of the reverse ATM that Sin City often feels like. You don't have to be a whale or even a high roller to be a victor in Vegas. The trick is to treat it as industry insiders do—you know, the people who profit



from the whales and high rollers but still know how to have a good time on their own dime. Catch a free show at **Rose, Rabbit, Lie.** (1, 4) at the Cosmopolitan, where an

over-the-top dinner comes complete with live performances in a Baz Luhrmann-like dinner-club setting (think Cirque du Soleil-level talent without the sticker shock). Head to downtown's **Container Park** (2), a complex of shops, restaurants and bars where the city's new creative and tech classes (e.g., Zappos wunderkinder) go to get down on weekend nights. Eat like a pro at **Kabuto Edomae Sushi** (3) in Vegas's Chinatown off



Spring Mountain Road, where you'll likely bump into a top casino chef on his night off. You'd be wise to book a room at the brand-spanking-new (read: untrashed) super-luxe SLS casino and hotel. This pleasure palace resets the bar for debauchery and dining: It's home to three clubs (Foxtail, LiFE and the Sayers Club Las Vegas—sister to the Hollywood hot spot); everyone's favorite, Umami Burger; and Bazaar Meat by José Andrés, a carnivore's Valhalla. Have a classic nightcap (if you need it) at the intimate Monkey Bar.

5 | WATCH OUT

• If you're looking for a timeless watch, it's all about the Hamiltons—specifically the brand's sleek and dashing Intra-Matic model. \$845, hamiltonwatch.com



No.

6 INFUSE YOUR BOOZE

You don't have to be the scion of a sports conglomerate or a bored tech billionaire to make your own custom-crafted spirits. With a bottle of high-quality vodka and some flavors of the moment you can create mixology-worthy liquor for mixing up fine cocktails at home. Bacontini, anyone?



BACONY

• Put three tablespoons bacon drippings and 750 milliliters vodka in a glass container and shake to combine. Freeze until bacon fat is solidified. Strain through a coffee filter to remove bacon fat.



CITRUSY

• Combine about six quartered oranges, lemons or limes and 750 milliliters vodka in a glass container. Cover and let sit for a week or more, until the flavor has developed. Remove citrus.



SPICY

• Mix a cup of your favorite dried whole chilis (such as chipotle) with 750 milliliters vodka in a glass container. Cover and let sit for a week or more. Remove peppers when the heat level is right.

No. **7**

MOVE SMOOTH

• Yes, it's okay for a guy to use moisturizer. Rough hands may seem manly, but some situations require delicacy. This stuff has the added benefit of the intoxicating aroma of absinthe. Wormwood Absinthium cream, \$16, prospectorco.com



8

MAKE COFFEE
LIKE A BARISTA
ON HIS DAY OFF

RICHER POUR

• Let modern café-culture nerds debate the finer points of a coffee drink made with a La Marzocco versus a Clover versus a French press. For coffee insiders (like the guys who own the coolest coffee shops), the Chemex coffeemaker is the preferred apparatus for

making a stripped-down, back-to-basics cup of joe to perfection. The glass laboratory pitcher with the wooden grip is a thing of beauty. The proprietary filters are designed to remove bitterness and let the true flavors of the bean come through. \$42, chemexcoffeemaker.com



10 | BE EGG-CELLENT

No dish shows you're a strong, sensitive, provider type of guy better than a perfectly cooked omelet. (Making one is often used as an employment test for chefs seeking jobs.) Here's how to do it right.

1



LET IT RUN

• Whip the hell out of three or four eggs until they're frothy. Salt them. Heat a pat of butter in a pan over medium heat until it foams and subsides. Pour in eggs and let them set a bit. Tilt the pan and push the cooked eggs to the top. Let the uncooked eggs run off onto the hot pan to cook.

2



GET SET

• Once the eggs have set and there's nothing wet on the bottom of the pan, you're in the home-stretch. This is when you can keep it minimalist or put fancy fillings (cheese, ham, fresh herbs) in the middle. Don't overstuff.

3



TILT, TAP, FLIP, SLIDE

• Tilt the pan, tap it on the stove so the omelet slides up a bit on one side of the pan. With the help of gravity and a spatula, fold one half of the omelet over the other (if you added fillings, be sure to cover them all), then slide it onto a plate.

9

FLY RIGHT HELI YEAH

• Praise be to the gods of aeronautics: Uber—which kills it with cars and dables in jets—has turned its attention to a more affordable airborne conveyance, the helicopter. Recent test flights in New York and Los Angeles had city dwellers shuttling to party zones such as Malibu and the Hamptons at discounted fares (around \$500 a person). While Uber has pop-up seasonal collaborations, one of its partners, Blade, operates year-round in New York City.



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ORDERS
A DRINK.**

**THE
PLAYBOY
ORDERS
THE
VODKA.**

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WINNERS, LOSERS

By
**HAROLD
GOLDBERG**
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GAVIN BOND



AND LEGENDS

More people watched these guys play a video game than watched the highest-rated games of the NBA finals, the NHL finals or *Sunday Night Football*. Welcome to the future of sports



Wooh. WooOHH. Wooooohhh! This Paris crowd of 5,000 is going wild, wild like they're lit up, wild because they're together and no one understands the inferno like they do, all together as one.

Words appear on a giant screen suspended from the ceiling: DOMINATING. GODLIKE. LEGENDARY. The words, loaded with macho power, have the effect of a puppeteer's strings. At *dominating* the crowd is cheering. By *legendary* they are standing in explosive ovation, stomping from the front row to the back bleachers, the din louder than a rock concert.

Onstage, a tall, skinny 18-year-old with a black nylon jacket, collar turned up, nerdy *Mad Men* glasses



perched on his nose, raises his fist in the air. The crowd chants his name: “Bjergsen, Bjergsen, Bjergsen!”

The kid hasn’t sung a song, rapped a rhyme, ripped a blazing guitar solo or spun a killer DJ set. He hasn’t sunk a game-winning three-pointer or buried a last-second slap shot into the goal.

But Søren “Bjergsen” Bjerg, this adored kid from Denmark who now lives near the beach in Santa Monica, completely rules at a video game called *League of Legends*. His ability is buried within the hyper-turbo *click-click-click-click* of a mouse. Put simply, the game involves two teams of five intense guys as they try to capture the other team’s base. In this multiplayer online battle arena, gamers choose avatars from a roster of 120 graphic-novel-like characters, each with unique abilities, such as Yasuo the Unforgiven with his sharp, damaging sword that causes a whirlwind of injury, or Blitzcrank the Great Steam Golem, with his clanky rocket grab, a speedy death grip. To the uninitiated, it all looks like a cartoon without a narrative. To those who know, it’s like playing a brilliant mash-up of *Lord of the Rings* meets chess meets soccer meets UFC meets religion.

Created by Santa Monica-based Riot Games, *League of Legends* is played each month by a whopping 67 million people worldwide. It’s the new rock-and-roll gospel, a gospel whose word is the fever pitch heard from the Church of Constant Gaming. And the word never lets up. Day into night, sunup to sundown, 27 million people play *League* in any 24-hour period. More than 32 million people watched last year’s world finals, held at a sold-out Staples Center in Los Angeles. That’s more than the highest-rated games of this year’s NBA finals, NHL finals or *Sunday Night Football*.

This has turned e-sports into big business. Amazon recently paid \$970 million in cash for Twitch, a massively popular video service on which millions of fans watch live streams of games including *League of Legends*. Coca-Cola and American Express signed on to sponsor this year’s *League of Legends* Championship Series.

It’s all good for the 20 or so young *League* gods with such names as Doublelift, Hai, Meteos, Faker, Crumbzz and WildTurtle. They make serious money as the all-stars of competitive online gaming, or e-sports, as it’s called. Many, including Bjergsen, will likely be millionaires before the age of 25 through winnings of up to \$1 million for the world finals, sponsorships and extras including \$1,000 daily revenue from streaming their play sessions on Twitch and other sites. (Imagine if LeBron James or Kevin Durant did that with solo practices. They’d be Dr. Dre rich quick.)

Day into night, sunup to sundown, 27 million people play *League of Legends* in any 24-hour period.



But it’s about the fans too. They also play to the death, because whether you’re Peter Dinklage short or Blake Griffin tall, *League* is accessible. But fans know how damn tricky it is to win. Their love of the pros is more like adoration. Sure, it’s because the pros possess enviable skills, the cougarlike reflexes and the Bobby

Fischer strategies. Even more, this fame is about a digital cult of personality stoked by social media that encourages fans to feel extraordinarily close to their idols. All the pros interact with fans on Reddit, Twitch and Twitter (though the constant bashing when players

don’t do well has driven some to retire early). At its best, it’s a AAA-baseball fan-appreciation day where players mingle and sign autographs—except this is online 24/7. And it pays off. Deep down, fans from Texarkana to Seoul yearn to have the rapid-fire synapses of a champion, to win, to win big, to be revered simply for playing games. They want to be heroes. They want to be remembered. And with that online rhapsody comes the money.

It’s worldwide, and as Riot Games vice president of e-sports Dustin Beck says, it’s the “world’s biggest phenomenon that no one truly understands.” He means parents, politicians, mainstream journalists, movie producers, anyone who isn’t part of the *League* scene. Fans love this punk-ass game featuring monsters and wizards because they can play it for free. And they love it because it’s hard. With the deep strategy involved in choosing everything from characters (called champions) to the innumerable spells and abilities, it can take a year to learn properly.

1. Members of Team SoloMid celebrate their victory at the North American finals of the *League of Legends* Championship Series.

2. Thousands watched the finals live at the Washington State Convention Center while millions viewed an on-line broadcast.

3. Fans at the North American finals.

At the All-Star Paris 2014 event, fans waited for hours in the pouring rain even (continued on page 130)



"Before we landed on the planet, I understand they were a pretty big deal."

The EROTIC WORLD *of* SALVADOR DALÍ

FORTY YEARS AGO THE MASTER SURREALIST
BROUGHT SOME OF HIS UNIQUE FANTASIES TO
LIFE IN OUR PAGES. REVISIT THE RESULTS, ALONG WITH
PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED BEHIND-THE-SCENES PHOTOS

Salvador Dalí. Surrealist genius of limp clocks and moonlit deserts. Having commissioned Dalí to compose these photographic surrealities, we sent staff photographer Pompeo Posar to Dalí's Mediterranean villa in the small Spanish village of Cadaqués. Upon arriving, he was ushered to a poolside throne. Dalí rose, offered his hand and began yelling, "Butterfly! Butterfly!" A bemused Posar returned the greeting and they became a loud duet, pumping clasped hands and shouting cheerfully, "Butterfly! Butterfly!" The shoot itself was both businesslike and bizarre. When

Dalí emerged from his house, his gaggle of worshippers and protégés bowed, chanting, "Master! Master!" He acknowledged them with an imperial wave and got down to work.

Dalí set up each shot, based on his preliminary sketches, while issuing supervisory commands. The villagers congregated on the surrounding hilltops as word spread through the town. It was quite an event—for Cadaqués and for PLAYBOY. We asked Dalí what these compositions meant. He replied, "The meaning of my work is the motivation that is of the purest—money. What I did for PLAYBOY is very good and your payment is equal to the task." We think we got our money's worth.

ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY SALVADOR DALÍ AND POMPEO POSAR
ORIGINAL ARTWORK BY SALVADOR DALÍ



1973





OPPOSITE PAGE: While searching his property for props, Dalí chose one of the many eggs that dot the landscape of Dalíland and made a quick modification so it was ideal for a **PLAYBOY** shoot. **THIS PAGE:** In these never-before-published photos, we see the master at work: directing models, sketching out the next shot and finding the perfect way to tether a beautiful woman to an egg, using a giant serpent.



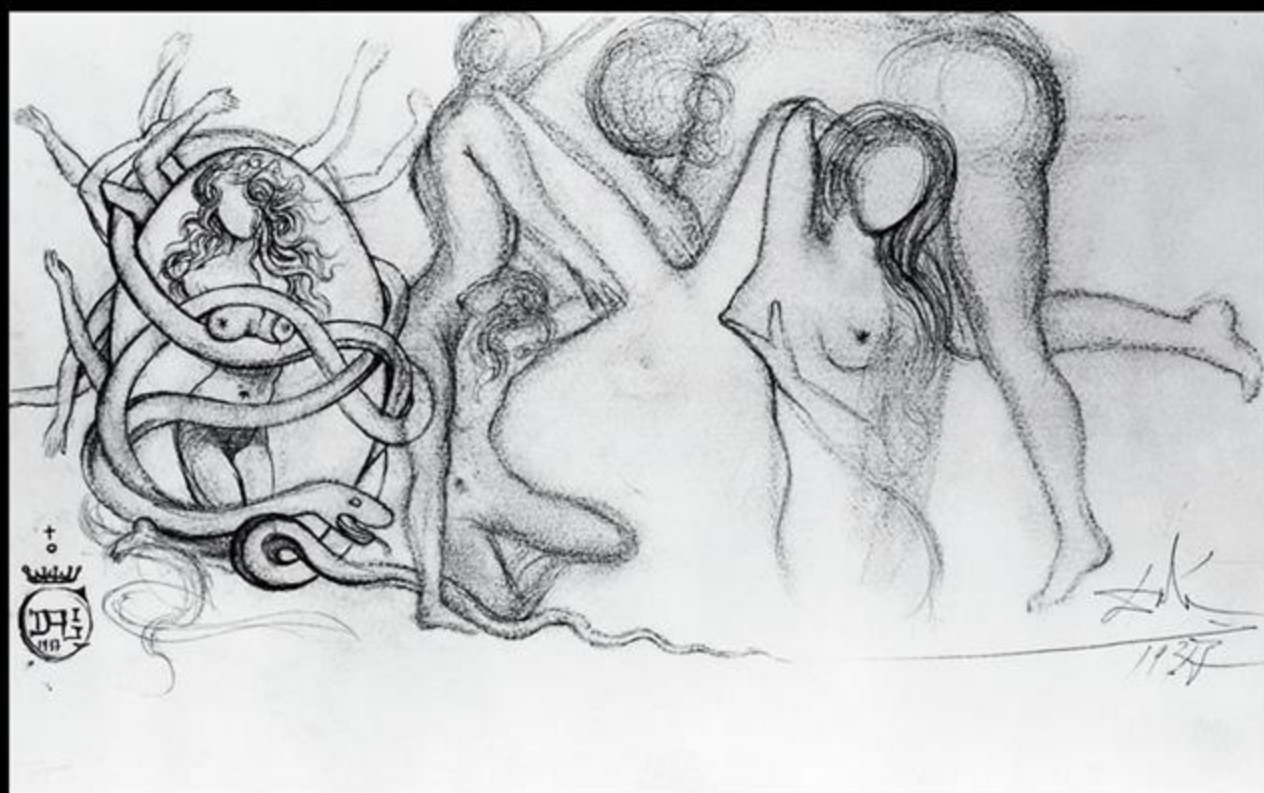


Sprawled seductively around
and on top of a camel's back,
Dali's subjects are carried
toward a statue on his
personally created horizon.

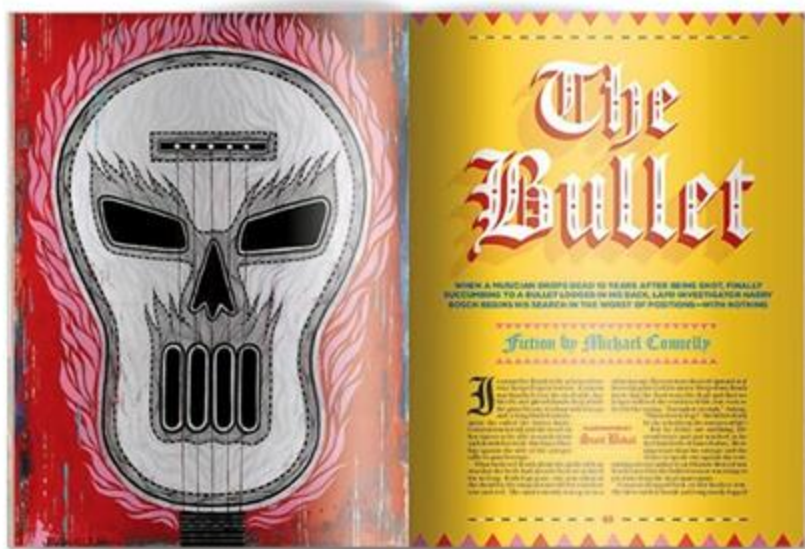




ABOVE: Dalí seems somewhat startled by the odd trio he has created, recalling something he once said: "I know what I eat. I know not what I do." He obviously knew very well; otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to eat—and live—so lavishly. RIGHT: Dalí's rough sketches that were translated into the compositions. FAR RIGHT: Dalí looked around his villa, then eclectically combined bits and bottles with swans and ripe-bodied bathers. OPPOSITE PAGE: One of the many eggs found all over Dalíland looms large on a roof behind floating women, castles, chairs and water.







THE BULLET

Continued from page 94

the bag back and Bosch put it in his coat pocket.

"There's enough there for a comparison, I think," he said. "Enough for us to get lucky."

The men behind Soto opened the door of the Big Crypt to wheel the gurney in. Cold air carrying a disagreeable chemical scent blasted across the loading dock. Soto turned in time to see a glimpse of the giant refrigerated room. Row after row of bodies stacked four high on a stainless-steel scaffolding system. The dead were wrapped in opaque plastic sheeting, their feet exposed, toe tags flapping in the breeze from the refrigeration vents.

Soto quickly turned away, her naturally brown face turning white.

"You okay?" Bosch asked.

"Yes, fine," she said quickly. "That just grosses me out."

"It's actually a big improvement. The bodies used to be lined up in the hallways. Sometimes stacked on top of one another after a busy weekend. It got pretty ripe around here."

She held a hand up to stop him from further description.

"Please, are we done?"

"We're done."

He started moving and Soto followed, falling in a step behind him. She tended to walk behind Bosch, and he didn't know if it was some sort of deferential thing to his age and rank or something else, like a confidence issue. He headed to the steps at the end of the dock. It was a shortcut to the visitor parking lot.

"Where do we go?" she asked.

"We get the slug over to firearms," Bosch said. "Speaking of getting lucky—it's walk-in Wednesday. Then we go pick up the file and evidence at Hollenbeck. We take it from there."

"Okay."

They went down the steps and started crossing the employee parking lot. The visitor lot was on the side of the building.

"Did you make your call?" Bosch asked.

"What?" Soto asked, confused.

"You said you had to make a call."

"Oh, yes, I did. Sorry about that."

"No problem. You get what you need?"

"Yes, thanks."

Bosch was guessing that there had been no call. He suspected that Soto wanted to skip out on the autopsy because she had never seen a human body hollowed out before. Soto was new not only to the Open-Unsolved Unit but to homicide work as well. This was the third case she had worked with Bosch and the only one with a death fresh enough for an autopsy. Soto probably hadn't been counting on live autopsies when she signed up to work cold cases. The visuals and the odors were usually the most difficult things to get used to in homicide work. Cold cases usually eliminated both.

In recent years the crime rate in Los Angeles had decreased markedly across the board, including and most dramatically the number of homicides. This had spurred a shift within the LAPD's investigative priority and practice. With fewer active murder cases, the department increased its emphasis on clearing cold cases. With more than 10,000 unsolved murders on the books in the past 50 years, there was plenty of work to go around. The Open-Unsolved Unit had nearly tripled in size over the course of the previous year and now had its own command staff, including a captain and two lieutenants. Many seasoned detectives were brought in from Homicide Special and other elite units within the Robbery-Homicide Division. Also, a class of young detectives with little if any investigative experience was brought in. The philosophy handed down from the 10th-floor OCP—Office of the Chief of Police—was that it was a new world out there, with new technologies and new ways to look at things. While nothing beats investigative know-how, there is nothing wrong with combining it with new viewpoints and different life experiences.

These new detectives—the Mod Squad, as they were derisively called by some—got the choice assignment to the Open-Unsolved Unit for a variety of reasons ranging from political connections to particular acumen and skills to rewards for heroism in the line of duty. One of the new detectives had worked in IT for a hospital chain before becoming a cop and was instrumental in solving the murder of a patient through a computerized prescription-delivery system. Another had studied chemistry as a Rhodes Scholar. There was even a detective who was formerly an investigator with the Haitian National Police.

Soto was only 28 years old and had been on the force fewer than five years. She was a "slick sleeve"—not a stripe of rank on her uniform—and made the jump to detective by being a twofer. She was Mexican American and spoke both English and Spanish fluently. She also punched a more traditional ticket to the detective ranks when she became an overnight media sensation after a deadly shoot-out with armed robbers

at a liquor store in Pico-Union. She and her partner engaged four gunmen. Her partner was fatally shot, but Soto took down two of the robbers and held the second pair pinned in an alley until SWAT arrived and finished the capture. The gunmen were members of 13th Street, one of the most violent gangs operating in the city, and Soto's heroics were splashed across newspapers, websites and television screens. Police Chief Gregory Malins later awarded her the department's medal of valor. Her partner received the award as well, posthumously.

Captain George Crowder, the new commander of the Open-Unsolved Unit, decided the best way to handle the influx of new blood into the unit was to split up all the existing partnerships and pair every detective who had OU experience with a new detective who had none. Bosch was the oldest man in the unit and had the most years on the job. As such he was paired with the youngest—Soto.

"Harry, you're the old pro," Crowder had explained. "I want you watching over the rookie."

While Bosch didn't particularly care to be reminded of his age and standing, he was nonetheless happy with the assignment. He was entering what would be his last year with the department, as the clock was ticking on his DROP contract. To him, every day he had left on the job was golden. The hours were like diamonds—as valuable as anything on earth. He thought that it might be a good way to finish things, training an inexperienced detective and passing on whatever it was he had to pass on. When Crowder told him his new partner would be Lucia Soto, Bosch was pleased. Like everybody else in the department, he had heard of Soto's exploits in the shoot-out. Bosch knew what it was like to kill someone in the line of duty, as well as to lose a partner. He understood the mixture of grief and guilt that would afflict Soto. He thought that he and Soto could work well together and that he might train her to be a solid investigator.

There was also a nice bonus for Bosch in being teamed with Soto. Because she was a female, he would not have to share a hotel room when on the road on a case. They would get their own rooms. This was a big thing. The travel component to a job on the cold case squad was high. Oftentimes those who think they have gotten away with murder leave town, hoping that by putting physical distance between themselves and their crimes, they are also outdistancing the reach of the police. Now Bosch looked forward to finishing his time in the department without having to share a bathroom or put up with the snoring or other emissions from a partner in a cramped double at a Holiday Inn.

Soto might not have been hesitant



"Hold on, Harriet. Some stupid cop is trying to flirt with me."

when pulling her gun while outnumbered in a barrio alley, but watching a live autopsy was something different. She had seemed reluctant that morning when Bosch told her they had caught a live one and had to go to the coroner's office for an autopsy. Soto's first question was whether it was required that both partners in an investigative team attend the dissection of the body. With most cold cases, the body was long in the ground and the only dissection involved was the analysis of old records and evidence. Open-Unsolved allowed Soto to work the most important cases—murders—without having to view a live autopsy or, for that matter, a homicide scene.

Or so it seemed until that morning, when Bosch got the call at home from Crowder.

The captain asked Bosch if he had read the *Los Angeles Times* that morning, and Bosch said he didn't get the paper. This was in keeping with the long-standing tradition of disdain that existed between the two institutions of law enforcement and the media.

The captain then proceeded to tell him about a story on the front page that morning that was the origin of a new assignment for Bosch and Soto. As Bosch listened, he opened his laptop and went to the newspaper's website, where the story was similarly receiving a lot of play.

The newspaper was reporting that Orlando Merced had died. Ten years earlier, Merced became famous in Los Angeles as a victim—the unintended target of a shooting at Mariachi Plaza in Boyle Heights. The bullet that struck Merced in the abdomen had traveled across the plaza from the vicinity of Pleasant Avenue and was thought to have been a stray shot from a gang confrontation.

The shooting occurred at four P.M. on a Saturday. Merced was 31 years old at the time and a member of a mariachi band for which he played the *vihuela*, the five-string guitarlike instrument that is the mainstay of the traditional Mexican folk sound. He and his three bandmates were among several mariachis waiting in the plaza for jobs—a restaurant gig or a *quinceañera* party or maybe a last-minute wedding. Merced was a large man, thick in the middle, and the bullet that seemingly came from nowhere splintered the mahogany facing of his instrument and then tore through his gut before lodging in his anterior spine.

Merced would have become just another victim in a city where the media hits and runs—a 30-second story on the English news channels, a four-paragraph report in the *Times*, a little more longevity in the Spanish media.

But a simple twist of fate changed that. Merced and his band, Los Reyes Jalisco, had performed three months earlier at the wedding of city councilman Armando Zeyas, and Zeyas was now ramping up a campaign for the mayor's office.

Merced lived. The bullet damaged his spine and rendered him both a paraplegic and a cause. As the mayoral campaign took shape, Zeyas rolled him out in his wheelchair at all of his political rallies and speeches. He used Merced as a symbol of the neglect suffered by the communities of East Los Angeles. Crime was high and police attention low—they had yet to catch Merced's shooter. Gang violence was unchecked; basic city services and long-planned projects like the extension of the Metro Gold Line were long delayed. Zeyas promised to be the mayor who would change that, and he used Merced and East L.A. to forge a base

and strategy that separated him from a crowded pack of contenders. He made it to the runoff and then easily took the election. All the way, Merced was by his side, sitting in the wheelchair, clad in his *charro* suit and sometimes even wearing the bloodstained blouse he wore on the day of the shooting.

Zeyas served two terms. East L.A. got new attention from the city and the police. Crime went down. The Gold Line went through—even including an underground stop at Mariachi Plaza—and the mayor basked in the glow of his successes. But the person who shot Orlando Merced was never caught, and over time the bullet took a steady toll on his body. Infections led to numerous hospitalizations and surgeries. First he lost one leg, then the other. Adding insult to injury, the arm that once strummed the instrument that produced the rhythms of Mexican folk music was taken.

And finally, Orlando Merced had died.

"The ball's in our court now," Crowder had said to Bosch. "I don't care what the goddamn newspaper says, we have to decide if this is a homicide. If his death can be attributed medically to that shooting 10 years ago, then we make a case and you and Lucky Lucy go back into it."

"Got it."

"The autopsy's gotta say homicide or this whole thing dies with Merced."

"Got it."

Bosch never turned down a case, because he knew he was running out of cases. But he had to wonder why Crowder was giving the Merced investigation to him and Soto. He knew from the start that it was suspected the bullet that had struck Merced had come from a gang gun. This meant the new investigation would almost wholly center on White Fence and the other prominent East L.A. gangs that traversed Boyle Heights. It was essentially going to be a Spanish-language case, and while Soto was obviously fluent, Bosch had limited skills in the language. He could order off a taco truck and tell a suspect to drop to his knees and put his hands behind his head. But conducting careful interviews and even interrogations in Spanish was not in his skill set. That would fall to Soto, and she, in his estimation, didn't have the chops for it yet. There were at least two other teams in the unit that had Spanish speakers with more investigative experience. Crowder should have gone with one of them.

The fact that Crowder had not gone with the obvious and correct choice made Bosch suspicious. On one hand, the directive to put the Bosch-Soto team on the case could have come from the OCP. It would be a media-sensitive investigation, and having Soto, the hero cop, on the case might help mold a positive media response. A darker alternative was that perhaps Crowder wanted the Bosch-Soto team to fail and very publicly undercut the police chief's edict to break with tradition and experience when he formed the new Open-Unsolved Unit. The chief's jumping of several young and



"Undocumented immigrants!"

inexperienced officers over veteran detectives waiting for slots in RHD squads did not go over well with the rank and file. Maybe Crowder was out to embarrass the chief for doing it.

Bosch tried to push speculation about motives aside as they rounded the corner and entered the visitor parking lot. He thought about the plan for the day and realized that they were probably less than a mile from Hollenbeck Station and even closer to Mariachi Plaza. They could take Mission down to First and then go under the 101. Ten minutes tops. He decided to reverse the order of stops that he had told Soto they would make.

They were halfway through the lot to the car when Bosch heard Soto's name called from behind them. He turned to see a woman crossing the employee lot, holding a wireless microphone. Behind her a cameraman struggled to keep his camera up while he negotiated his way between cars.

"Shit," Bosch said.

Bosch looked around to see if there were others. Someone—maybe Corazon—had tipped the media.

Bosch recognized the woman but he could not remember from which news show or press conference. But he didn't know her and she didn't know him. She went right to Soto with the microphone. Soto was the better-known quantity when it came to the media. At least in recent history.

"Detective Soto, Katie Ashton, Channel Five, do you remember me?"

"Uh, I think...."

"Has Orlando Merced's death officially been ruled a homicide?"

"Not yet," Bosch said quickly, even though he was not on camera.

Both the camera and the reporter turned to him. This was not what he wanted, to be on the news. But he did want to get a few steps ahead of the media on the case.

"The coroner's office is evaluating Mr. Merced's medical records and will make a decision on that. We hope to know something very soon."

"Will this restart the investigation of Mr. Merced's shooting?"

"The case is still open and that's all we have to say at this time."

Without a further word Ashton turned 90 degrees to her right and brought the microphone under Soto's chin.

"Detective Soto, you were awarded the department's medal of valor for the Pico-Union shoot-out. Are you now gunning for whoever shot Orlando Merced?"

Soto seemed momentarily nonplussed, then replied.

"I am not gunning for anyone."

Bosch pushed past the videographer, who had swung around to film over Ashton's left shoulder. He got to Soto and turned her toward their car.

"That's it," he said. "No further comment. Call media relations if you want anything else."

They left the reporter and videographer there and walked quickly to the car. Bosch got into the driver's seat.

"Good answer," he said as he turned the ignition.

"What do you mean?" Soto responded.

"Your answer to her about gunning for the Merced shooter."

"Oh."

They drove out onto Mission and headed south. When they were a few blocks clear of the coroner's office, Bosch pulled to the curb and stopped. He held out his hand to Soto.

"Let me see your phone for a second," he said.

"What do you mean?" Soto asked.

"Let me see your phone. You said you had to make a call when I went into the autopsy. I want to see if you called that reporter. I can't have a partner who's feeding the media."

"No, Harry, I didn't call her."

"Good, then let me see your phone."

Soto indignantly handed him her cell phone. It was an iPhone, same as Harry had. He opened up the call record. Soto had not made a call since the previous evening. And the last call she had received had been from Bosch that morning, telling her about the case they had just caught.

"Did you text her?"

He opened the text app and saw the most recent text was to someone named Adriana. It was in Spanish. He held the phone up to his partner.

"Who's this? What's it say?"

"It's to my friend. Look, I didn't want to go into that room, okay?"

Bosch looked at her.

"What room? What are you—"

"The autopsy. I didn't want to have to watch that."

"So you lied to me?"

"I'm sorry, Harry. It's embarrassing. I don't think I can take that."

Bosch handed the phone back.

"Just don't lie to me, Lucia."

He checked the side mirror and pulled away from the curb. They were silent until they got down to First Street and Bosch moved into the left-turn lane. Soto realized they were not heading to the regional crime lab with the bullet.

"Where are we going?"

"We're in the neighborhood. I thought we'd check out Mariachi Plaza for a few minutes, then go to Hollenbeck for the murder book."

"I see. What about firearms?"

"We'll do it after. Is this related to the shoot-out—your not wanting to go to the autopsy?"

"No. I mean, I don't know. I just didn't want to see that, that's all."

Bosch let it go for the time being. Two minutes later they were approaching Mariachi Plaza and Bosch saw two TV trucks parked at the curb with their transmitters cranked up for live reports.

"They're really jumping all over this," he said. "We'll come back later."

He drove on by. Half a mile later they came to the Hollenbeck Station. Brand-new and modern, with angled glass panels creating a facade that reflected the sun in multiple angles, it looked more like some sort of corporate office than a police station. Bosch pulled into the visitor lot and killed the engine.

"This is going to be pleasant," he said.

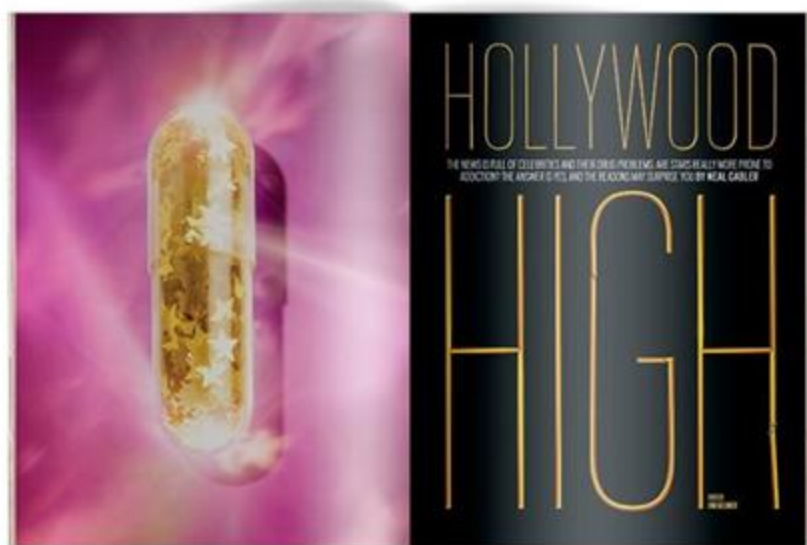
"What do you mean?" Soto asked.

"You'll see."

Excerpted from the novel The Burning Room, to be published this month by Little, Brown and Company.



"Relax, lad. Once you've seen one flying fish, you've seen them all."



HOLLYWOOD HIGH

Continued from page 62

But experts say a lot of addiction is sparked by a legitimate medical reason and then escalates. Dr. Timothy Fong, director of the UCLA Addiction Medicine Clinic, recounts the story of a patient of his, a studio head, who dabbled in alcohol when she was young. Years later, when she had her wisdom teeth extracted, she got a Vicodin prescription for the pain. As Fong describes it, "She said, 'Wow, I've never felt so good since I had alcohol back then. As soon as I had that first pill, I knew I was going to be off and running with this stuff.' She blew through that first prescription, went back to the dentist, got another prescription—'Oh, it's so painful'—blew through that, then started asking around on the set. People started giving them to her because she was the studio head. The rumor mill got started, 'Hey, she likes pills. You should bring her some pills. You might curry some favor.'" Indeed, the new formulations of these painkillers are so effective, the addictive process begins almost immediately, and when it does, it hits hard. Another doctor told me of patients who gobbled 50 to 60 Vicodin a day.

The proximate reason an addict takes drugs or drinks isn't all that mysterious. It makes him feel good—hell, it makes him feel more than good. Fong describes another patient of his, who said, "Every time I drink alcohol, I have more confidence. I feel energized. I feel invincible. Every time I go out there when I'm not drinking, I'm double-checking everything. I'm anxious. I'm stumbling over my words." The patient added, ironically, "I'm not as good as I normally am." A former addict puts it more simply: "The voices in our heads quiet." And we all realize that if it stayed that way, if the addict could continue in this euphoric state, there wouldn't be a problem. The problem, says the recovering addict, is that "it ends badly. The story always ends badly." It may take a few years, years in which the addict is constantly upping the ante as his body demands ever-higher dosages, but eventually the wheels come off. Another former addict states it more poetically: "Drugs put the soul to sleep."

The reason we aren't all wolfing down Vicodin, Percocet or OxyContin after we have our wisdom teeth extracted, or gulping down drinks or snorting lines, has a lot—roughly 50 percent for alcohol, 60 percent for cocaine and 70 percent for opiates—to do with genetics. Some peo-

ple, perhaps 10 percent to 15 percent, according to Dr. Greg Skipper, director of medical health services at the Promises rehab center in Malibu, are predisposed to respond to drugs. It's a function of brain chemistry. They just go off. They don't have any choice.

But here's where show business makes its appearance. If there are genetically endowed characteristics that make one more susceptible to addiction, some of these same characteristics make one more likely to be drawn to show business and even to succeed in it. In effect, Hollywood is a community of train wrecks waiting to happen. According to Dr. David Sack, chief executive of Promises and a psychiatrist, studies have shown a correlation between risk taking, which has a significant genetic component, and drug taking. "When you talk to actors," he says, "they frequently talk about having to take risks with their work, to emote or behave in ways that are uncomfortable or dangerous to them." A similar correlation exists between drug use and impulsivity, which psychiatrists define not as acting on the spur of the moment but as not valuing a future reward. Performing, in which you are constantly moving from one thing to the next, is one of the few professions that invites you to focus on the here and now. Most people can't afford to do that.

Far more important than either of these is the high correlation between mental illness, which has a large genetic component, and addiction. Depression is so allied to addiction that doctors even have a name for the combination: dual diagnosis. Robin Williams suffered from deep depression. No one has studied the prevalence of mental illness specifically among entertainers any more than they have studied the prevalence of addiction in Hollywood, but, says Sack, "It is at least tempting to speculate that some of the mental disorders seem to have an unusual relationship to certain forms of creativity." Performing artists may have abnormalities that travel with addiction. (Studies have shown that top athletes also exhibit a higher incidence of depression as well as a higher degree of addiction than ordinary people.)

Finally, there are those areas in which the effects of drugs are actually seen by performer-users to be advantageous in a way they would not necessarily be to people in other, more workaday professions. "A lot of guys come in and want to be on their A-game seven days a week—confident, funny, charming, social," says Fong, because the industry celebrates and practically demands it. "The pathological thought there is, I must have it all." The more common comment among entertainer-users is that drugs lift their inhibitions, which of course they do. "They wouldn't have any street value if they didn't," says Fong. Some entertainers go so far as to say that drugs are what enable them to perform. As Fong sees it, people take drugs for only two reasons: the obvious one, which is to get high and experience a pleasurable time, and the less obvious one, which is to feel normal, "to take away the feelings of suffering." He ad-

mits Hollywood puts a premium on both, which he believes is the reason addiction is so prevalent there. You can attempt to escape the pressures and insecurities, or you can attempt to control them. In short, you can try to medicate your way out of the occupational hazards of the industry.

At least you can for a while.

●

Even at 66, Michael Des Barres looks and sounds like a rock-and-roller, which is what he was and is as the lead vocalist for half a dozen bands over the years. He is lean, chiseled, his gray hair short and stylishly coiffed, his accent British, and he is dressed in black from head to toe. Most people in entertainment won't talk about addiction. Des Barres is one of the very few who will, and when he does, he knows whereof he speaks. "I've done every drug known to man or woman," he says, "have had every sexual experience known to man or woman." A good deal of that sybaritic lifestyle, he believes, is part of what he calls the "rock-and-roll mythology." "How can you be a rock star if you're not fucked-up? That's like being a rock star with no music." Des Barres wound up living within a heightened persona that obscured his person. "I was in a state of euphoria for a couple of years," he says. "It felt perfect. I was fulfilling the rock-and-roll role."

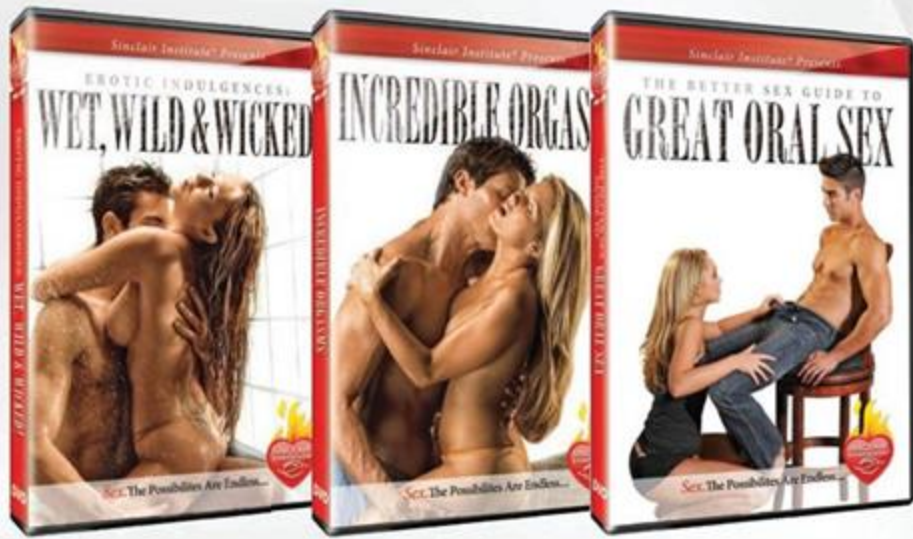
But then came the reckoning. After a two-day binge that began with Jack Daniel's and ended with Listerine, he looked in the mirror. "It didn't look anything like me. Bloated. My makeup was running. My hair was coiled. I had that moment of clarity." It was 1981. Des Barres quit drugs and alcohol cold, and he has been sober now for 33 years. He calls it a "divine thing."

He will be the first to tell you, though, that it isn't easy to be a sober rock star. "I was a leper. I went from being Aleister Crowley to Mr. Rogers overnight—with a better wardrobe." Everyone, he says, encouraged drug taking, and that didn't end with the cocaine-fueled 1970s and 1980s. No matter how much drugs are stigmatized elsewhere, they still have a cool factor in Hollywood and are part of the culture and community there. Fong says he has young patients, aspiring actors, who admit to going to parties and doing a line with a writer or director to create a connection and advance their careers. And that's where Des Barres thinks Hollywood really is different from so much of the rest of America. It isn't just the lack of stigma. It's that Hollywood has enablers. Lots of them.

It begins with doctors. "Star-fucking doctors are on every corner of Beverly Hills," Des Barres says. Dr. Damon Raskin, who was a child TV actor and is now an internist at Cliffside Malibu, agrees. "I think there is a problem with doctors who suck up to celebrities in this town. 'Oh, you need the Vicodin? I want to go to your concert.'" As a result, Raskin believes, "celebrities get worse medical care than you or myself." Skipper remembers getting a call from a doctor friend who had been contacted by a member of a famous singer's entourage in Atlanta who wanted

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a prescription for painkillers, even though the doctor had never seen the entertainer in his office. The doctor was tempted, and Skipper had to talk him out of writing it. After all, she was a star. The singer died of an overdose a month later.

But even worse enablers than doctors, Des Barres claims, are the managers and agents and entourage members, because they have a stake in the stars *not* going into rehab—in their continuing to work to earn money. They also have a stake in facilitating whatever the celebrity wants, because it is a way to hold on to their jobs. “Where are the people who say no?” Raskin asks. “They’re just afraid they’re going to get fired or be outcasts or not be part of the group.” So just about nobody says no. Indeed, one of the appurtenances of Hollywood addiction is the “sober companion,” who is hired by a manager to keep a star company while he or she performs. And the fact is, most entertainers *can* function well enough under the influence of drugs. “How is he going to do the tour and make \$50 million?” Des Barres asks. “Oh, we need a sober companion! The whole notion of a sober companion is at odds with getting yourself straight through work and meditation and spiritual practices.” And when the tour or movie is over, the sober companion leaves. Such is drug addiction among the stars.

High up a hillside in Malibu, at the end of a winding road and across from the azure Pacific, is Cliffside Malibu, one of a handful of rehab centers with a wealthy clientele that includes occasional stars. It is quiet. It is always quiet at Cliffside. But Cliffside’s founder and CEO, Richard Taite, is anything but quiet. Tall and athletic, he is animated, especially when talking about addiction. Taite, 48, like so many in the rehab business, is a recovering addict himself. “From 12 to 32,” he says, “I never drew a sober breath. I never even fell asleep. I just passed out.” There were six-month runs, he remembers, when he would smoke an ounce of cocaine a day and eat a Big Mac once a week just to stay alive. Eventually, in 2003, he sobered up and decided to open his own Malibu

mansion—he had made a fortune in the hospital billing and collection business—as a sober-living center. A year later he converted it into a rehab center.

As at Promises, Passages and other Malibu retreats, treatment at Cliffside doesn’t come cheap. Taite charges \$73,000 a month for a private room, \$58,000 for a semiprivate one, and the recommended stay is usually three to four months. (Like most upscale L.A. centers, it is nearly always filled.) He has had so many celebrities during the facility’s 10-year existence there is a sign warning patients when they might be in the line of sight of a paparazzo. It is a tough line to toe—the line between being a celebrity and being a patient. Being treated like ordinary folk may be necessary to address the underlying causes of the addiction, but stars are stars, and they don’t get a lot of tough love. Quite the contrary. They have their own network of therapists—four doctors, Taite says, who minister to nearly every big star. He adds, “If I told you the celebrities I see going in and out of my therapist’s office, you’d fall down the hill.” They have their own interventions, often conducted at a swanky Beverly Hills hotel, sometimes by Taite himself. They even have their own AA meetings, which are called “off-the-book,” where they can mingle with fellow stars.

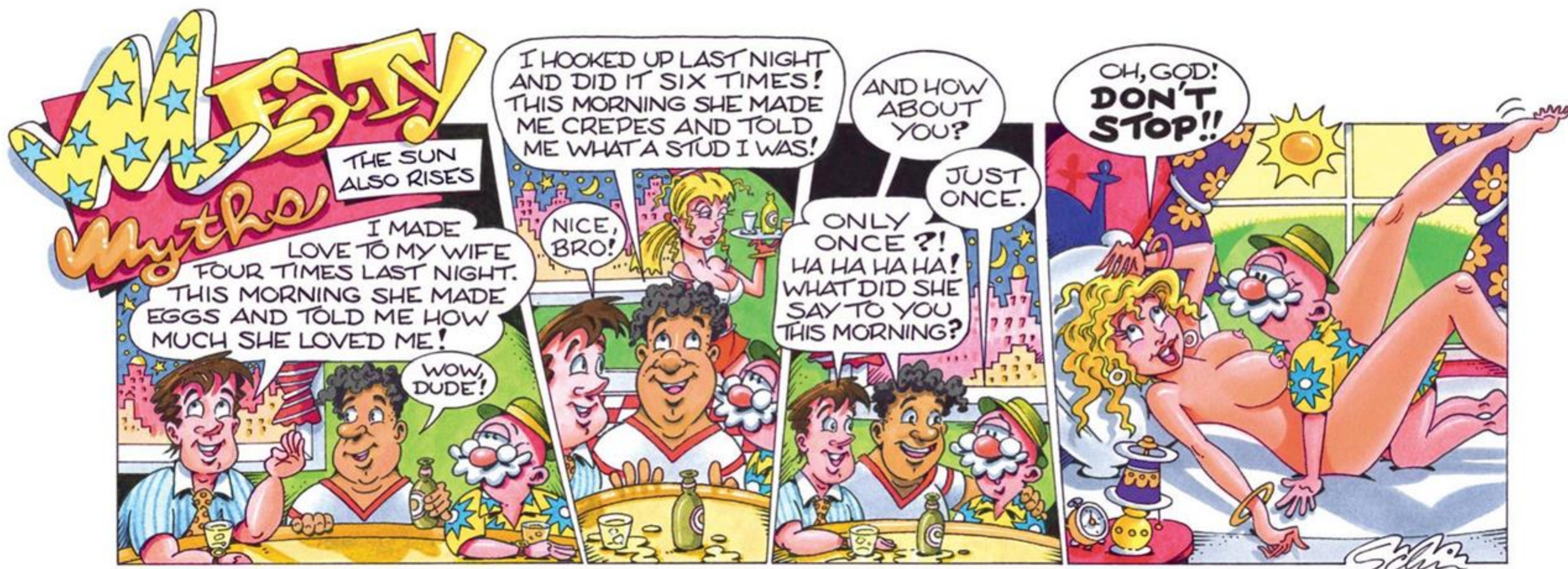
You may think that with all these amenities, addicted celebrities would be lining up to enter rehab. But that’s another thing about Hollywood addiction: The stars are their own best enablers. Few—virtually none—seek help on their own. They have to be forced into rehab by family, friends or their lawyer, typically the one member of the support group who doesn’t work on commission. “I don’t think I’ve had an actual entertainer call me for themselves,” Taite says. “I’ve had the children, wives, girlfriends, cousins, brothers, sisters of every major movie star. I’m talking about the world’s biggest-grossing movie stars *ever*. I get them all calling. But not for themselves.” And why don’t the stars call to institutionalize themselves? Because of those enablers, Taite says. Nobody in Hollywood talks truth to power. Cliffside, like the other rehab centers, gets CEOs, athletes, high-powered attorneys and physicians.

But Hollywood, he says, “is the only industry I’ve seen where you can be drunk or an addict, act badly and still have everybody kissing your ass.”

Taite subscribes to a theory of addiction devised by the psychologist James Prochaska. While it is by no means exclusive to Hollywood, it certainly has application there. According to Prochaska, most addiction is trauma related, and most of that trauma is rooted in childhood—in neglect, abuse or loss. “I’ve worked with thousands of addicts and alcoholics,” Constance Scharff, Cliffside’s research director, says, “and I know one person who said, ‘I had a really great childhood.’” Sack of Promises concurs, adding this Hollywood rider: Childhood abuse “may contribute to why performers are attracted to the creative arts, like maybe looking for redemption or acceptance or recognition they didn’t get in childhood.” Put another way, people who didn’t get attention as children may be more likely to become professional attention-getters, and the same emotional deficit may push them toward addiction. If anything, it is only worse for folks like Lohan and Efron, who may not even have had childhoods to speak of.

And here is the surprising thing. Although addiction almost always begins in childhood or adolescence, as many of us can attest from our own high school and college years of watching binge drinking, toking and even hard drug use, the vast majority of those abusers outgrow their misbehavior—“mature” out of it, as some experts put it. The recklessness of youth, the imposition of responsibility, the constraints of life are transformative, which is why the frat-boy beer guzzlers seldom turn into alcoholics. But not in Hollywood, where recklessness is often rewarded, irresponsibility is actually encouraged and the only real constraint is being so wasted one isn’t able to work. That means addicted performers are always poised on the precipice. The industry’s infantilism puts them there.

All it takes is a trigger—some stress, such as a failed romance or a career setback—that reactivates the childhood trauma and leads to self-medication for relief. It doesn’t take much. So when you think of stars as



train wrecks waiting to happen, you're on the money. It doesn't make any difference how long they've been clean when the trigger is pulled. Hoffman had been sober for 23 years. Then he wasn't.

Kristen Johnston doesn't buy it. She doesn't buy that Hollywood is all that different from the rest of America. Johnston is the two-time Emmy-winning actress from *3rd Rock From the Sun* who is as hilarious describing the indignities of her past addiction as she was playing an alien. She has written a best-selling book about it, titled *Guts*, which refers not only to what it took for her to recover but also to the time she almost lost hers by splitting her insides with drugs. She is now eight years sober and has been traveling the country talking to other addicts, none of them celebrities, though she has had celebrities call and e-mail her for advice and to offer thanks. She's convinced Americans latch onto celebrity addicts as a way of pretending it's just a Hollywood thing so they don't have to face the truth.

But that doesn't mean she believes performers don't have some predispositions toward addiction, not because they are professional attention-getters but because they are professional targets. "You're asked to be vulnerable and open and be all these different people and cry at the drop of a hat," she says, "yet you're also supposed to be able to survive when people tell you you're ugly, you're fat, they hate you. To survive without medication or help is very difficult." Drugs, she admits, allowed her to mask her vulnerabilities—"to be large when I didn't want to be."

And Johnston says something else that other celebrity addicts echo: "Ambition is the best painkiller." While this certainly isn't true only of performers, it is more graphic with them. When they're rising, they're fueled by ambition. That is the drug—trying to be famous. Then, if they're lucky, as Johnston was, they succeed. "All of a sudden, everything was free," she recalls. "I had a huge home, I was in Los Angeles, and I just was lost. I had nothing else to work for." And *that* is when her habit really kicked in.

Which leads to the algorithm. In varying degrees, genetic predisposition plus childhood trauma plus availability of drugs plus an emotional trigger plus encouragement or lack of discouragement is a pretty likely formula for addiction. Hollywood hits it on just about all cylinders. It is the disease of the lost in the industry of the lost.

"We all have this hole inside of us," Johnston says. "And we all try to fill it in some way. Some do it healthily. They write or they run or they have hobbies or whatever. Unfortunately, addicts find the easy road, which is really the hard road." She says this isn't just an addict thing. It's a life thing. Johnston says, "Perhaps this process of filling the hole is what life is really about." Though it may sound like psycho-babble, the hole, of course, is that emptiness inside that can only be filled with identity—with knowing who you are. The

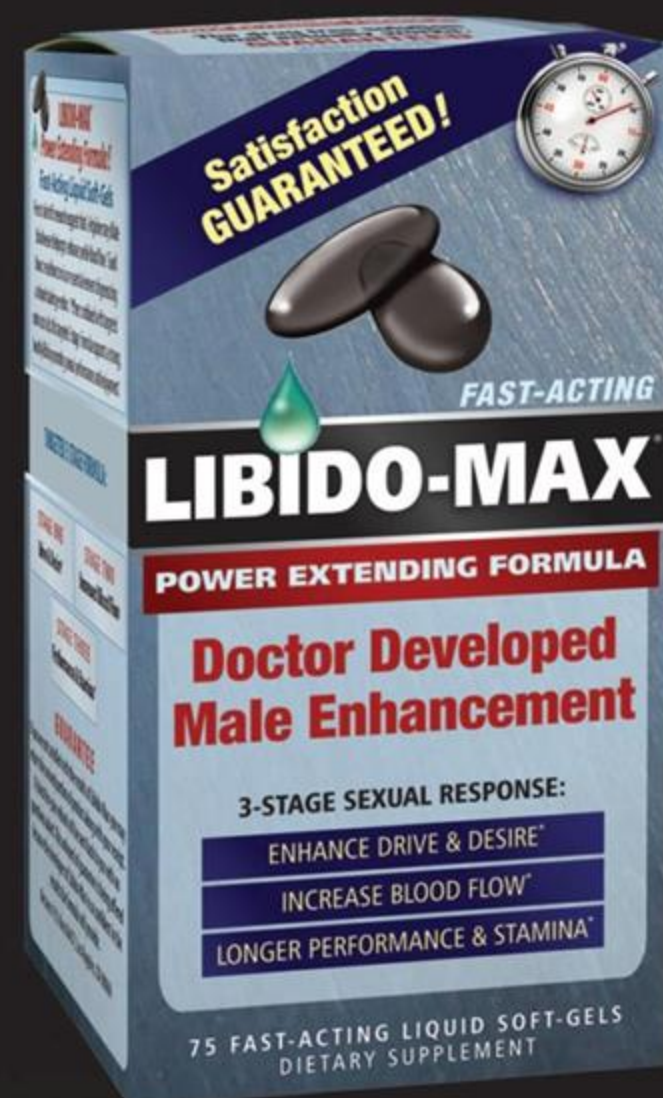
trouble with performers, especially young performers, is that they are practically in the loss-of-identity business. They may be less likely to know who they are, less likely to be grounded, than most other people, which means the holes in Hollywood may be bigger than holes elsewhere—dug deeper by those childhood traumas, those vulnerabilities, insecurities and disappointments. The hole alienates you from other people, even as it alienates you from yourself. Johnston will tell you *that* is the pain the painkillers are really meant to dull: the pain of that gaping hole. (That is also why opiates are the Hollywood drug of choice.) "You are attempting to fill an unfillable hole," Des Barres says. "There's not enough water in the Pacific Ocean, not enough coke in all of Peru to satisfy it." Not to put too fine a point on it, but while it is easy to caricature addicted celebs as being self-indulgent and out of control, it is much harder to see them, even somebody like Lindsay Lohan, as people who don't have a clue who they are.

Johnston says that was the big change in her life: finding her identity. In addition to starring on the TV Land series *The Exes*, she now fills the emptiness by talking with addicts and lobbying for a sober high school in New York City. She is at peace and is confident she will stay that way. But experts say the relapse rate among entertainers is higher than the rate among non-entertainers, which is a very high rate itself—as high as 60 percent—and there are lots of reasons. There is the money that makes drugs accessible and the fawning that destigmatizes drug use, alongside the critical scrutiny of one's work that attacks one's vulnerabilities, the ongoing pressures of carrying a project that costs tens of millions of dollars and, perhaps above all, the enablement. Stars are more likely to leave rehab before the hole-filling process is complete. Although Richard Taite says he has never gotten a call from an agent or manager asking him to institutionalize an addicted star, he gets calls from them all the time begging him to release stars after a short stay. Too much is riding on them to keep them tucked away in Malibu.

One thing those who believe in Hollywood-addiction exceptionalism and those who don't may agree on is that whatever else it is, Hollywood is America writ large. Everything there may be more dramatic, more excessive, more expensive, more exposed, but it is all just *more*. In the end, no matter how we try to deny it, the awful truth is that Hollywood is us, which means that though its addictions may be another form of entertainment for jaded Americans, they are really no different from our own. Take away Lindsay Lohan's beauty and notoriety, and she's just another pretty young girl trying to find herself. Take away Philip Seymour Hoffman's enormous talent and recognition, and he's just another middle-aged man in a desperate midlife crisis. Take away Robin Williams's manic humor, and he's just another depressive staring into the abyss.



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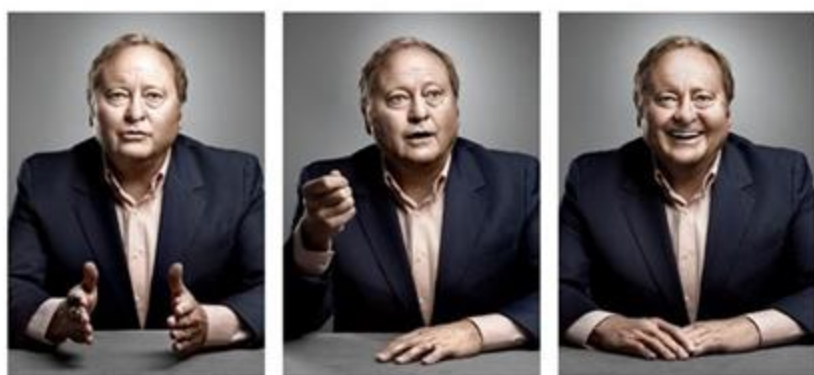
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BRIAN SCHWEITZER

Continued from page 58

while we reformed the corrections department here. We were filling our jails with people who were smoking pot, and it didn't make a lot of sense to me. We had Prohibition for alcohol, and it didn't work. Pot's not perfect by any stretch of the imagination; neither is alcohol. The most abused drugs in Montana right now are made by pharmaceutical companies, the OxyContin and all those. Those are the drugs that are really dangerous and killing people. Pot slows people down. I basically lean toward being a libertarian.

PLAYBOY: When you were talking about Mitt Romney, you said you agree with him on compulsory national service. That's hardly libertarian.

SCHWEITZER: Here's the way I would enforce it. I would just say, "Once you graduate from high school, we're not going to have you as a college freshman for one year, and we want you to do national service." Compulsory, I'm not exactly sure, but something like that. We want to heavily encourage it, maybe through offering scholarships for college. I think it's a good idea. I'll add that if we're going to go to war, we ought to have a draft. That way the elected, the powerful and the rich would be sending their children at the same rate as those of us who drive tractors and trucks for a living. We need to have this discussion and debate at every coffee shop before we go to war, during the war and when we decide to get out of a war.

PLAYBOY: When you ran for election, NRA CEO Wayne LaPierre came to endorse you. Democrats will argue that he's taken that organization and turned it not just into a gun-rights organization but into an extremist and far-right organization.

SCHWEITZER: And a tool for the gun manufacturers. Let's be frank here.

PLAYBOY: But you were comfortable having Wayne LaPierre endorse you? He's accused Obama of wanting to confiscate every gun.

SCHWEITZER: The NRA has gone well beyond what it claimed its initial mission was, and its mission is twofold now. One is to sell more guns and ammo for the gun manufacturers, and two is to elect Republicans. I believe in the Second Amendment. I'm a gun owner. But the NRA? Not so much. In fact, the NRA itself a dozen years ago believed that we shouldn't have loopholes for the mentally ill. It didn't believe a dozen years ago that we ought to be able to buy guns online. The guns I own I bought at gun shows. You go to a gun show, and there's a guy—I haven't any idea who he is, and he hasn't any idea who I am—and

he's got a gun I'm interested in buying.

PLAYBOY: Is that okay with you?

SCHWEITZER: Well, I bought a shotgun with a Montana reporter next to me.

PLAYBOY: We'll repeat our question. Is it okay with you?

SCHWEITZER: No! We ought to close that loophole. We ought to close the loophole of buying online, and we ought to close the loophole of the mentally ill being able to buy. If we decide we're going to have background checks, it needs to be fair and equitable. Gun dealers have to do that, but in most states all they have to do is go to a gun show and they don't have to do any checking.

PLAYBOY: How do you defend your position on gun control to your party?

SCHWEITZER: I'll tell you what I said on Current TV with Jennifer Granholm. She'd finished being governor of Michigan, and she said, "Now, Brian, you're a Montana guy, and you've got guns. But surely now you have a different opinion, right?" And I said, "Well, Jennifer, let's just talk about the two of us for a moment. Remember when you were governor, and you had a security detail that knew about people who might want to harm you? And remember you had some level of security around, taking care of your children and your spouse, so that you never had to think about it while you were in the governor's mansion? And remember that day you packed up the last of your stuff, left the governor's mansion and drove over to your private residence? You're unpacking your things to sleep in your own bed, and there's no longer any security; it's cold turkey. And remember sleeping in your own bed and thinking, Wow, if one of those guys shows up and starts beating our door down, I'm going to call 911, and in about six to eight minutes there will be somebody here, law enforcement, to solve this problem?"

Now, in my case, when I moved out of the governor's mansion I moved to a mountaintop. If I called 911 and my phone was working, it would be 40 minutes—if they could find my place. So by the time law enforcement arrives at my place in Montana, somebody's body's going to be at room temperature. Now, I've never pointed a gun at a human being in my life, and I pray to God I never do. But in that circumstance, I'd be happy I had a gun. Not every state is the same. In big urban places, do you need people to have lots of guns in their houses? Probably not. But I may actually have to shoot a bear who's digging into my garbage. *[laughs]*

PLAYBOY: Many people have been amazed by the speed with which the gay marriage issue has changed. As far as you're concerned, are we going in the right direction?

SCHWEITZER: Yes. If two people in America love each other and want to commit to each other that they will support each other for the rest of their lives, I would say two things. God bless you, because it's a wonderful thing to have a lifetime mate. And secondly, good luck, because only about half the heterosexuals have managed to get it done. *[laughs]*

PLAYBOY: What about the relevance of a politician's private life to his or her public performance? Do you think a voter can say, "He might vote right, but his behavior in private renders him unfit for leadership?"

SCHWEITZER: It's easy for those of us who are in office to tell voters what they can and cannot consider. I do know that when voters decide who they're going to vote for, unbeknownst to them or others, they consider a lot of things. Values are among them. Because issues are so complicated—and politicians and third parties make them even more complicated—it's difficult for them to figure out. So they're looking for somebody who will take the time to decide the issues, who also shares their values. The way they determine whether they share their values is they look at the person's words, actions, family, background and a few other things, probably including the way they dress. If they're a woman, they care about how she does her hair, which is completely unfair. I walk in the room and they say, "Oh my God, his jeans—it looks like it's the second day on those jeans." My shirt is wrinkled, and my hair is all wrong. But even in Montana, if a woman did that, women would look at her, more than even men, and they'd say, "You know, I really agree with her a lot. I think she has a wonderful family. But did you see the dress?" Let's get beyond not agreeing with the dress and the hair.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to a more fundamental question: If you're thinking of running for president, how do you explain to the Democratic Party why it needs a president who is a clear break from the last Democratic president?

SCHWEITZER: Well, if I decide to run for president, my message has to be very crisp and clear—one, two, three. There's no four, five and six; it's one, two, three. And that message has to be what I say each time I'm asked a question. If the question is "Is the window dirty?" then I say, "Yup, and that's why we have to create jobs for the next generation."

PLAYBOY: And yet you relish the complexity of issues. You're a genuine policy wonk.

SCHWEITZER: Sure, and that would be a discussion in the long form. But if I'm in a debate with four other people, well, you can't possibly discuss all the things I've thought about and all the ways we can reform. But you can say, "Look, these are the three things we're going to get done during the first year, and this is why."

PLAYBOY: Should you be on that stage with two or three or four other people and somebody asks, "Do we really want a Democratic president who can't find a single good thing to say about the eight years of Barack Obama?"

SCHWEITZER: I can think of some good things.

PLAYBOY: Those are?

SCHWEITZER: We have mostly left Iraq. Unfortunately, Guantánamo is still open, and we're still in Afghanistan.

PLAYBOY: Well, there you go again. *[laughs]*

SCHWEITZER: There we go. You know what? Which of the Democrats in that room are going to disagree with me?

There's getting to be fewer and fewer people in America who are going to disagree with me. I'm going to say, "I'm not sure we've had much change at the NSA between administrations. What the Bush administration put in place, this administration continued. We are an extraordinary country with extraordinary rights, personal rights, personal liberties, and I'm not so sure our NSA respects that." Now, does that sound too much like Rand Paul, or does he sound like me? I don't know. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you think privacy is one of those issues that may cut much deeper than other politicians realize.

SCHWEITZER: I think it resonates more in some states than others. I think maybe in states with large urban populations, they figure, well, there are 14 houses on their block already, and there are certain privacies you just give up to be part of society. In a more rural place, part of the reason you live there is because you get to live your own life and you're not living on top of or next to a lot of other people who are prying into your business.

PLAYBOY: Two of the past three Democratic presidents have been small-town folks—Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton. Obama's the first from a big city. When you look at where the base of the Democratic Party is, which is different from Montana, do you have confidence that what you have to say resonates with those folks?

SCHWEITZER: I know what it means to give a generation an opportunity. I grew up in a family that was poor but didn't know it because everybody else around was poor. On our little farm we would have qualified for every kind of social assistance you could imagine right now. But I don't know that it even existed then. We raised our own food, and I don't think I was ever in a restaurant until I was in fifth or sixth grade. I didn't have the liberty of sleeping in my own room, not even my own bed, as I was growing up. That's a story like a lot of other families that are praying for upward mobility for the next generation. It doesn't matter whether you're brown or black or white or yellow or red. The dream is for your children to have an opportunity to be able to get places you weren't able to in your life—and that comes with education and by kicking open some of those doors. I've lived that, and I want other people to be able to live that. The rich, the powerful, the highfalutin, they'll find their own way. We don't need a government for them. [laughs] The rich need a strong national currency. They need a defense system that keeps a third-world country from coming and stealing their house. They need a road they can get to work on. The rest of that stuff, they probably don't need. Government should make sure the rest of the population gets a fair shake.

PLAYBOY: And yet, when pollsters ask the question "Do you think the government should provide health care for all?" the number who answer yes is declining. Are conservatives getting the better part of the argument?

SCHWEITZER: It's easy to say government doesn't work, because everywhere you look you can find an example of government not working. But then where are those people who said, "It certainly does work, because what about Brian Schweitzer and all his siblings, who came from the most humble of family farms? They managed to make it through the system and get advanced degrees. Who could've imagined that?" I didn't get there by myself. It was public education systems. And you're a farmer and you say, "I don't need any damn government." So how are you going to get your grain to market? "Well, I need a road." That's the damn government! How do you think you're going to get a fair deal from Monsanto if there isn't somebody regulating the quality of what they're selling you so you know you're going to get a seed or an herbicide that actually works? You're a proud owner of a small industrial plant someplace in the Midwest and you need rail service in and out, and that rail service was given that concession by the government, and you need roads in and out, and you need certain services to protect you from your competitors who unfairly dump toxins in the water or the air and are able to manufacture for less money than you. Some regulatory agencies level the playing field and say, "No, we're all going to have to produce under the same rules." That's called government.

I ran a government by challenging every expense. I was able to put money aside because I was able to go in and make it more efficient. We didn't grow government here. Do I think government is efficient? No. Some of it's inherently inefficient, and you'll never fix that. But take

our military—I don't think there's anybody even asking them to be efficient. If you want to start comparing the levels of inefficiency and fraud between our food stamp program and our military, there's no comparison.

PLAYBOY: When you look at the field of other potential Democratic presidential candidates, what do you think?

SCHWEITZER: I think the better question in 2014 is, would someone who is thinking of running for president look at the other potential members of the field and ask, "Where would I fit in?"

PLAYBOY: Yes.

SCHWEITZER: Well, that would be a fool's mission, because you don't even know who's in that race. It's like a doggone horse race. When you come out of the gate, there's a five-to-one posted there, a six-to-one posted there, a three-to-one posted there; there's a 15-to-one, a 30-to-one and a 50-to-one. The only advice I can give you about horse racing is never pick the three-to-one, because they have overestimated the likelihood of that animal making it around the racetrack without slipping or breaking a leg. Bet the 30-to-one or the 40-to-one, because people have underestimated their potential of having something happen in front of them and them running right on by.

PLAYBOY: If we were cynical, we'd say you're making an analogy that might apply to the potential Democratic field. A candidate such as Hillary Clinton might be the three-to-one, versus the 30-to-one, which might be you.

SCHWEITZER: You know, I'm just a guy who knows a thing or two about horses.



"I, for one, think your wife is very nice."



ATTACK! GOOD BOY

Continued from page 74

top breeders, whose detailed genetic records span hundreds of years and who train shepherds and Malinois to compete in *Schutzhund*, a German dog sport, and French Ring Sport, an arguably more difficult version popular in France, the Czech Republic and Germany. Championship-level events in these countries draw tens of thousands of spectators to watch dogs compete in obedience, protection and tracking or agility exercises developed 100 years ago to maintain the desired intelligence, physical structure (yes, looks matter), abilities and temperament (so does personality) in the bloodline.

But nature is one thing. Nurture matters too, and these pups are trained to bite with the entire jaw—which is both a learned and a genetic trait—from the time they are six weeks old. When they're two or three, the animals are sold for anywhere from \$3,000 to \$20,000 to trainers such as Cinnante, who then import them to the United States and train them for an additional six weeks to six months, tailoring their behavior and abilities to dovetail with the lives of demanding clients with high disposable incomes.

Prices are so high it's shocking, ranging from \$35,000 to \$230,000. To hear Cinnante tell it, what these new owners get is quite possibly the perfect animal. Like the best family pets, these dogs enjoy a snuggle and are good with kids, and when they play fetch, you don't have to chase them down to get the ball back. But they have another layer of training too. If you want your dog to check on toddlers in the backyard, they'll do it. Walk them off leash and they will never leave your side unless instructed. When you get home they'll inspect every room in the house, clearing it the way a police dog might, before barking that the coast is clear. They pee and poop on command, and most important, they will attack and disable anybody who breaks in to your house or threatens your family.

The size of the protection-dog market is anybody's guess, as there are no industry groups, nor any state, county or federal certification protocol to meet in order to become a dog trainer. That's true for the folks who market themselves as simple obedience trainers at the local park or kennel, and it's true for Cinnante and his peers. But according to the American Veterinary Medical Association, the market is growing.

Harrison Prather, 64, has been in busi-

ness since 1975. Back during the Vietnam War, he was drinking at an enlisted men's club when a vicious brawl broke out. A team of MPs stormed in to restore order and took an ugly beating themselves. "Then the K-9 unit showed up," says Prather. "We're talking one guy with one canine, and that crowd parted like the Red Sea. That's when it hit me. It was like a calling." After the war a friend introduced him to a man who had designed the Department of Defense patrol-dog program. "I paid him \$9,000 to work for him for 18 months," says Prather.

Two years later he was training dogs for police departments and foreign militaries in England, France, Brazil and Colombia, but they were hard to please and paid little. On a lark he ran an ad in the *Robb Report*, and it didn't take him long to realize its readers had money and liked to spend it. For the past 30 years Harrison K-9 has maintained a full-page ad in the magazine that grew his business, which grosses \$4 million annually.

Even John Whitaker, one of Cinnante's mentors and the owner and founder of CPI, Prather's closest rival, concedes that Prather was a pioneer. "Harrison created the industry. He was the first to sell European dogs as protection dogs, and he understood there were affluent clients who didn't want the same old guard dog. They wanted something more."

A town laced with 900 miles of dirt roads lined with single-story brick homes and horse corrals, Aiken, South Carolina is the second-biggest polo destination in America. Prather's clients usually fly in to the local airstrip developed for private jets carrying the polo-loving public. I fly commercial, so I make the long drive from Atlanta and am greeted by Prather's charming facility manager, November Holley. She takes me to the kennel, which is half full with about 30 German shepherds yipping and barking. Patrick Ashley, 28, a staffer with a chiseled jaw and a buzz cut, rips off a hot whistle. Total silence. It is the loudest sound I'll hear out of Ashley all day.

Ashley grew up with animals and spent his high school years mucking horse stalls for \$25 a day. At 21, he came to work for Holley and Prather. He started by cleaning the dogs' private cages, but within months he was on his way to becoming one of Harrison K-9's best trainers.

For the next hour I watch Ashley and another staffer, wearing only a protective sleeve and playing decoy, work Axel, an athletic 90-pound black sable destined for one of the spectacular mansions in the mountains around Aspen, Colorado, where he'll hike the high country with a new master. Axel is trained to obey English, German and sign language. He charges the decoy's arm and bites down hard. When the dog is set loose a second time, Ashley calls him off before he attacks. The dog obeys.

"You can't recall a bullet," says Holley, "but you can recall a dog." On the rare occasions when Axel fails to listen, Ashley doesn't respond with anger, force or bribery. Unlike

other protection-dog trainers, they don't use electric collars at Harrison K-9, and they don't use treats or toys as reward.

"They get rewarded through my praise and my affection," says Ashley.

"There's a lot of love, a lot of hands-on," says Holley. "That's what makes you a better trainer, to have that relationship with the dog, to make it your buddy, your partner." Of course there are penalties too, but the only tool Harrison K-9 uses to modify behavior is a pronged collar, a barbed chain that with a slight tug distributes a pinch evenly around the neck. It looks like a *Game of Thrones* torture device, but Holley claims it's more humane than a choke collar, and most vets agree.

Harrison K-9 sources all its dogs from one man, a top *Schutzhund* trainer in Germany. After the dogs arrive, Ashley or Holley brings them home for days at a time to see if they're fit for a household environment. When they return to the kennel, they're trained once daily for just 30 to 60 minutes.

The rest of the day the dogs relax, and they're rather good at it. After the training session, Ashley and I take Axel to lunch in downtown Aiken, where the leafy streets are dotted with historic stone buildings. He sprawls at our feet as we lunch at a street-side table and Ashley tells war stories about delivering dogs to the superrich—like the time he delivered a dog to a Mexican mogul with questionable friendships and a heavily armed entourage. The dog, which Prather had sold for \$65,000, turned out to be for the family's protection in case their bodyguards turned on them.

Through it all Axel is sweet and approachable, and the gentleman at the next table can't resist his exposed belly. He reaches down and starts to rub it, then notices the harness identifying Axel as a service dog.

"Are you training him to be a Seeing Eye dog?" he asks. Ashley demurs.

"Axel is a personal protection dog," I say. "A trained killer. You can have him if you want. It'll cost you only about \$60,000." The man laughs and keeps petting Axel, who basks in the attention.

"Please, who on earth would pay that kind of money for a damn dog?"

Imagine for a moment you're a woman in public service. You work at the DMV or the welfare office. Maybe you're a public defender or a mid-level hospital staffer. You're not rich, but you own a home. You're happily married with children, and you're satisfied with your job serving the community. Still, not everyone you deal with gets what they want, because some things are impossible or even illegal. Over the years you've become accustomed to delivering bad news and the negative reaction it inspires. It's never fun, but it hasn't been life altering until you meet him.

He seems so sweet and harmless at first. He wants you to bend the rules, but you aren't going to risk your security for some charmer. You're firm but polite and forget him almost as quickly as you file him away and shut the drawer. But he doesn't forget you.

He becomes fixated and develops a plan to get back at you. He recruits accomplices, sends you a packet of information and leaves lurid and haunting voice mails detailing your rape, torture and murder. They involve electric probes and a slit throat. He'll do the same to your children, he says. And your husband will receive photos and instructions on where to find the bodies.

You call the police and get a restraining order, and soon he's arrested, but he's held for less than four hours. The voice mails keep coming. "A sheet of paper isn't going to stop me," he says. His messages go on to describe your comings and goings. He's watching you. You don't eat or sleep. When you're not at work, you stay home with the doors and windows locked and the security system on. You've become his prisoner.

Then one day a colleague suggests you get a dog, and not just any dog. He slips you the phone number of the trainer who helped him, and soon you meet Cinnante for dinner. He's flown in from Miami to quiz you about your habits and hobbies. "I want to help you," he says, "but I'm not here to sell you a dog. I'm giving you a member of your family."

The price tag is \$65,000.

That night you crunch numbers. You factor in the cost of a security detail, years of therapy and lost liberty. Under the weight of stress and fear, the price shrinks to manageable. By morning, there isn't a question left in your mind.

Over the next several weeks Cinnante e-mails photos, videos and written updates about the German shepherd he has found for you. You don't know this yet, but unlike other outfits, Cinnante lives with the dogs he sells through Advanced Canine Solutions, the company he launched after leaving CPI. Like a Method actor, Cinnante has molded his life to yours so the dog will become attuned to your habits before it even meets you.

By the time Cinnante delivers Brutus, you're emotionally invested. Cinnante spends four days training you to control the dog, which involves a litany of commands. You start with simple ones—sit, stay, lie down (which the dog obeys in English, French and German)—before you learn how to make the dog circle and defend

you. You order attacks and call them off, then stand outside as Brutus inspects your house and barks to let you know it's safe to come inside. Cinnante is patient and kind, and Brutus is adorable and doting. Wherever you go, he goes. He watches while you bathe and while you sleep. When you make breakfast or water the garden, the dog is there. By day four you feel more like yourself than you have in months.

At the airport, Cinnante offers one more piece of advice. "Unless you're under pressure, don't turn the dog loose. He's not here to attack someone. He's here to defend you."

One afternoon you see your stalker on a city street. He stands 50 feet away and glares at you. You lock eyes with him, then

week after Prather delivered the dog, the client's ex crawled through the back window in the middle of the night. "He was carrying a big O.J. Simpson knife, but that dog got him right square in the middle, if you catch my drift." The would-be attacker went to the hospital first, then state prison.

Such episodes are rare, however. Of the thousands of dogs Prather has sold, that is the most glaring instance of self-defense he can recall. For most clients, a protection dog is simply a deterrent or just another wonderful toy.

Consider Jose E. Souto, a Cuban immigrant who, after selling at peak value one of the biggest coffee companies in the United States, moved in to Ray Allen's neighborhood and the mega-yacht tax bracket. Cinnante and I meet

Souto at his Italianate villa in Coral Gables, perched on the lip of Biscayne Bay, where he parks his yacht. His villa is stocked with art from such giants as Fernando Botero and Eugène Boudin, a mentor to Monet. He has a screening room, an Aston Martin, a Ferrari and a Lamborghini, and he has Denzel, a 100-pound German shepherd that may be Souto's favorite plaything.

We are here to put the dog through his paces, and it doesn't take long for Cinnante to see that Denzel, who spends his days lazing on cool marble floors in his south Florida palace, is out of practice. Souto originally bought Denzel from CPI to keep his new wife company while he was away on business. Upon delivery, Souto was shocked

to meet a friendly dog without a hint of aggression, but when it came time to show off Denzel's protection skills, Cinnante turned the dog on.

"All of a sudden, he was transformed," says Souto, beaming.

Denzel has never been called into duty, and over the past four years Souto hasn't maintained the dog's skills. But after a few minutes with Cinnante, the dog sharpens up. Souto invites me to handle him next.

I take the dog's collar as he sits calmly by my side. When I say "Steck," sweet, pudgy Denzel begins barking with ferocity. Cinnante nods, and I issue my next command: "Attack!" I let go and Denzel barrels toward Cinnante, who's wearing his bite suit and takes the punishment with glee. Souto

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look down at Brutus, and both you and the dog look up at your stalker. Flustered, he disappears, and you never see him again.

That's a true story. Before I met the client and her dog under the condition of anonymity, I'd considered protection dogs to be souvenirs for the one percent. Sure, the surgeon in Georgia was building his nest egg, but he was still highly compensated. The woman with the stalker wasn't. She was an average, middle-aged, middle-class American who needed help.

Prather tells me a story about a client in Virginia who bought a dog 15 years ago. "She had an estranged husband who said he was going to kill her," says Prather. One

watches with a giddy smile. Denzel is soon spent and happily collapses on the cool marble of his daydreams.

That night Cinnante and I meet at a swank raw bar in midtown Miami. He laments Denzel's current physical state. "He needs to be worked. Ferraris need to be tuned up," he says. He confesses that many clients let their dogs get out of shape, and sometimes he suggests they put them on treadmills for exercise. Considering the lazy factor inherent in all humans, I wonder if his clients aren't wasting their money.

CPI's website is stocked with video testimonials from rich guys flaunting cuddly killers. Among the videos is one from best-selling romance novelist Nicholas Sparks, author of *The Notebook*. He has two dogs. Another comes from Steven Seagal, who has bought several protection dogs over the years. Harrison K-9 made international news when it sold a German shepherd to a Minnesota man for \$230,000 after he sold his debt-collection firm for millions in a deal that closed mere weeks before the stock market crash. Souto, for one, is philosophical about his motivation. "I'm not perfect," he says, "so I look for material things."

Cinnante doesn't bother with such questions. "My job is to serve, not to judge clients for why they bought their dogs," he says. "I'm here to bring them something amazing, something they haven't seen before."

Colombian and Cuban by descent, Cinnante was born in Spain to a couple in

the upper echelon of the cocaine business. His mother was a 24-year-old flight attendant when she met and married his father. Together they used her knowledge of airlines and airports to become elite drug smugglers.

His parents split when Cinnante was four years old, and his mother married a rival lieutenant in another cartel. The pair traveled frequently and often left Cinnante to his own devices, which instilled in him an independent spirit and a strong will. By the time Cinnante was in middle school and his mother had left the drug business, he'd become a young man in a boy's body.

He got his first working dog when he was 16 and enjoyed teaching it tricks. He took it to a dog-club event in Miami to learn more. That's where he met a local K-9 officer with a Belgian Malinois and got attacked for the first time. Soon after that the cop offered Cinnante \$50 to break in to his house to further sharpen the dog's skills. Other dog owners started doing the same, and soon Cinnante had a nice little after-school enterprise breaking in to homes with permission.

It was his ability to test and evade dogs that made him so popular as a fake burglar. By the time he turned 20 he was one of the best decoys in stateside French Ring Sport and was earning clients and star turns at events around the world.

His secret? He loved it. There was something about the attack that thrilled him, and after we broke into the surgeon's house to test Mako, he showed me why. That's when

I donned the bite suit for the first time. Cinnante took the leash. I was barefoot, which concerned me, but Cinnante built a barricade around my lower half to protect my vulnerabilities. He also gave me a last piece of advice: "The dog will lunge for whatever part of the body you offer first."

Mako barked, growled and foamed at the mouth. Then he attacked and headed around the barricade, straight for my bare feet. I lunged forward to defend myself with my elbow, and the dog leapt at my arm, nearly tugging me to the ground. I felt a burn as his teeth dug farther into the material, into my skin. Cinnante called the dog off for a break, then sicced him one more time. This time Mako latched onto my upper arm. I spun, his feet dangling above the ground as he tried to pull me down. Gravity was his friend. By the time Cinnante called him off, I was bent over, gassed and thrilled but also relaxed, as if the dog's adrenaline and endorphin rush had been transferred to me.

Cinnante eventually caught the eye of Ludovic Teurbane, a former professional lightweight boxer who'd become a heavyweight in dog sport. He took Cinnante to Europe, introduced him to breeders all over the continent and showed him how to select the best dogs available. Cinnante returned from his second trip with four dogs, and his training career was launched.

By the time he was 21 he already had a growing business in south Florida and a reputation to match, but John Whitaker enticed him to Boston with a job offer and a promise to teach him the most advanced protection techniques in the industry.

Whitaker's love affair with canines began when he was a bullied 15-year-old in North Smithfield, Rhode Island. His solution was a rottweiler. "You don't get bullied as much when you have a protection dog by your side," he says.

He soon began to train German shepherds and found that breeders in East Germany produced the most impressive animals. He was just 21 when he negotiated an exclusive deal with the East German government to import German shepherds into the United States.

After the Berlin Wall crumbled Whitaker hooked up with German SWAT teams that trained dogs to enter hostage situations and attack the gunmen without posing a threat to hostages. The SWAT teams were known to sometimes slice the dogs' vocal cords to make them stealthier. He also saw the police dogs perfect the *wachen*, or "guard," exercise, in which the animal positions itself between its handler and the threat. It's not just the positioning (in which the dog sticks to the master's side and points in the direction of the threat at all times) but what the dog does next that is intimidating. It turns on, which means it begins to bark with gums raised and canines exposed. It's not a single bark either but a loud, rapid-fire fit that will raise the hair on the arms and stoke fear in the heart of the attacker. Sometimes the dog foams at the mouth, and often this display of strength and



"No way! Are you trying to tell me that you can eat this stuff too?"

ferocity is enough to drive any bad guy toward retreat. Otherwise it may get worse.

Inspired, Whitaker contacted folks he knew in the executive-protection field, including bodyguards for the Saudi royal family, to see where a dog might fit in an overall security detail. Next he developed a system of informal and formal commands that enable handlers to speak in a pleasant tone and have the dog obey. At CPI, formal commands must be obeyed without question, and if they aren't, a reprimand is issued in the form of an electric jolt.

Prather has a problem with remote collars. "Our dogs are working because they want to please you," he says. "Those other ones are working because they're scared to death you're gonna fry their ass."

Madeline Bernstein, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Los Angeles, agrees. "There is no reason for remote collars," she says. "If you use positive reinforcement, you don't need to use pain to train."

Whitaker dismisses such statements. "The way we train is the most humane," he says, "the most compassionate. The reality is most trainers don't produce functional results. We do, because we link tremendous amounts of pleasure with obedience, and we use stimulation at low levels as a consequence. There are 127 levels on the collar. We start at one, and most dogs begin feeling it at 10. That's exactly the same kind of stimulation chiropractors use in therapy. Then we increase it to levels that can be unpleasant but not overwhelming, which makes obeying both pleasurable and habitual."

Whitaker believes Prather's dogs lack sound protection skills. "They sell sport animals, and training for dog sport doesn't prepare them for everyday life," he says. "Our dogs have a very high level of long-term performance without further training. Off leash, they obey the first time, every time. If they don't, the dog is not trained." It's true Whitaker's CPI offers maintenance packages, but according to Whitaker the packages "maintain a very high level of training at the highest level" but aren't necessary to preserve the dog's protection skills.

Jim Alloway, president of the United Schutzhund Clubs of America, the largest dog-sport association in the U.S., isn't buying it. "There's no such thing as a dog that's trained and *boom*, you're done," he says. "You'll always need maintenance."

Bonnie Beaver, a professor at the Texas A&M University College of Veterinary Medicine and Biomedical Sciences and former president of the American Veterinary Medical Association, agrees. She believes if the dogs' training isn't maintained they lose it, which can be dangerous. "If the owners aren't practicing," she says, "the dogs don't shut off as easily."

"It's really important the dog is constantly maintained by its handler," says Bernstein. "If a dog is trained to be lethal, it can be lethal. It's like having a loaded gun in the house."

Horror stories are hard to find, but

they're out there. The worst happened in 1995. California K-9 Academy, a company that still exists under new ownership (it ignored repeated interview requests), sold a dog to a 27-year-old Los Angeles woman. When she took its muzzle off during routine training, the dog mauled her, biting her face several times. She required reconstructive surgery. California K-9 had a poor reputation among its competitors at the time, and dodgy outfits still abound.

"There's no certification for dog trainers," says Beaver. "It's a big problem for the industry, and it's a big problem for the public."

Harrison- and CPI-trained dogs have never harmed anybody in their households or communities, but the dogs I visited weren't as sharp with their owners as they were with trainers. And there are other issues to consider. Mako, the Malinois I met in Georgia, suffered a persistent infection in his foot that had still not healed when we met, despite frequent visits to the vet. Jose Souto's dog in Miami had a prostate infection at just six years old.

Sandy Bentley, a Harrison K-9 client (and former PLAYBOY model) I met in West-

Mako foamed at the mouth. Then he attacked and headed around the barricade.

lake Village, California, has two German shepherds and recently made a trip to Aiken to visit a forthcoming addition. One of her animals was in rehab recovering from hip surgery.

Harrison, CPI and Cinnante's Advanced Canine Solutions all claim to incorporate extensive veterinary checks, X-rays and bloodline evaluations before they import a dog from Europe, but if injuries and illness can strike even the highest-caliber and most-vetted animals, what about dogs from lesser breeders and trainers?

Then there's the question: Are protection dogs even necessary at all? Set aside the stalker cases and the surgeon whose house was vandalized and you'll find the vast majority of protection-dog owners are über-wealthy people with no credible threats. Sure, income disparity is at its highest since the Great Depression, but violent crime is at a 42-year low. Why then are so many people adding that extra layer of security? Is it fear bordering on paranoia?

"I don't think it's a matter of paranoia or threat. It's a matter of what-if. Home

invasions do take place, and what then?" Whitaker asks. "Our dogs deter crime, they detect crime and they defend."

But Beaver says all dogs deter, detect and defend. "Many dogs will instinctively protect their owners if the owner gets into trouble," she says. "If the owner is emitting fear pheromones, which have an odor humans can't detect, the dog is going to be there. Fear pheromones will drive almost all dogs into attacking an intruder."

Cinnante disagrees that most dogs are equipped to handle serious threats. Many of those he evaluates, including some champion dogs in Europe, don't pass his tests. If a dog passes the medical exams and Cinnante's eye test, he'll examine it in a number of other ways. In one test, Cinnante places the dog in a dark room by itself for 15 minutes before entering, using intimidating eye contact, sharp movements and threatening body language to see how the dog responds.

"Not just any dog is equipped for protection work," he says. "You'd be surprised how many tuck their tail and look for an escape. Some even piss on themselves. But that's okay. I love finding that diamond in the rough."

Alex certainly qualified. On the day before the summer solstice, I meet Whitaker and Cinnante in a Malibu park to test their latest gem. Alex is a black German shepherd, one of two Whitaker brought to a hedge fund manager who was looking for that extra layer of protection at his beach estate. Cinnante, who just moved to southern California, still works for CPI on a contract basis and is here to help train the client. I'd hoped to witness the dog delivery, but the finance guy nixed it. To assuage my disappointment, the guys promised me another session in the bite suit.

I'd suited up with Mako in Georgia, but that was in a confined space and the dog couldn't get a running start. This time I'm on a vast manicured field on the bluffs above the Pacific. A layer of low clouds obscures the falling sun. Unlike the other protection dogs I've met, Alex is in a surly mood when he arrives and growls at me as he gets out of the car.

"He's a serious guy," says Cinnante.

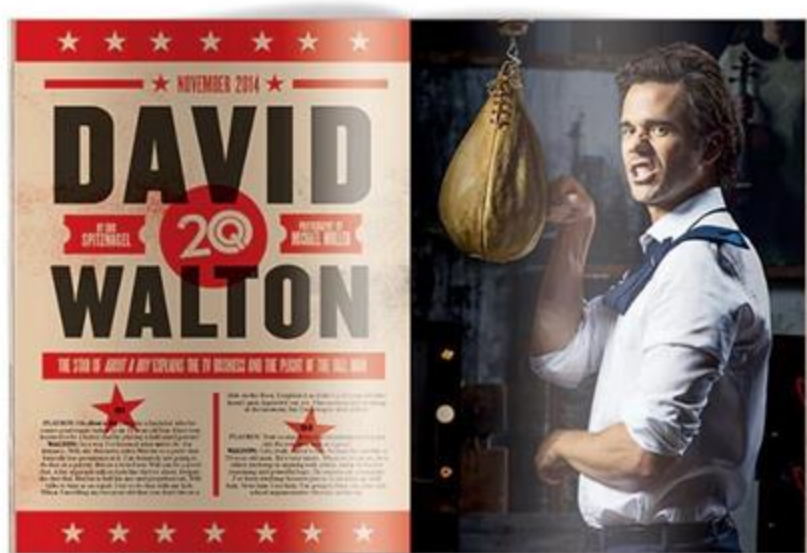
He doesn't present the easy charm I've come to expect, but I like that he's angry. Ever since that first session, I haven't been able to forget the feeling of being attacked. There was something primal about it. It made me growl and resist and inspired in me a twisted *Fight Club* impulse to shatter the numbing shell of the day-to-day with the real risk of bodily harm. It turned me into an animal.

This time Cinnante has a camera and Whitaker handles Alex, who is still growling as I take my stance.

"Platz," says Whitaker, and the dog lies down about 30 feet away. We lock eyes for a long beat before Whitaker issues his final command: "Attack!"

The dog comes flying.





DAVID WALTON

Continued from page 78

dining me; this is so sweet. But it was because she was planning to break the news to him that not only was she pregnant again, but she was carrying twins. I'm pretty sure the evening ended with him storming out of the restaurant.

Q9

PLAYBOY: What kind of psychological abuse did your sisters inflict on you?

WALTON: I can't even get into it, because they have lives and I don't want to tarnish their good reputations. But on the very light side, they'd do things like pin me down, let their spit dribble inches from my face and then slurp it back up. They'd be having trouble with the boys at school, so they'd take out their frustrations on their cute little brother who had glasses. We're not talking anything illegal,

but we're definitely talking things that were weird. They'd cross-dress me and take pictures, and I always looked super happy, which is really confusing.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You played Jesus in a church pageant when you were four years old. Did it give you a messiah complex?

WALTON: Not really, but it was a great lesson in comedy. I took it very seriously. It was a retelling of some Gospel story, and I was supposed to be Jesus pulling on a big net of fish. It weighed like 3,000 pounds and was really hard to pull up, but I put everything I had into it. I was intensely focused. I guess the congregation was expecting something different. A four-year-old goes up there, he should be shy and giggling and not really that into it. But I was fully committed to the task. They started laughing. I had no idea why they were laughing. I wasn't trying to be funny; I was just trying to lift this god-damn net of fish. And that's really when comedy works best, you know? You can't be *trying* to be funny. As an adult actor, sometimes I muddle it up by overthinking things. I try to remember, What would four-year-old Jesus do?

Q11

PLAYBOY: You were also in a ninth-grade production of *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which you played Petruchio, a character who has also been famously portrayed by Peter O'Toole, Richard Burton, John

Cleese and Morgan Freeman. How did your performance compare?

WALTON: I'm not going to get cocky and claim I was just as good. But it was close. I was 14, and I'm pretty sure my voice hadn't changed yet. I don't think those guys knew how to do a prepubescent Petruchio, but I sure did. The plot is quite sexual, so that made it even more confusing that my voice was high-pitched and girly. I'm glad there's zero video footage. I made sure of that.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You're six-foot-four, which is ridiculously tall. Have you ever had problems kissing shorter actresses or shorter women in general?

WALTON: I never think of it as an issue, because I can just lean down and do it. But when you're kissing on camera, it becomes an issue visually. It looks like a skinny dinosaur creature is trying to kiss someone. It does not look like a classic romantic kiss. If an actress is five-foot-three and I don't bend down, she'll probably be kissing my lower sternum. If she stands on an apple box while wearing a nice four-inch stiletto, we're in business.

Q13

PLAYBOY: When did you become a giant? Were you a tall kid?

WALTON: It happened when I was 13. In one year I shot up eight inches. I went from five-foot-four to six feet. The doctor examined me and said I was going to keep growing like that. He predicted I'd grow to a minimum of six-foot-nine. Which, as a teenager, was devastating. I felt like a freak. I walked out of his office and just sat in my mom's car and cried. But then I started lifting weights and smoking a lot of pot, and my growth spurt slowed down. It all worked out.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Many celebrities have taken out insurance policies on their famous assets. Fred Astaire insured his legs for \$75,000 each. Dolly Parton insured her breasts for \$600,000. What defining part of you needs to be insured?

WALTON: I have a Cro-Magnon forehead, so I don't think I'd insure that. According to my wife I need to insure my eyebrows, my lips and my hair, in that order. Wouldn't that be easy insurance fraud? I could just shave off my eyebrows, right? Cash in on the policy? I guess the lips wouldn't be easy. It would be hard to be a lead actor if I didn't have lips. Those are tough to graft back on.

Q15

PLAYBOY: One of your first jobs was selling knives. You were the number one knife salesman for Cutco for one month in 2003. Do you remember your sales pitch?

WALTON: Oh yeah. Are you currently enjoying your knives? Well, let me tell you something: The most dangerous thing in the kitchen is a dull knife. A lot of the extra effort you use to cut things is actually what makes the knife go askew, and you cut yourself. What you really need is 440-gauge, stainless-steel, triple-rivet technology in a thermo-resin handle. Because without



those things, you're going to be doing a lot of slipping around. And honestly, if it isn't a Cutco knife, you're just playing with fire. We could start you out with a Studio set, which is a nice beginner. It won't cost you more than a couple hundred bucks, and I'll even throw in the Super Shears, which can cut a penny and are dishwasher safe.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Wow. That's pretty impressive. Were you ever tempted to sell knives during an audition?

WALTON: I actually did. I probably owe my whole acting career to knives. I was in this off-off-Broadway play called *One Day on Wall Street*. A Fox executive came and saw it and got me a meeting with a casting executive. I sat down with her and we started talking. At the time I was pretty broke, so I was trying to sell knives to any person I saw, and she was no different. She liked the pitch so much she bought a set of knives and she gave me a \$75,000 holding deal at Fox, which meant they flew me out to auditions in Los Angeles.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Amanda Peet has called you "George Clooney mixed with Matt Dillon." Are those the two actors you'd pick to best describe you?

WALTON: Maybe there's some similarity in the eyebrows. Both of those actors have bushy eyebrows. The comparison I get most often is C. Thomas Howell mixed with some Ace Ventura, because of the hair. I traveled to Italy once, and the owners of this small restaurant on Ischia—a tiny island off the coast of Italy—were convinced I was Jim Carrey's brother. Not just convinced, they *demand*ed that I was Jim Carrey's brother. They made me take pictures with the entire staff in the restaurant. So I guess the answer to your question is, I look exactly like Jim Carrey's brother.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You've been shirtless a lot, from the Christina Aguilera film *Burlesque* to several episodes of *About a Boy*. Do you do anything special to make sure your torso is screen-ready?

WALTON: In the case of *Burlesque*, I wasn't too disciplined about working out prior to that movie. I remember walking into the trailer and seeing Stanley Tucci sitting there without a shirt, just completely jacked. The guy is shredded. We had a morning-after scene together where we're both shirtless, and I made the call right then and there that my character had to wear a blanket for the entire scene. For *About a Boy* I have a no-shirtless clause in season two, so now I can eat without having to worry. But there are ways. When I did *Think Like a Man Too*, all the guys in that movie were doing push-ups the entire time. We're talking thousands of push-ups a day as a group, just getting nice and disco pumped for every single take. If you ever see an actor in a shirtless scene where his face is bright red and he's breathing hard even though he's supposed to be relaxed, you know what happened right before the cameras started rolling.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You made out with Zooey Deschanel in a bathroom stall on *New Girl*.

WALTON: Zooey's a friend of mine now, but that was literally shot on day one. It was like, "Hey, nice to meet you." *Aaaaaand* action. Two and a half minutes after shaking her hand for the first time we're slamming up against a bathroom stall. That was very weird. I've done a few kissing scenes, but I've never had to do the—ugh, I cringe just to think about it—the full sex scene. I honestly don't know how people do it. I know it's super technical and whatever, but I don't know how graphic I can.... I guess this is PLAYBOY, but to mimic the act of penetration makes my skin just.... It gives me goose bumps. Ugh.

Q20

PLAYBOY: What's the best piece of wisdom you've ever received that you've actually used?

WALTON: It's a cliché, but it boils down to this: Figure out what you love to do the most and do only that. Also, no one cares what you do in your 20s. They really don't. So take as many risks and stupid chances as you want. But you mean the best wisdom I've actually used in my life? I met this former Hells Angel, a recovering crack addict, who explained to me in a very gruff voice [*rasps*], "Every man needs 10 hugs a day to be happy." So I've tried to do that. Ten hugs a day. And for the most part, I've done it. It gets a little awkward when you're on a TV show and you see the same people every day. They start to get suspicious, but what are you going to do? I gotta get those 10 hugs a day. Sometimes I'll just hug my stand-in about five times. It really does make you feel better.





WINNERS, LOSERS AND LEGENDS

Continued from page 104

though they held assigned seats. The event sold out its four-day stint in 72 hours. Someone sold a one-day pass in the nosebleeds online for nearly \$1,000. Fans milling in the lobby are in complete awe. "These guys," says one French teen, "I could never play as good. I love Cloud9 the best."

That ardor is why the Cloud9 team's intrepid leader, Hai Lam, is stoked to play here with the other big boys of e-sports. Cloud9 beat all comers, including the fearsome Team SoloMid (for which Bjergsen plays), to be part of the all-star matchups.

Hai and Cloud9 dutifully practice up to 12 hours a day in a group apartment less than a mile from the Santa Monica surf. But Hai rarely hits the beach, because the work of a Leaguer is never done. That work ethic is one reason Hai's lung collapsed during a dinner with friends and members of rival Team SoloMid a few weeks before the Paris tourney. Hai wasn't crushed only physically. His illness affected his body—and his head. He was emotional, smacked hard by the possibility of missing All-Star Paris. His position,

mid-laner, is like that of an NFL quarterback. He calls the shots for the four other team members, each of whom has a task in this monumental beat-down. Hai made a go of it, though. Loaded with tubes and sporting an oxygen mask over his face, he played *League of Legends* in his hospital bed for five-hour stretches, because if you don't practice—even when seriously ill—you'll lose your mojo. It didn't matter. "Cannot go to All Stars anymore, sorry everyone," he tweeted to his 170,000 followers.

"It really sucked to watch my team play without me," Hai says later.

Cloud9 members give it their all in Paris, making it to the semifinals. Without their main man, however, they go down to OMG (Oh My God), a Chinese team known for rocking a cocky gangster pose in photos. The Chinese, who later go on to the finals, are so tough, so in the zone, that team members avoid shaking opponents' hands after they lose a match. They're said to be masters of mind games. Even more than in China, *League* rules in South Korea, where 80 percent of kids between 15 and 25 play at least three hours a day in internet cafés called PC bangs. One guy played so hard and for so long he had a heart attack and died.

It's no surprise players expect to take a beating from the South Korean teams. In fact, SK Telecom T1 K, a formidable South Korean team with players nicknamed Faker, Piglet and PoohManDu, goes 9-0 in Paris. Even more so than Bjergsen, they bring down the house when they win big. Girls hold up signs reading FAKER, WILL U MARRY US? One woman posts on Twitter that she plans to throw her panties on the stage.

Backstage, Faker, a steely-eyed 18-year-old, says his team practices up to 15 hours a day. Polite, serious, rarely cracking a smile, he's asked how he and his teammates avoid

burnout. Tired and nearly zombie-like from the frantic competition, he explains, "Even though it's 15 hours, it's still not as big as my passion for *League of Legends*. Even after 15 hours I'm still focused, because I enjoy playing *League of Legends* so much. But after the all-star games, we'll have a very long holiday."

How long?

"A week, maybe two weeks."

Outside the cramped hellhole of an interview room, things heat up. Workers scramble to remove groupies from the backstage area. But as soon as their backs are turned, the ladies return.

"Just go for it," whispers a pretty Asian girl. Doublelift is taken aback.

"This girl is aggressive," he says to no one in particular. They continue to flirt, eventually making their way to a couch upstairs.

Peter "Doublelift" Peng, a *League of Legends* star from Mission Viejo, California who plays for the Counter Logic Gaming team, takes his name from a magician's sleight of hand in card tricks. Outspoken and smart, he tells the woman he was a rebellious kid, his parents "were particularly strong-worded about video games and how much a waste of time they were" and he "was constantly being kicked out of the house" for playing *League*.

It's not bullshit. Peng's background is *Legends* lore. It's not a stretch to say *League of Legends* saved Peng's life—just as it almost destroyed it. In 2011 Peng's parents pressured the then 18-year-old to quit playing. Many *League* pros, including Bjergsen, tell the same story. When Peng's parents had had enough, they kicked him out the door. He claims he was homeless and ended up sleeping on a bench. In a long post on Reddit, he wrote that he seriously needed help. Fans sent Doublelift thousands via PayPal. Travis Gafford, a *League* aficionado who reports on the scene and hosts the *State of the League* podcast, finally took Doublelift in and taught him skills beyond winning at *League*. "No matter how long you stay," Gafford advised, "learn how to get a credit card. Deal with your finances." They're still friends.

Just as there's camaraderie between players, there's envy and trash-talking as well. At the Paris event, Gafford interviews both Bjergsen and Doublelift at the Mercure Hotel near the Parc de la Villette, where the world's teams have gathered to duke it out.

"I can't wait to kick some Doublelift butt," says Bjergsen, smiling.

They even share a hotel room, something that probably wouldn't happen in the NBA or NHL, even for an all-star event.

"When Bjergsen's sleeping I whisper, like, horrible things in his ear, trying to get into his head subconsciously," jokes Doublelift. "Bjergsen is a bad boy. He's a naughty little boy."

Doublelift explains that while the all-star event is competitive, it's not intense enough that "we would try to screw each other over." It would be different if they were at the world finals, he says.

Later, at the hotel restaurant, Bjergsen is mobbed by fans who discovered his



"Harley wasn't her first choice, but he was the only one who didn't leave town when she got pregnant."

location. "I ended up signing autographs for two hours," he says later. "I love *League of Legends*."

League of Legends was created by Riot Games, a scrappy game developer established in 2006 by two entrepreneurial 20-somethings, Brandon Beck, the then 24-year-old CEO, and Marc Merrill, the 26-year-old president. The pair met while at the University of Southern California and bonded over games, particularly the more elite hardcore games such as *StarCraft*. They realized that few games were being made for players like them, the hardest of the hardcore, who enjoyed indulging in games with others online.

It was as if publishers were leaving games and players in the lurch in order to make the next game. Games didn't update nearly enough, and you could be stuck playing the same maps forever.

In the refashioned entryway to an apartment near USC where the two had their gaming rigs set up, they rhetorically asked why someone didn't make a hardcore game that continually evolved. When they decided to raise money to make such a game themselves, their idea was to outdo the big boys in everything from game design to servicing the community. But with little game-making experience, they "didn't have the cred" of established game makers, admits Beck. They made up for that with detailed proposals that changed with each venture capitalist they encountered. It took them four rounds of financing, 30 employees and three years to make and release *League of Legends*. It also required firing key people within Riot, including the development head who ultimately didn't believe in their vision.

Released in late October 2009, *League of Legends* was far from an overnight success. Riot had horrible defeats after which it had to redo its back-end technology and online store. But Beck and Merrill were quietly confident, so much so they adopted seemingly strange nicknames. Beck's "Ryze" and Merrill's "Tryndamere" are game characters, the latter "a wrathful barbarian king seeking revenge," the former a "rogue mage who's tattooed with spells and seeks the wisdom of hermits, witches and shamans."

With 40 characters and worldwide online play, *League of Legends* saw an ambitious debut. "We were flying by the seat of our pants. Our work was nowhere near done. We were painfully aware of that," says Beck. The first day didn't exactly set the gaming world on fire. There wasn't even much of a launch party. "We didn't really celebrate with more than some yells and screams," says Beck. "The next day we got back to work, back to firefighting." More gamers came onboard, though not enough. But as the weeks passed, one thing gave Beck and Merrill hope. Players weren't leaving. The retention rate was over the top. Indeed, it was "incredibly higher" than the industry average. In 2009, at the height of the recession, a constantly morphing, ever-challenging, free-to-play

game was what players needed and wanted. Elsewhere, big console games such as *Brutal Legend* and *Rogue Warrior* were tanking, and gamers were tiring of the rhythm-based music game *Rock Band*. Even *World of Warcraft*, Blizzard's lauded juggernaut, was peaking. By July 2011, Riot had amassed 15 million players. It snowballed from there—especially the e-sports aspect—so much that 2011 seems like eons ago. The company ballooned to more than 1,600 employees and is readying a bigger space to house its already immense headquarters.

The big bang came when Chinese firm Tencent, the world's fifth-largest internet company, bought a majority stake in Riot for what *Bloomberg Businessweek* reported was between \$350 million and \$400 million. (Tencent later stated the sum was just over \$231 million.) Whatever the price, opening the game to the Chinese is proving to be a cash cow. "That entrée would have been difficult without Tencent," says Riot CFO A.J. Dylan Jadeja. "Look at the problems Twitter and Facebook have faced in China."

While Beck, Merrill and the other Rioters always intended *League* to be an e-sport, the first major competitive season didn't begin in earnest until July 2010. That August *League* became part of the World Cyber Games finals (albeit with an admittedly low \$6,000 first prize). The first season concluded with a bang in mid-2011 at Sweden's DreamHack, where a then-dorky Doublelift made himself a legend. Then, with the 2012 launch of Spectator Mode, enabling every fan to watch live games, *League* came into its own.

Riot saw the future of e-sports. So much so that the company gives each of the pro teams \$175,000 in yearly sponsorship money so players have a base salary. It also provides money for housing and travel. And it teaches these usually shy guys how to open up in front of the cameras at twice-yearly player summits. The owner-managers of some teams employ part-time sports psychologists and life coaches. You need them, they say, when you spend most of your time indoors, playing just one game professionally. To some it can seem unbearably cultish. To Riot Games employees, who go through training called "denewbification" while wearing green hats with ears based on the game's Teemo character, the way it works is the way it works. If they don't like it, Riot offers employees 10 percent of their yearly salary if they leave the company within 60 days. Most are happy to stay.

Although the game remains free to play, Riot makes money by selling optional virtual goods such as skins to customize the appearance of a player's character, which are purchased with \$10 to \$50 gift cards. Rare packages are known to sell for as much as a grand in online marketplaces.

But the primary reason the game remains popular isn't because players are addicted to dressing up their characters. It's because the game continually changes. With a console game such as, say, *Call of Duty*, downloadable updates become available every few months. *League of Legends* changes every two weeks. Those tweaks are



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both wonderful and maddening to fans, especially to the stars. Cloud9's William "Meteos" Hartman says, "They'll take the really good champions, nerf them, make them really not good. That's one of the most annoying things that can happen. You have to keep practicing a ton."

●

It's a postcard-perfect summer morning in Santa Monica. Joggers and cyclists hit the boardwalk. Kendrick Lamar blares from a passing convertible. The beach teems with hot bodies.

A mile away, inside the modest two-bedroom apartment where Hai and the rest of Cloud9 live in a spartan, college-dorm-like setting, the first-floor practice room is darkened by shuttered blinds. Team members sit at computers, preparing for the day's scrim (practice against other teams). Piled on a chair are wristbands, T-shirts and other team paraphernalia, the products of marketing guru and team owner Jack Etienne, 41, a lifelong game aficionado who recently quit his sales job to work full-time with Cloud9. Etienne continually checks his phone for messages in a place that looks lived-in yet temporary, with laundry hampers here and mattresses on the floor there. Some teammates share a room, and none of them have many possessions. But it's better than their last headquarters, where one team member slept in a bathroom closet just to gain some privacy.

Yet this is gaming nirvana circa 2014. Each Cloud9 member is generally thrilled about playing *League of Legends*. Optimism is at the team's core, says Hai, who began playing *League* in earnest in college when a floor mate "started shit-talking" him. The team took time to develop. Hai washed his hands of a player who was physically confrontational and one who disappeared for an entire week before a tournament. After adding Meteos, an affably sarcastic Virginian "who basically made this giant play with a damage-over-time spell that kept us from losing" during a crucial game, Cloud9 was ready. They began to win every match they competed in.

Hai named the team Cloud9 because, he says, when you're on cloud nine you're feeling happy and euphoric. Other teams don't "dark colors and they wanted to be badass, right? I'm a gamer, dude. I'm not 200 pounds. I don't look like a badass football player. But I am a very happy person, and I feel people can relate to that." An example of the team ethos? They wear hoodies and T-shirts colored sky blue and cloud-like white. "Bright, because that's how the game is. It's bright and makes everyone else feel happy," says Hai.

Now, post-lung collapse, Hai relaxes on his balcony near a hot tub that has been used just once or twice for parties. He talks about his sudden interest in working out at a local gym with Cloud9 member An "Balls" Le, a small, reserved guy who keeps extraordinarily fit. Hai began working out after his injury. "When guys grow up skinny and tall," he says, "they get these little air bubbles on their lungs. They could pop at any time. By working out, I'm try-

ing to avoid being sick from now on. I'm still recovering." He'll never be able to do anything that involves dramatic pressure changes, such as deep-sea diving or high-altitude mountain hiking. He shrugs. "I probably wouldn't do that anyway."

Three months after the incident, Hai, though a speedy talker, still appears fragile. The team hasn't performed to expectations since the all-star event, and to make matters worse, a new team called LMQ is kicking serious ass and currently tops the standings.

Later, Meteos, who is celebrating his 21st birthday with a visit from his family, who made a feast for the team, sits on the balcony, praising Hai. Playing with him, Meteos says, is "super intense, because he's super decisive with his shot calling. He has a good idea of how to win games. He knows what we should be doing at almost any time." But, Meteos says, if things aren't going well during practice, Cloud9 can be involved in "lots of arguments about what we should be doing." That doesn't last long. "It can be a little stressful, but no one ever storms off and says 'Fuck this' or anything."

Just outside the apartment, owner-manager Etienne mentions he flew in from San Francisco to serve as a kind of father figure until Hai gets back up to speed. To boost morale, he does everything from grilling chicken and steaks for the team to taking them to see *22 Jump Street*. He even manages to organize a rare trip to the beach. "If they lose a match, there's less bickering when I'm here," Etienne says. "Hai's still getting stronger, but he's not there yet. He will be." There's hope in Etienne's eyes—along with the merest hint of desperation.

Beyond the apartment, beyond the beach, in this world of *League of Legends* everyone is counting on Hai. Even teams he battles weekly pull for him to recover—just not enough that Cloud9 will beat them.

●

Although there were earlier experiments, competitive online gaming rose in popularity two decades ago. It took the popularity of 56K modems, which provided enough rudimentary bandwidth, to drag players en masse down the rabbit hole to play *Ultima Online*, *Doom*, *Quake* and, soon after, *Counter-Strike*.

Dennis "Thresh" Fong, the wildest of professional gamers, began his dominance in 1993. He remembers the thrill of winning a Ferrari at E3 in Atlanta after a *Quake* tournament. It wasn't just any Ferrari. It was a hot red Ferrari 328 with Pirelli P7 tires and a removable roof panel. Not only that, it was owned by one of the geniuses behind *Doom* and *Quake*, John Carmack. "Carmack was pretty amazed," says Fong. "Thresh means to strike repeatedly. People coined this term *Thresh ESP* because it seemed like I was two or three steps ahead of my opponent—all the time. I was viewed as the Michael Jordan of video gaming." It's no brag. Thresh never lost a tournament, not once.

Today Fong, who still owns the Ferrari, has bought and sold various companies—enough to make him a multimillionaire—and

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PREDATOR GENERATORS 8750 PEAK/7000 RUNNING WATTS 13 HP (420 CC) GAS GENERATORS

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LOT NO. 68525/69677
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is now CEO of Raptr, a social community for online gamers. In a dark hotel lobby in downtown Los Angeles, Fong, whose company is about to release a survey stating that nearly 17 percent of all PC gamers are *League* players, says, "The success that pro gaming is seeing came a lot faster than I thought it would. The reason *League* appeals is because people on a mass level appreciate what goes into playing and winning." Now 70 percent of players watch *League* online.

Fong and others like him inspired Michael O'Dell, a former pro who owns Team Dignitas, one of the oldest competitive-gaming teams. O'Dell remembers his first sponsor offered his team \$10,000 back in 2003. "It wasn't enough to support one player for a year, let alone a full team," he says. Once, he didn't have \$3,000 to pay for the team's hotel rooms.

In 2007, DirecTV, British Sky Broadcasting and Asia's STAR TV put e-sports on cable with the Championship Gaming Series. They hired O'Dell, who eagerly hopped on the gravy train. His team won \$500,000 in the world championships. "But they didn't do it right and spent \$50 million on God knows what," says O'Dell. It wasn't just the lavish spending that led to the series' demise. It tanked because it focused more on the broadcast aspect than on player and fan needs.

With *League of Legends* e-sports, Etienne, O'Dell and other owner-managers feel their ship is about to come in. Etienne points to what he sees as a more dignified sponsor, the Air Force Reserve, which recently signed up with Cloud9. "It can only grow from here," says Etienne. A few years from now, O'Dell believes, e-sports will be massive. Megacorporations will buy the teams "for hundreds of millions of dollars." That's the hope, anyway. At that

point, cautions O'Dell, the pros won't be as accessible. "They'll have security," he says. "Fans won't be able to get close to them like they do now."

Mid-June 2014. Game day is a Saturday afternoon at a Manhattan Beach, California soundstage, and if you dare park in filmmaker Joss Whedon's spot, you will be towed immediately. Autograph-hungry teens await their *League* heroes outside stage 22. Inside the dressing rooms there's smack talk among the North American teams competing. This weekend the most compelling attraction is Team SoloMid, featuring Bjergsen, versus Cloud9, led by Hai. Despite their eminent stars, neither team has lived up to its potential. But it's Hai and Cloud9 upon whose shoulders lie the heaviest weights.

It's not a good day for Cloud9, not even close. During a 36-minute game, they fall behind, and once they do, they keep getting clobbered. You can see it on their hangdog faces as they battle. As Bjergsen and SoloMid shine, Cloud9 becomes sadder and sadder. Clearly Hai still isn't up to par. At one point he appears out of breath. They lose 21-8 and trudge the long walk to greet their fans as every team must do after a match. As the dark of the studio turns into the blinding sunlight of L.A., Hai tells teammate LemonNation, "I'm really sorry. I apologize."

Fans, though, seem to prop up Hai and the gang with cheery buoyancy about their chance to top the North American standings. "You'll win next time," says one girl to Hai. She pauses for a moment, then asks, "Can I take a selfie with you?" Hai obliges and manages a small smile. "You'll win next time," she tells him again.

Later, in the maze of spaces above the

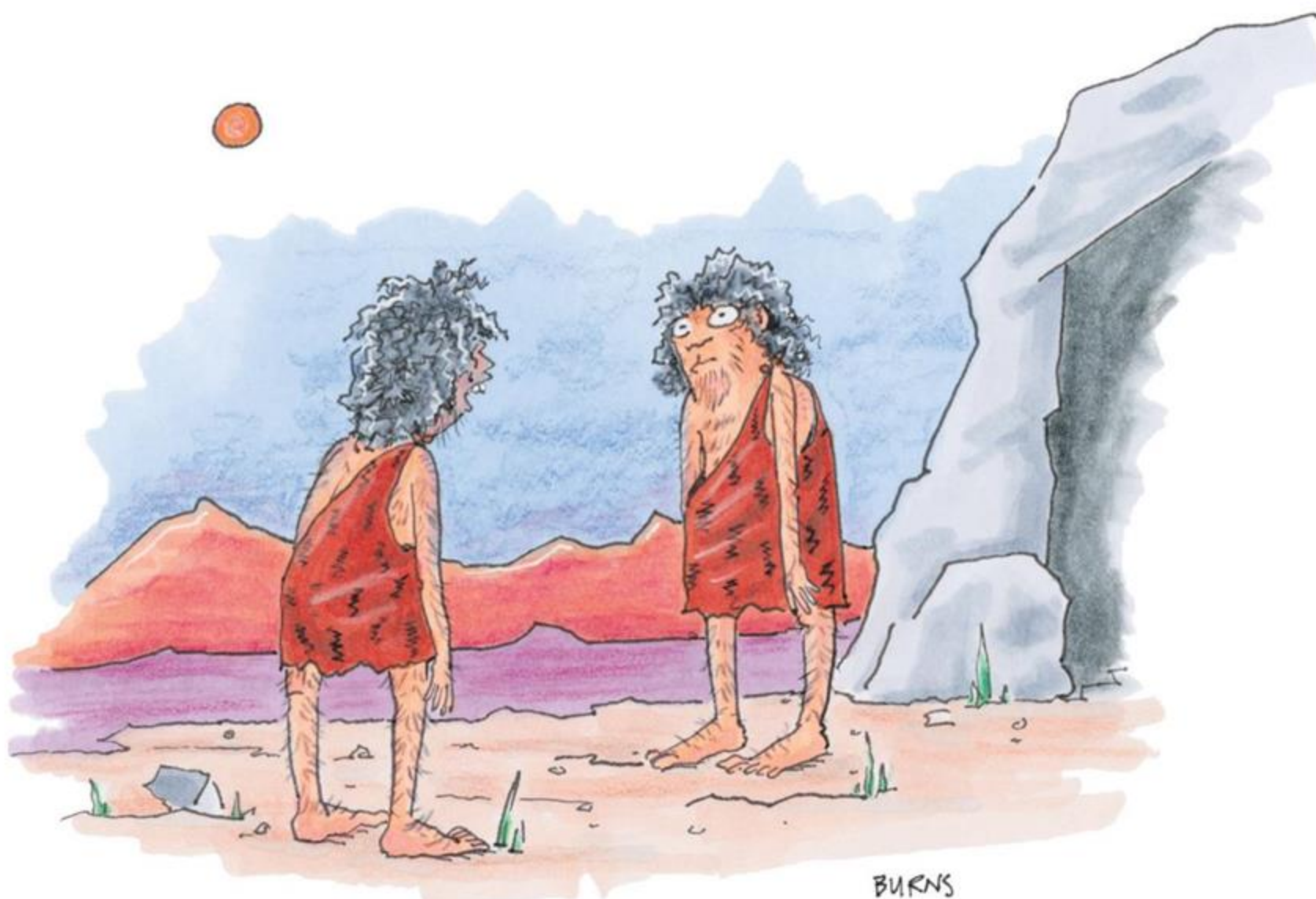
broadcast studio, Doublelift sits alone in the middle of the room. Even though CLG won, it was against a minor team, and Doublelift seems annoyed when he's offered congratulations. He's ready to blow off steam as well. "I do feel a lot of players don't deserve to be professional players, because they don't put in the practice time. But I'll tell you one thing—Cloud9 is the team to beat. They have a brotherhood that other teams don't have. When you play against them, you feel like you're playing against one person, not five. We fear no team but Cloud9 right now."

The weeks pass as quickly as a mouse click. Even though Cloud9 is improving, it is one of five teams, including Team SoloMid and Counter Logic Gaming, that are virtually tied in the standings. Beyond them all is LMQ, a Chinese team, named for its founder's wife, that moved to North America last year to vanquish the U.S. teams. The team had financial problems and sketchy ownership issues throughout the year, but those outward pressures never reveal themselves during competition. In July LMQ seems utterly unstoppable. On message boards, some fans expressed surprise that LMQ, a foreign team, was allowed to play in the U.S. at all. But Riot allows any amateurs a chance to make the pros through a series of playoffs. Brandon Beck puts LMQ's dominance in perspective: "Last year Cloud9 completely blew out everyone else when they were new. With LMQ it's like a new pitcher in baseball. You have to figure out how to hit their pitches."

As the season ends in August, Cloud9 has indeed figured out the new pitcher to mount an amazing comeback. Hai is completely well, and everyone is performing together like a well-oiled machine, annihilating foes with an accuracy and speed they haven't seen since February. When the regular season is done, Cloud9 has tied LMQ. They're headed to the nerdy Pax Prime game conference in Seattle to be one of six teams that will compete in the North American regional finals for one of three spots at the world finals in South Korea and a whopping \$1 million team prize.

Late August. Thousands of fans file into the Washington State Convention Center in Seattle for the North American finals. Outside, a man wearing a floppy-eared Teemo hat buys loose joints from a grungy couple. The overflowing audience spills into the streets, giving the atmosphere a festival vibe, and viewing parties spontaneously spring up at local bars such as the Pine Box, a former funeral home.

Inside, the thousands in attendance stand in stunned silence, thundersticks by their sides. Counter Logic Gaming has fallen to Team Dignitas. Onstage, CLG leader Doublelift appears older, haggard, tired. With the defeat, he and his team now have to beat powerful amateurs or face relegation, banishment from the *League* forever. Meanwhile, across the world in South Korea, Faker and his SKT team, both slumping, go down to a (concluded on page 137)



BURNS

"We're screwed—the women just invented something called a 'headache.'"

SECOND SKIN

DANI MATHERS GETS COMFORTABLE IN NEW SWIMWEAR LINE

When she's not donning her birthday suit in the pages of *PLAYBOY*, Miss May 2014 Dani Mathers prefers a different kind of suit. "Lézard Swim designs swimsuits that make you feel next to naked," she says. Dani was introduced to the line by her friend and Lézard Swim co-owner Alyssa Julya Smith. When pouring herself into the brand's Outlaw bikini for the first time, Dani says she felt as though she were wearing nothing at all. "I decided these suits need to travel with me, shoot with me and pool-hop with me." Dani is a natural fit to be an ambassador for the Los Angeles-based company. "The swimsuits are like my second skin," she says. "I feel so feminine and comfortable—so comfortable I may have had a nip slip or five without noticing for a while. *Oops.*"

PERFECT MATCH

• In a collaboration that seemed destined to happen, we teamed with intimates designer Bendon for the Biofit x Playboy collection of luxurious bras, panties and a corset. Miss September 2012 Alana Campos loves the proprietary SecretService suede-touch lining. "It makes all the difference," she says. "The line is so comfortable and beautiful."



Social Shutterfly

PMOY 2014 Kennedy Summers (@misskennedys) holds an advanced degree, but she can still stun in a sexy schoolgirl outfit.

Girl Talk

■ E! updated Miss August 2001 **Jennifer Walcott's** *True Hollywood Story: Football Wives* episode this summer after the addition of daughter Piper to her and Adam Archuleta's family.

■ PMOY 2013 **Raquel Pomplun** was on hand for the HollyShorts Film Festival's 10th anniversary opening-night gala.

■ After Cooper Hefner accepted the ALS Ice Bucket Challenge, he nominated Bill Maher, Pitbull and the Playmates. Among the women who stepped up were **Val Keil, Anna Sophia Berglund, Amelia Talon** and **Dani Mathers**, who in turn nominated their almost 1 million social media fans.



Survivor Woman

"Growing up, survivalism wasn't something I watched on TV; it was something I lived," says Miss November 2003 and Alaska native Divini Rae. For those who want to shock their system with an outdoor adventure, she offers life advice ("Value people over things, but be self-sufficient") and health and fitness ideas for the weekend woodsman at DiviniRae.com.



PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

Twenty-five years ago this month we met **RENEE TENISON**, our first African American PMOY, who leapt off our Centerfold and into roles on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, *Martin* and *L.A. Heat*.



WINNERS, LOSERS AND LEGENDS

Continued from page 134

savvy Samsung White team, meaning SKT won't be attending the world finals either.

League of Legends and e-sports seem to be stumbling too as a year of growing pains pile up all at once. Bjergsen was fined \$2,000 by a highly concerned Riot Games for trying to persuade a player to change teams, and some pros privately feel the penalty is too low. Behind the scenes, some are calling for player unionization, a scenario to which Riot Games CEO Beck doesn't know how to respond. Riot is also contending with the meteoric rise of a chal-

lenger, *Defense of the Ancients 2*. The first version of *Defense of the Ancients* was among Riot's inspirations for *League of Legends*, and Valve Corporation, *DOTA 2*'s seasoned publisher, is vying to topple *League* from its throne. And everyone is still reeling from a South Korean pro's attempted suicide by leaping from a 12-story building after his manager pressured him to throw games. "It's still a bit like the Wild West out there," admits Team Dignitas's O'Dell.

None of this matters to the thousands inside the convention center who are now screaming louder than ever. Cloud9 handily wins its first game against Bjergsen and Team SoloMid, and pundits are predicting a 3-0 shutout. But TSM parries, led by Bjergsen. By game five, Hai and Balls appear twitchy, a slight panic in their eyes. Jason "WildTurtle" Tran takes advantage of Cloud9's missteps with four successive kills (a "quadrakill"), and TSM prevails. Hai and Cloud9 are beaten after a close, five-hour, five-game match against Bjergsen and TSM, who are now the North American champions.

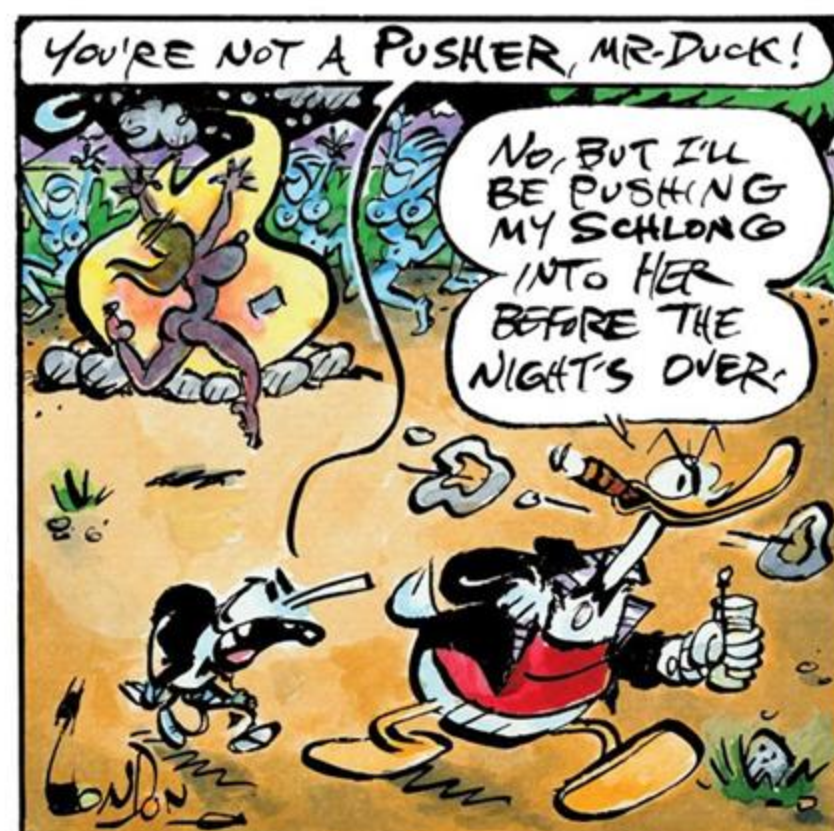
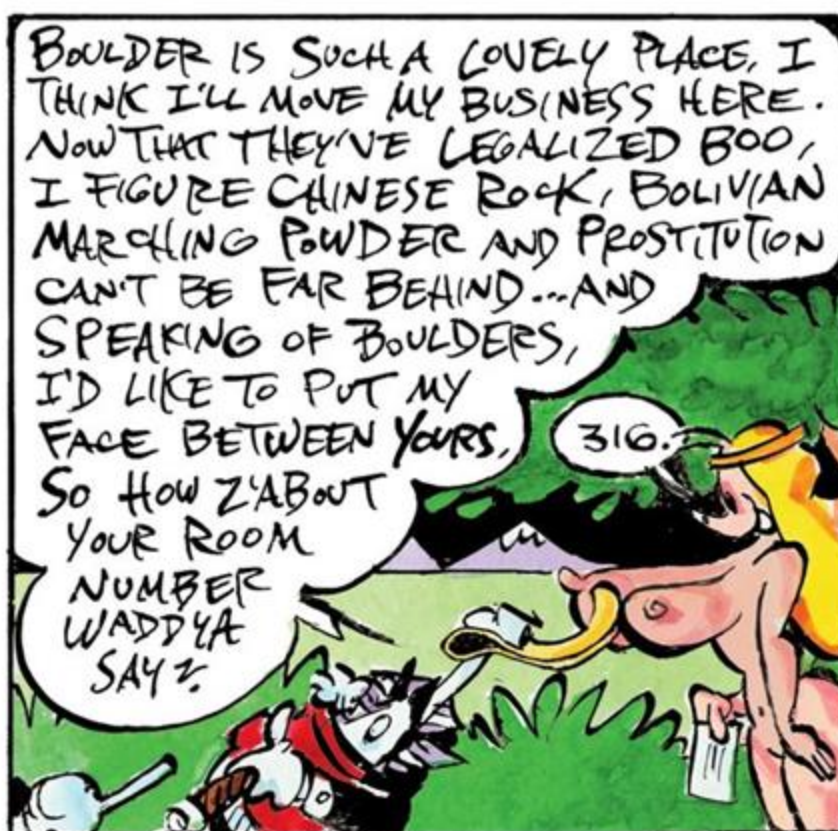
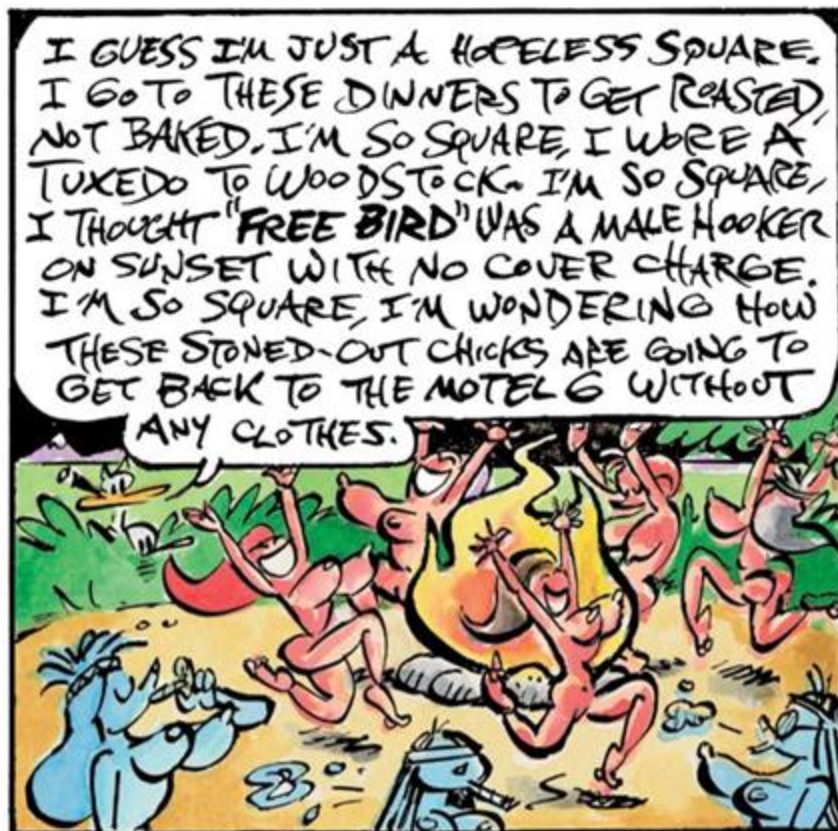
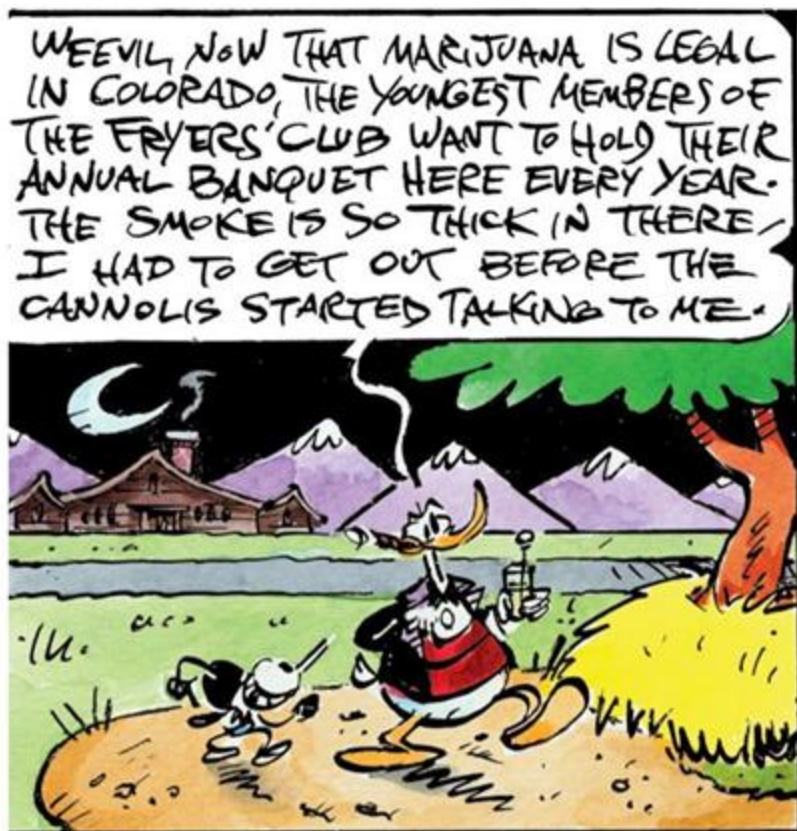
As TSM celebrates onstage under swirling lights and artificial fog, Hai sits alone backstage, angry, reddening, dejected. "It's about pride," he spews. Nonetheless,

as one of the top three teams, Cloud9, along with TSM and LMQ, is heading to South Korea for the world finals and a chance to win the \$1 million team prize. Hai knows Cloud9 has to stay focused. The teams will vie in a sold-out 60,000-seat stadium that was home to the 2002 FIFA World Cup. Seoul will be louder than Paris, the groupies more numerous and the hometown fans less hospitable to any North American team.

Cloud9 leaves the next day for Korea, where the team plans to practice and scrim 12 hours a day. "It's like boot camp," says Hai. Bjergsen and TSM are at it too. Bjergsen, now meditating for focus, has removed his beloved dog from the team house so it won't be a distraction. Becoming supremely triumphant by bringing home the \$1 million team prize weighs on their minds, anvil heavy. Winning the big one would mean financial stability for the team, the possibility of being remembered, even the hope of being respected by their parents for a life spent playing video games. All it takes is 50 fingers of brilliance, locked on mice and keyboards, click-click-clicking.

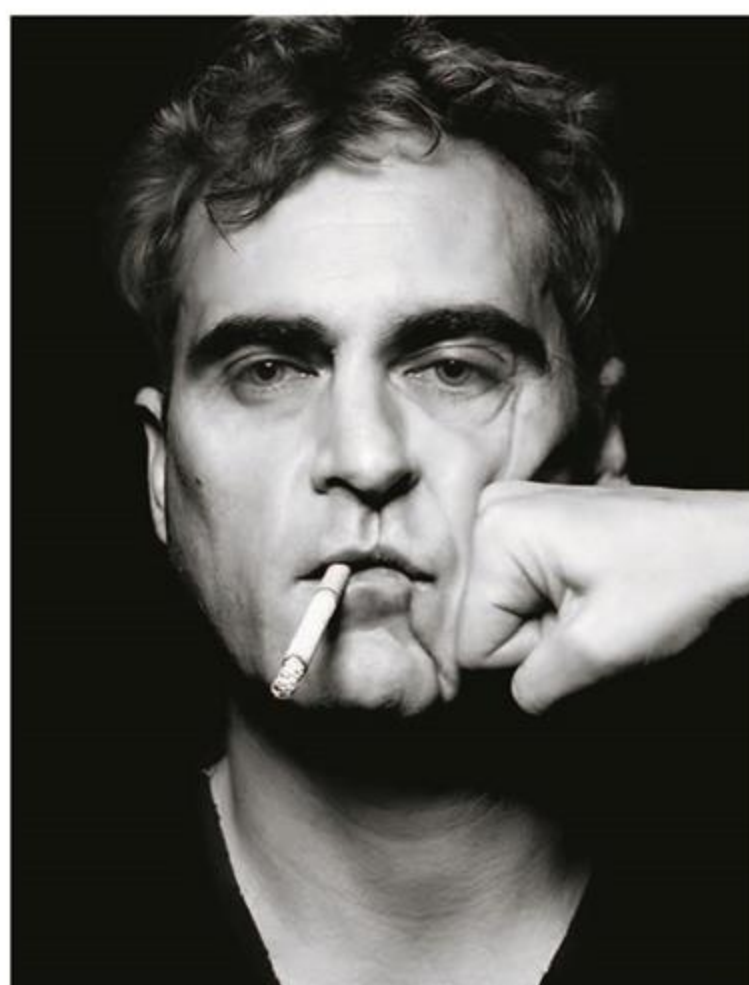


Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London





MISS DECEMBER NEEDS A DOUBLES PARTNER.

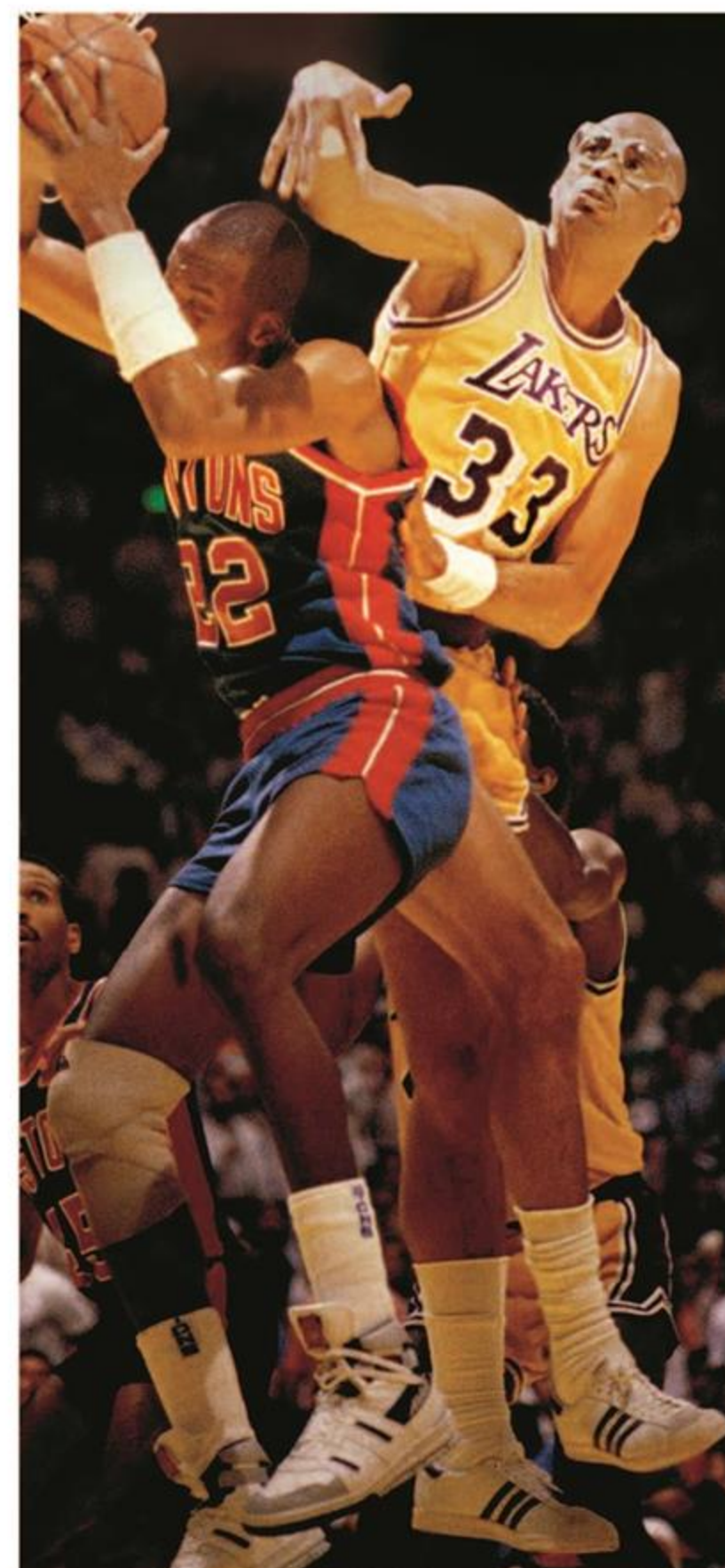


TALKING VICE AND VICES WITH JOAQUIN PHOENIX.



CHARLIE DAY LOOSENS UP IN 20Q.

NEXT MONTH



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JOAQUIN PHOENIX—IN THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW THE RECLUSIVE ACTOR OPENS UP TO **STEPHEN REBELLO** ABOUT HIS ERRATICISM, HIS REJECTION OF CELEBRITY AND HIS LATEST ROLE AS A STONED P.I. IN PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON'S *INHERENT VICE*, THE FIRST BIG-SCREEN ADAPTATION OF A THOMAS PYNCHON NOVEL.

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INCLUDING HOW HE GOT FIRED FROM A PIZZERIA, HOW HOLLYWOOD BIGWIGS IGNORE HIM AND HOW HE GETS REVENGE IN REAL LIFE. (NO, IT DOESN'T INVOLVE KILLING ANYONE.)

MISSION OUT OF CONTROL—IF CHASING ZOMBIE SPACECRAFT SOUNDS LIKE THE PLOT OF THE NEXT BIG CABLE SHOW, THINK AGAIN. ONE TEAM OF CIVILIAN SCIENTISTS WORKING OUT OF AN ABANDONED MCDONALD'S IS TRYING TO BRING HOME A VESSEL LOST IN SPACE FOR ALMOST 20 YEARS—AND THEY MAY JUST PULL IT OFF. **PAT JORDAN** TAKES ON A JOURNEY THAT IS LITERALLY OUT OF THIS WORLD.

A BOY NAMED SHEL—ON ASSIGNMENT FOR *PLAYBOY* IN THE 1950S AND 1960S, WRITER-CARTOONIST-GENIUS **SHEL SILVERSTEIN** USED HIS INKY WIT TO RELAY HIS IMPRESSIONS FROM AROUND THE WORLD. IN A RETROSPECTIVE, WE PAY HOMAGE TO HIM AND HIS LOONY TOONS.

MISS MARY'S ROOM—WHEN A TRIO OF JUVENILE POT PEDDLERS BOTCHES A ROUTINE SALE AND GETS LOCKED UP, LOYALTIES BEGIN TO WEAR THIN. IT'S A TALE OF LOST INNOCENCE BY CRIME NOVELIST AND *WIRE* SCRIBE **GEORGE PELECANOS**.

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paco rabanne

